THE MAN'S MAGAZINE 50 CENTS NOVEMBER 1966 A FAWCETT PUBLICATION

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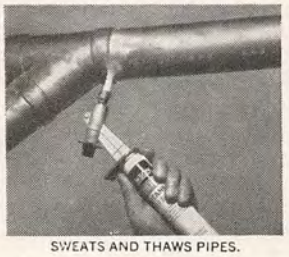
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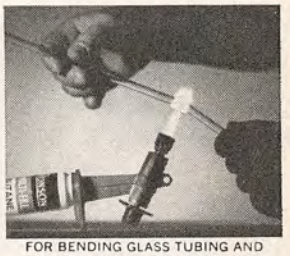
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Dam Fuss

While C. P. Gilmore (Sept. TRUE) attempts to appear impartial in his article anent the uproar over the dams in Grand Canyon, I believe he leans toward the Sierra Club. I have been completely disillusioned by this group. Until recently I had admired their ideals and conservation efforts very much, but in the case of the dams their spokesmen have stayed so far away from the truth that they appear to be either incredibly naive or the knowing stooges of the establishment that has fought against and delayed every dam project in the nation that had any hydroelectrical potential at all for over 50 years.

The Sierra Club call themselves conservationists but they are certainly not interested in conserving water except the white water for a small minority who are white-water fanatics and the peculiar thing is that after both dams are completed there will be nearly 100 miles of white water between them.

I can't believe that the membership of the Sierra Club has furnished the hundreds of thousands that this group has spent in trying to kill this measure in Congress, so it follows that the establishment is furnishing the funds to carry on this ignoble fight against the best interests of the people of this nation.

—F. H. Sutton
Los Angeles, Calif.

Well, well, well! Conservative Barry Goldwater, the big do-it-yourselfer, believes the Bridge Canyon and the Marble Dams are necessary. Why? To generate revenue for Arizona's water project. For a man who thinks government is too big and too overbearing, he looks a little silly. Why doesn't he and the citizens of Arizona do what we foggy-headed "liberals" in California did? Vote a half-billion bond issue to bring in the necessary water from the North.

Goldwater's conservatism is: nothing for others' welfare—and don't mess with yours truly's project.

—Nicholas J. Bilotta
San Diego, Calif.

30-Year Mystery

The official blocking of information such as described in the excellent Amelia Earhart story—and all too familiar in other instances—leaves one no other reasonable conclusion: the government of the United States is in the pay of a foreign power.

—Art Moore
Los Angeles, Calif.

I have just completed the condensed book version in the September TRUE by Fred Goerner, *My Search For Amelia Earhart*.

I think it's fine that Mr. Goerner has uncovered facts relating to the AE case. I wish, and I assume Mr. Goerner does, too, that Washington, the Navy Department, the Department of State and all others concerned would once and for all have a complete investigation and bring the case out into the open.

Next year will be 30 years since her disappearance along with Fred Noonan. Every so often items appear in the news medias of various interested parties still trying to solve the mystery. Some of these we must admit are crackpots. This does not refer to the wonderful work of Mr. Goerner. But it's a shame that the remaining members of the Earhart and Noonan families still have to feel the pain and anxiety when these news items appear.

I, for one (and I would assume all others as well), would like to see the mystery cleared up, to allow Amelia Earhart and Fred Noonan to rest in peace, wherever they are.

—Ronald Beerens
Newark, N.Y.

Where did Amelia Earhart go? Because I was an infant in the late thirties, the Earhart incident passed me by. Mr. Goerner's attempt to ascertain the complete story is a wonderful example of pursuit of truth. Our government should open its dusty archives and make known the complete truth of Amelia's flight—or have American-Sino relations become such that we dare not offend our Far Eastern friends?

I should think that the Marine Corps—which has trained such "great" American fighting men as Lee Oswald and Charles Whitman—could let some favorable impressions seep through now by letting Gen. Wallace Green open the doors on long overdue information.

—Joel Rudom
Bangor, Me.

Dept. Of Clarification

Received your framed cartoon, which had appeared in TRUE magazine. Appreciate your sending it to me.

I am sure I will enjoy it, as well as many others. Thanks greatly.

—Casey Stengel
N. Hollywood, Calif.

Now Hear This!

In rereading your 1958 TRUE *Auto Yearbook*, I was quite interested in the articles by Eugene Jaderquist—*Why the Edsel Will Succeed* and *Why the Continental Failed* by Cliff McCall.

Tell me, have these crystal gazers written a sequel to these stories?

—Sam Dower
Miami, Florida

You mean you missed their best seller: *How Nixon Captured the White House?*

Fan Mail

Just a note to inform you that you can cancel my subscription to TRUE magazine.

[*Continued on page 4*]

TRUE is published monthly by Fawcett Publications, Inc., Fawcett Bldg., Greenwich, Conn.

ADDRESS ALL MAIL: Subscriptions, change of address, Form 3579 to Subscription Dept., Fawcett Bldg., Greenwich, Conn. 06830, and all editorial and advertising to Fawcett Publications, Inc. 67 W. 44th St., New York, N. Y. 10036.

Second-class postage paid at Greenwich, Conn., and at additional mailing offices. This issue published in national and separate editions.

EDITORIAL OFFICES: 67 W. 44th St., New York, N. Y. 10036. ADVERTISING OFFICES: 67 W. 44th St., New York, N. Y. 10036; 101 E. Ontario St., Chicago, Ill. 60611; 1532 Guardian Bldg., Detroit, Mich. 48226; 2978 Wilshire Blvd., Los Angeles, Calif. 90005; 220 Montgomery St., San Francisco, Calif. 94104; 123 S. Broad St., Philadelphia, Pa. 19109; 1430 West Peachtree St. N.W., Atlanta, Ga. 30309; James B. Boynton, 370 Tequesta Dr., Jupiter, Fla.

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SUBSCRIPTION PRICE: $5.00 a year in U.S., possessions and Canada. All other countries $7.00 a year. Foreign subscriptions and sales should be remitted by International Money Order in U.S. funds payable at Greenwich, Conn. 06830.

Printed by Fawcett-Haynes Printing Corp., Louisville, Ky.

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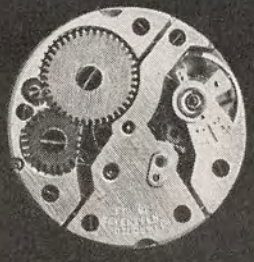

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[*Continued from page 2*]

I have been a reader of your once fine man's mag for a number of years and have watched with dismay as your people have grown more and more liberal in the articals you print. I can't have this mag in the house anymore as you like so many other publications in this country have been infiltered with liberals which I detest. Your stories are sick and downright vulgar. I didn't think I would ever write this letter but I can't have your garbage around my children, not when you make heros of draft dodgers, perverts, traitors, and free-love jerks, and at the same time call our fighting men in Asia "animals." Hope your publishing days are limited, CANCEL ME OUT, as of this month.

—R. D. Borgstrom
Chatsworth, Calif.

The heros (sic) who infiltered (sic) our articals (sic) called themselves "animals," not us. Meanwhile, practice book burning with the rest of the issues due you.

Rah, Rah, Republicans

Your article on Gerry Ford (September True) mentions the unbeaten football team which he captained at Grand Rapids South.

Most high-school associations are forgotten as the years pass, but Ford's high regard for his high-school coach, Cliff Gettings, led to reunions of that 1930 South team. These reunions have become an annual event, and now have been going strong for 35 consecutive years. The families attending each fall's reunion have grown to the point where the group itself would form a pretty fair-sized football cheering section.

—Dick Kishpaugh
Parchment, Mich.

Or a pretty fair-sized voting bloc.

Nailhead Hitters

Have read your comment in August issue of your magazine *Sour Notes Paragraph*. I say, you really hit the nail on the head. I wish to add that any so-called artistic group that has to be supported from taxes, should be abolished, because if they were musicians or artists, they could earn enough money to support themselves.

I am not an Elvis Presley or Beatle fan but my hat is off to them, they support themselves and pay enough taxes to support the so-called highbrow artists.

As for Bob Hope's literary knowledge, I bet Bob has more savvy about literature in his big toe, than the highbrow hypocrites have in their system. He has become a millionaire with his brand of literature.

—G. A. Bates
East St. Louis, Ill.

Re: Redwood

Congratulations to True's research department for the reply in the Man-to-Man Answers department that lives up to your magazine's title (August, 1966) concerning protection of the redwood forests.

Those of us in the redwood timber industry sometimes grow weary of hearing the oft-repeated old wives' tales about Sequoia *semper-virens*. It is not the oldest, largest, scarcest or slowest-growing tree. It *is* the fastest-growing, hardiest, best-managed and best-protected softwood species in the nation. There are enough other little known superlatives to make California's coast redwood worthy of an entire story in True.

Thanks for helping to set the record straight about the 117,000 acres of coast redwoods already preserved in parks.

—Kramer Adams
Calif. Redwood Association
San Francisco, Calif.

Block That Sentence

Pardon me for being a carping English teacher but how did Robert Daley ever come up with a sentence like: "Few men in football have been able to stay mad at Halas long, not only has he meant too much to the game, however, but also it doesn't seem possible most days that this warm, sentimental man could ever do devious things." (Sept. True.)

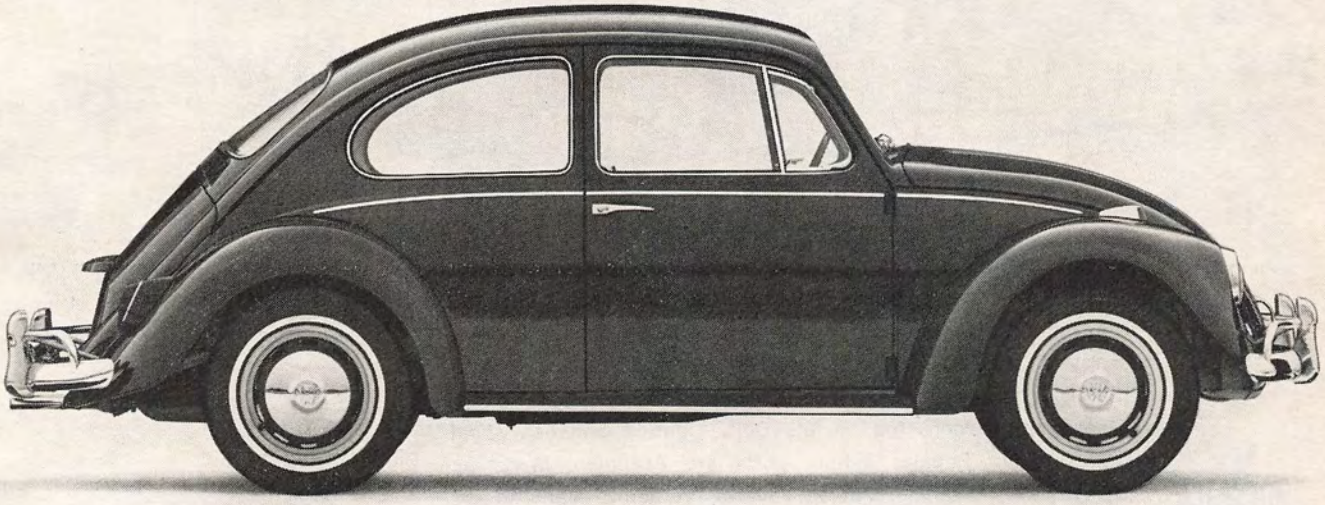
—Mary Kay Holding
Chicago, Illinois

So it's broken-field-English. But didn't George Bernard Shaw maintain: never let the English language interfere with what you're trying to say.

Wheeler-Dealers

After reading *Confessions of a Wheeler Dealer in Antiques*, I can readily see why the writer preferred to stay anonymous. My first thought was the honest antique dealers should get together and lynch him. But on second thought there are crooks in every business, and I don't use the word crook lightly! This person has never been a true antique collector or dealer, his only interest is in collecting that green stuff! I wonder if he can buy a clear conscience or a good reputation with it? Evidently not, or he wouldn't have written that article. As the old saying goes, "Confession is good for the soul." I can only hope that writing that article helped his, at least a little!

—An honest antique dealer
San Fernando, Calif.



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What you won't notice without driving the new model are the big improvements.

The engine has been enlarged to a ferocious 53 horsepower. That only adds 3 m.p.h. to the top speed. Because we put most of the additional power where it would make the engine accelerate faster, turn slower and last even longer.

Now that the VW is getting to be such a hot car, we put in a couple of things to slow it down. Dual brakes.

The front wheel brakes are completely independent of the rear wheel brakes. So if you ever lost the front wheel brakes, you could still stop the back of the car. (Which automatically stops the front too.)

The new VW also has seat belts, back-up lights and recessed door handles as standard equipment. In fact, this year we made so many changes on the VW that we thought we'd better make one more.

We wrote "Volkswagen" on the back of the car to be sure everybody would know what it was.

méxico

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Game fish abound along Mexico's 6,000 miles of coastline as in few other areas in the world. In the Pacific, the Gulf and the Caribbean, the warm waters teem with an infinite array of species -- prizes pursued by international champions. Sailfish, marlin, wahoo and many others in the Pacific. These and tarpon, too, in the Gulf. Fighting bonefish shoal off Yucatan. Popular fishing ports are Acapulco, Mazatlan, Guaymas, Manzanillo, Puerto Vallarta, Veracruz. Many others lie off the beaten track. Mexico's lakes and streams are equally exciting for the visitor with rod and reel. For the hunter, there is a wide variety of prey in the mountains and jungles, from jaguar to tropical wild fowl. So, pack your kits and try your luck in sunny Mexico, far from the wintry blasts. You'll surely win! Information on seasons and regulations available at the Tourism Department.

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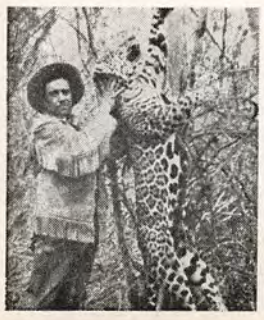

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THE MAN'S MAGAZINE NOVEMBER 1966

TRUE

'Tis strange, but true; for truth is always strange—stranger than fiction.
BYRON

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PARODI'S FUNNY FACE IS NO LAUGHING MATTER

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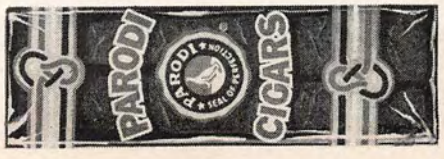
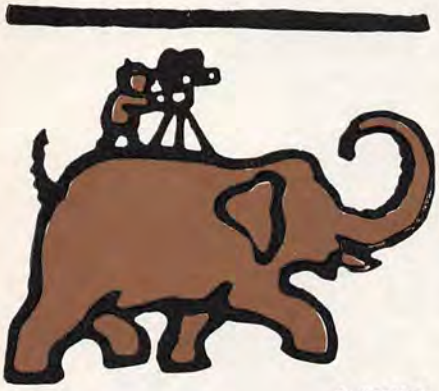


TRUEVIEWS: MOVIES BOOKS RECORDS



MOVIES

THE WRONG BOX. A large cast of characters, all nutty, battles over an inheritance in Victorian London—with hilarious results. The uniformly-excellent British cast includes John Mills, Ralph Richardson, Michael Caine and Peter Sellers, who does a magnificent, insane cameo as a disreputable doctor. The humor is fast and furious, macabre and sidesplitting. Don't miss this one.

GEORGY GIRL. A kookie, kinky comedy about an unattractive girl who goes around helping people because she can't help herself. Lynn Redgrave plays the girl brilliantly. Georgy helps her roommate through a pregnancy, sees that she gets properly married, then stays with the couple and ends up living with the husband and the baby when the wife leaves. Then she marries James Mason (a lecherous millionaire) when the husband abandons her and the baby. Hip and funny.

WHAT DID YOU DO IN THE WAR, DADDY? Well, we captured this Italian town without a struggle, but the Italians wouldn't give up unless they could have their wine festival first. So they did, but then the C.O. slept with the mayor's daughter and they called off the surrender, but we had to fake a battle in the meantime and the Germans came and captured us all while it was going on, but we got out okay. War is hell, son. James Coburn and Dick Shawn keep this complex comedy moving briskly.

FANTASTIC VOYAGE. Once you get past the initial premise—that five people and a submarine can be miniaturized in order to perform an operation inside a man's brain—this movie is fascinating. As a drama, it's fitfully successful; as a guided tour of the human body, it's interesting and absorbing. Stephen Boyd and Arthur Kennedy are fine; Raquel Welch, the girl, just has to look beautiful, and does it superbly.

ALFIE. A seriocomic look at the life and hard times of a Cockney Don Juan, played well by Michael Caine. He picks up one chick after another, dropping them when it suits him, until a millionairess (Shelley Winters) dumps him—for a younger man. It's uneven; some of the episodes are funny, one is tragic, not all the jokes work, and the device of having Alfie talk directly to the audience is distracting. The girls are okay.

KALEIDOSCOPE. A stylish, witty movie about a con man-gambler on the Riviera who gets conned into helping police catch a crook. Warren Beatty is quite funny as the hero, Susannah York is captivating as his partner and Eric Porter is an effectively menacing villain. The scenery is lovely, the card games are tense, and the film ends with a bang-up chase. A cliche plot, but fun.

SECONDS. Rock Hudson plays a middle-aged man who accepts a chance to be reborn as a younger man, thanks to plastic surgery, and start life all over again. The fulfillment of this daydream turns out to be a nightmare. Make no mistake, this low-pressure film is a modern horror story. It's too slow to be fully effective, but it does have some wild moments, and a very gruesome, chilling ending.

MISTER BUDDWING. A man wakes up in New York's Central Park. He doesn't know his name or remember how he got there. He has no money. Starting with a telephone number in his pocket, he begins a 24-hour odyssey in search of his identity. Lacking suspense and burdened by sentimentality, the movie has only two things going for it: beautiful, realistic photography and a top-drawer performance by James Garner.

A MAN CALLED ADAM. Sammy Davis, Jr., plays a self-destructive musician in a restrained, touching way, as the story explores the world of jazz (with some stopovers for the racial problem). As an exposition of character, it's less than fully successful; as a portrait of jazz life, it's fine. Louis Armstrong, Cicely Tyson and Ossie Davis stand out.

THE WILD ANGELS. A cheap, enormously superficial portrayal of the life of an outlaw motorcycle gang. It has no wit, motivation, believable characters, story or point—except of course to make money. Peter Fonda and Nancy Sinatra do what they can, but this vehicle remains pedestrian all the way.

TORN CURTAIN. Alfred Hitchcock's 50th film is a meandering bore. Paul Newman plays a physicist who pretends to defect to East Germany in order to steal nuclear secrets; Julie Andrews is his fiancee, who follows him. There are some suspenseful moments, but the big question for the audience is why they bothered to make the movie at all.

AN AMERICAN DREAM. Norman Mailer's wild novel about a TV commentator who murders his wife has been Hollywoodized: stripped down, castrated, lobotomized and picked clean. If the skeleton makes some interesting noises, it's due more to Mailer's ideas than to his adaptors. Stuart Whitman, Janet Leigh, Barry Sullivan and Lloyd Nolan do well, anyway, and Eleanor Parker, as the wife, creates a vivid portrait of a harpy.

BOOKS

BOGIE by Joe Hyams. A biography suited to its subject—blunt, concise and devoid of cant or crap. It covers Bogart's life and career without resorting to purple prose, as others have, and it conveys the wit and the warmth of Bogie just by telling it the way it was. Lauren Bacall's introduction is informative and touching. *New American Library; $4.95.*

ON TRIAL edited by Max Hayward. This is the transcript of the trial of Russian writers Andrei Sinyavsky and Yuli Daniel. The principal evidence against them was what they had written, which makes the case almost unprecedented and grotesque. It reads like a horribly fascinating courtroom novel, but as a glimpse into the workings of the official Soviet mentality, it is most revealing—and shocking. *Harper & Row; $4.95.*

BLOOD ACCUSATION by Maurice Samuel. Another courtroom case in Russia; this time it's the true story of a case in 1911. A boy was found dead, brutally murdered; for various reasons, the authorities rigged a case against a Jew. The charge was ritual murder, and the czarist bureaucrats made it stick, even though the evidence was patently ridiculous. This was prerevolution Russia, but the rationale at work was similar to the above case. Compelling reading. *Knopf; $5.95.*

THE FIXER by Bernard Malamud. A novel, based very loosely on the case detailed in *Blood Accusation.* It tells the story of the unheroic hero's two-and-a-half-year imprisonment before the trial, and shows how tragedy and persecution can mold great men. A fine book. Its tone is tragicomic, its theme is thought-provoking, its writing is brilliant. *Farrar, Straus & Giroux; $5.75.*

[*Continued on page* 10]

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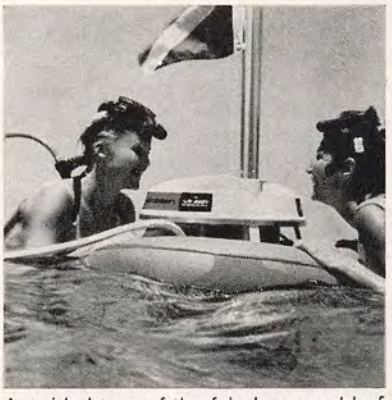

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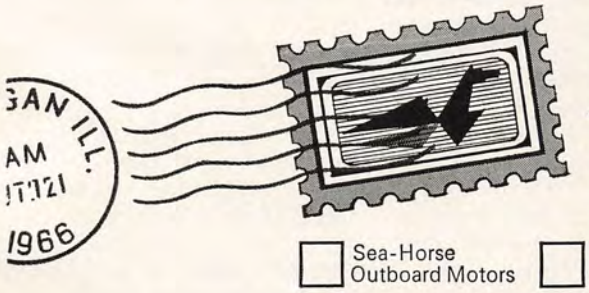

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TRUEVIEWS [*Continued from page* 8]

CAPABLE OF HONOR by Allen Drury. A 531-page melange of bad writing, right-wing cliches and cardboard characters. Within a tale of preconvention maneuverings of several Presidential aspirants, Drury clobbers the U.N., stomps on the press and editorializes incessantly. Though the theme is supposedly honor, he displays none in his vicious attacks on one of his colleagues. Ludicrous throughout. *Doubleday; $5.95*

ANY GOD WILL DO by Richard Condon. The witty, ironic story of a banker who embezzles $450,000 and runs off to find his real parents in Europe—he's sure they're royalty. His failure makes delightful, entertaining reading. Though he's a crashing bore, he's also fascinating, and so are his adventures. *Random House; $5.95.*

THE SECRET RULERS by Fred Cook. A prolific professional journalist now turns his attention to organized crime. Good books on the subject are undoubtedly necessary, but this rehash of Murder, Inc., doings and Mafia high jinks fills no apparent need. It's hack work from faded newsclippings; good hack work, but hack work. *Duell, Sloan & Pearce; $6.95.*

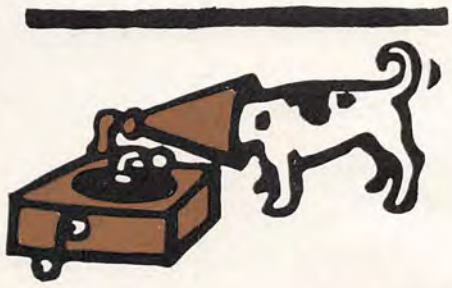
A DANDY IN ASPIC by Derek Marlowe. This ingenious thriller will probably be one of the big spy novels of the year. A British secret agent is sent to Berlin to help kill a Russian agent—who happens to be himself; he's working both sides of the street. It's tough, gripping and witty. *Putnam; $4.95.*

THE SECRET OF SANTA VITTORIA by Robert Crichton. In a little village in Italy, the good news that Mussolini is dead is immediately followed by the bad news that the Germans are coming. The villagers promptly hide a million bottles of wine, and the Germans go nuts trying to find it. There is love and death, fun and tragedy. A profound and comic fable. *Simon & Schuster; $5.95.*

HOG BUTCHER by Ronald L. Fair. An angry novel, torn from the headlines, about the shooting of a Negro by police, the riot that follows and the results it has on the lives of the people in a Chicago ghetto. The author writes with authority, sympathy and simplicity, and deserves to be widely read—and understood. *Harcourt, Brace & World; $4.50.*

THE CRIMSON MADNESS OF LITTLE DOOM by Mark McShane. A creepy mystery novel about poison-pen letters and their effect on the inhabitants of a little English seaside town, by the author of *Seance on a Wet Afternoon.* It ends with an orgy of violence, madness and murder that would give even Boris Karloff goose pimples. *Doubleday; $3.50.*

A ROLE IN MANILA by Eugene Burdick. An uneven collection of stories by the late writer. Most of them are vignettes about people under stress, and when the people and/or the situation is interesting, so are the stories. But too often, he stopped short of developing a situation all the way, and the reader is left hanging. *New American Library; $4.95.*



RECORDS

THE SOUNDS OF '66. Sammy Davis, Jr., and drummer Buddy Rich combined forces late one night in Las Vegas and rocked the town. This is the recording of that wild after-hours show. Davis, in good voice and relaxed, delivers his best performance on a record in a long time, and Rich and his big band provide solid backing on the 10 tunes. *Reprise.*

THE FURTHER ADVENTURES OF THE MEXICALI SINGERS. A few months ago, this sextet made their high-spirited, highly successful record debut; now they're back, and better than before, mixing old standards with new hits. Their cheerful vocalizing is exciting and irresistible. *Warner Bros.*

BASIE'S BEATLE BAG. Count Basie is the master of the art of taking all kinds of music and making it his jazzy own. With the tunes of Paul McCartney, he is no less adept than in the past: "Yesterday," "Help," "Michelle," "Hard Day's Night" and eight more take on new life. This album's good enough to deserve a sequel. *Verve.*

THE LAST WORD IN LONESOME. One of the most popular stars in show business is Eddy Arnold; a dozen of the reasons why are on this album. The songs are mostly ballads, smoothly sung and very easy to take; two standouts are the title tune and "The Other Side of Lonely." *RCA Victor.*

UNO, DOS, TRES/1, 2, 3. Willie Bobo is a jazz drummer with a mission: to combine jazz with Latin American rhythms. Has he succeeded? You bet your bongos he has. There isn't a dull song on the record, and a couple ("1-2-3," "Goin' Out of My Head")

would make any old fogy want to get up and dance. *Verve.*

SHIRLEY MEANS BASSEY. And that means excitement. Whether mourning a lost love ("You Can Have Him"), sizzling her way through a blunt appeal ("All or Nothing at All"), or raising your hackles ("You're Gonna Hear From Me"), she is all woman and a helluva singer. *United Artists.*

THE PETER, PAUL & MARY ALBUM. Three of the country's top folk singers demonstrate why their appeal is not restricted to barefoot teenagers: clean, clear harmony, a nice sound and good material. "And When I Die," "The Good Times We Had" and "Hurry Sundown" are fine, as is a wild spoof of rock 'n' roll called "Norman Normal." *Warner Bros.*

RACHMANINOFF: SYMPHONY NO. 2. This symphony, melodious, charming and quite romantic, has been a success since its premiere in 1908, for obvious reasons: it is a pleasure to listen to. Andre Previn, the pianist and pop composer, does a fine job conducting the London Symphony Orchestra in a warm, burnished performance. *RCA Victor.*

THE TOUCH OF GOLD. Charlie Byrd is a great guitarist, and his playing of contemporary hits on this record is fine—when it can be heard. Overwhelmed by strings, horns and a seemingly continuous gaggle of yeah-yeah-yeahs, Byrd is finally done in by banal arrangements of the tunes. It should have had a softer touch. *Columbia.*

TENDER LOVING CARE. A selection of love songs, tenderly tendered by Nancy Wilson. She's one of the hottest stars in show business right now, and one listening will show you why: a vivid voice, fine phrasing, and considerable feeling in every song. Here, she sings "Too Late Now," "As You Desire Me," "Don't Go to Strangers" and eight other lush beauties. *Capitol.*

OUT OF SIGHT AND SOUND. This is the debut album of a trombonist named Harold Betters, who deserves a lot of attention. He plays aggressive, hard-driving jazz with all the stops out—his quartet sounds like a whole brass band. "You're a Sweetheart," "On a Clear Day" and "1-2-3" are three of several standouts. *Reprise.*

IN ITALY . . . IN ITALIAN. The New Christy Minstrels, one of the better folk-singing groups on the scene now turn their attention to Italy. In their usual high-spirited, harmonious way, they sing four American songs in Italian (three sound better than in English) and then sing seven Italianos. Bravissimo! *Columbia.*

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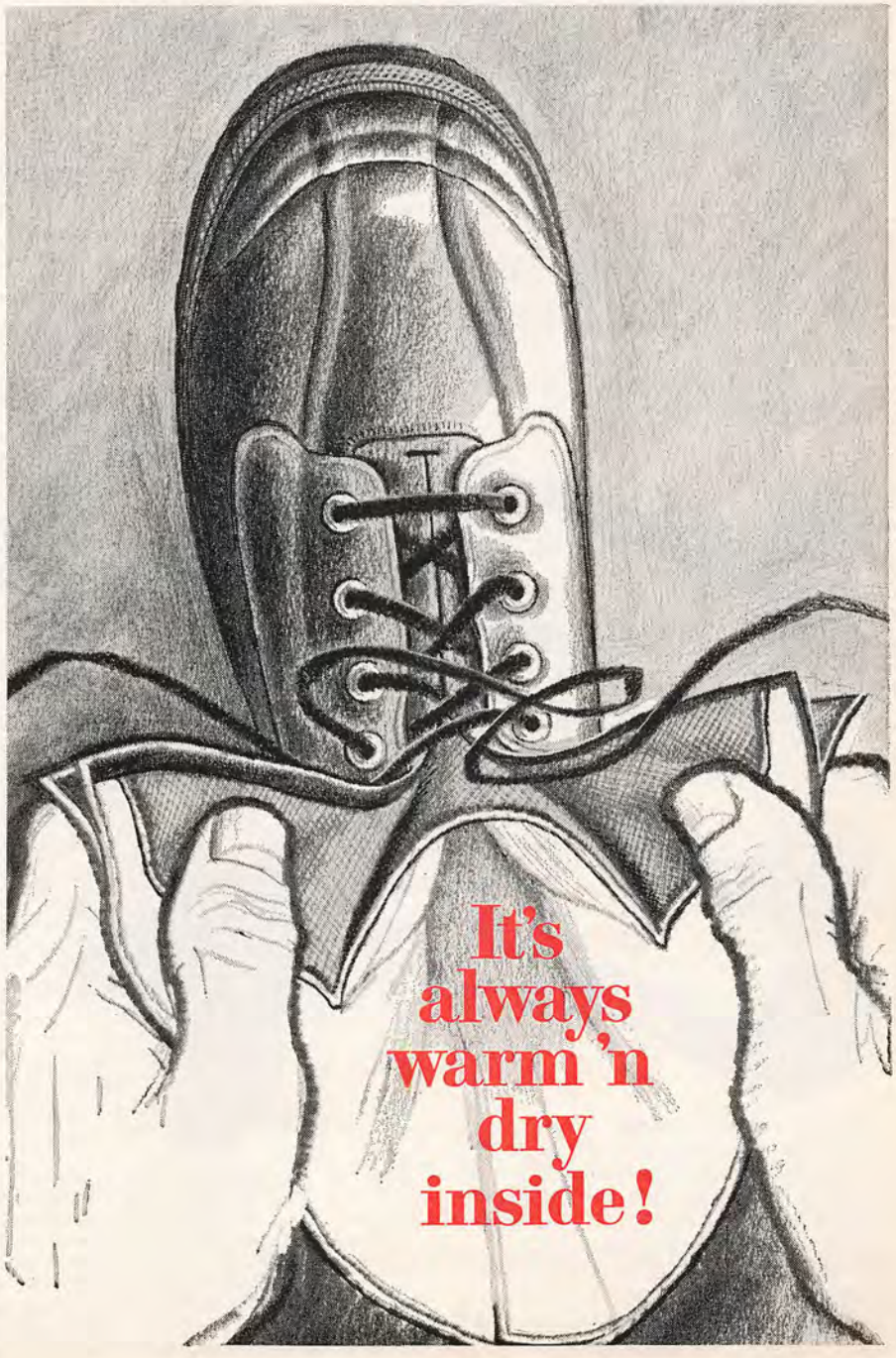

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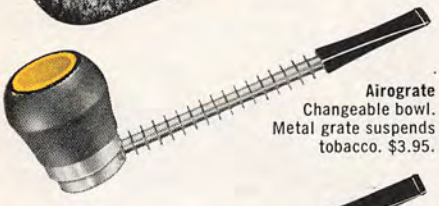

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TRAVEL BAR is a complete bar in a deluxe fitted traveling case. It holds three liquor and mix bottles. Bar comes with four 8 oz. aluminum glasses, beer can-bottle opener, jigger, and a stirrer with an olive fork. Luxurious saddle-tan exterior. The safety latch comes with a lock. 11" x 13" x 5¼". $12.95. Nel-King Products, Dept. T-116TB, 811 Wyandotte, Kansas City, Mo. 64105.

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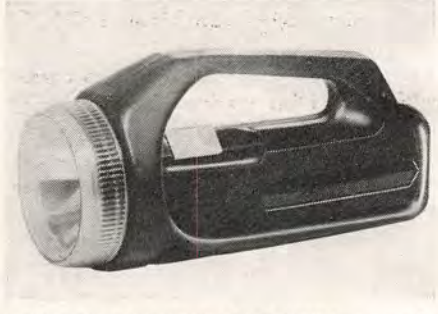

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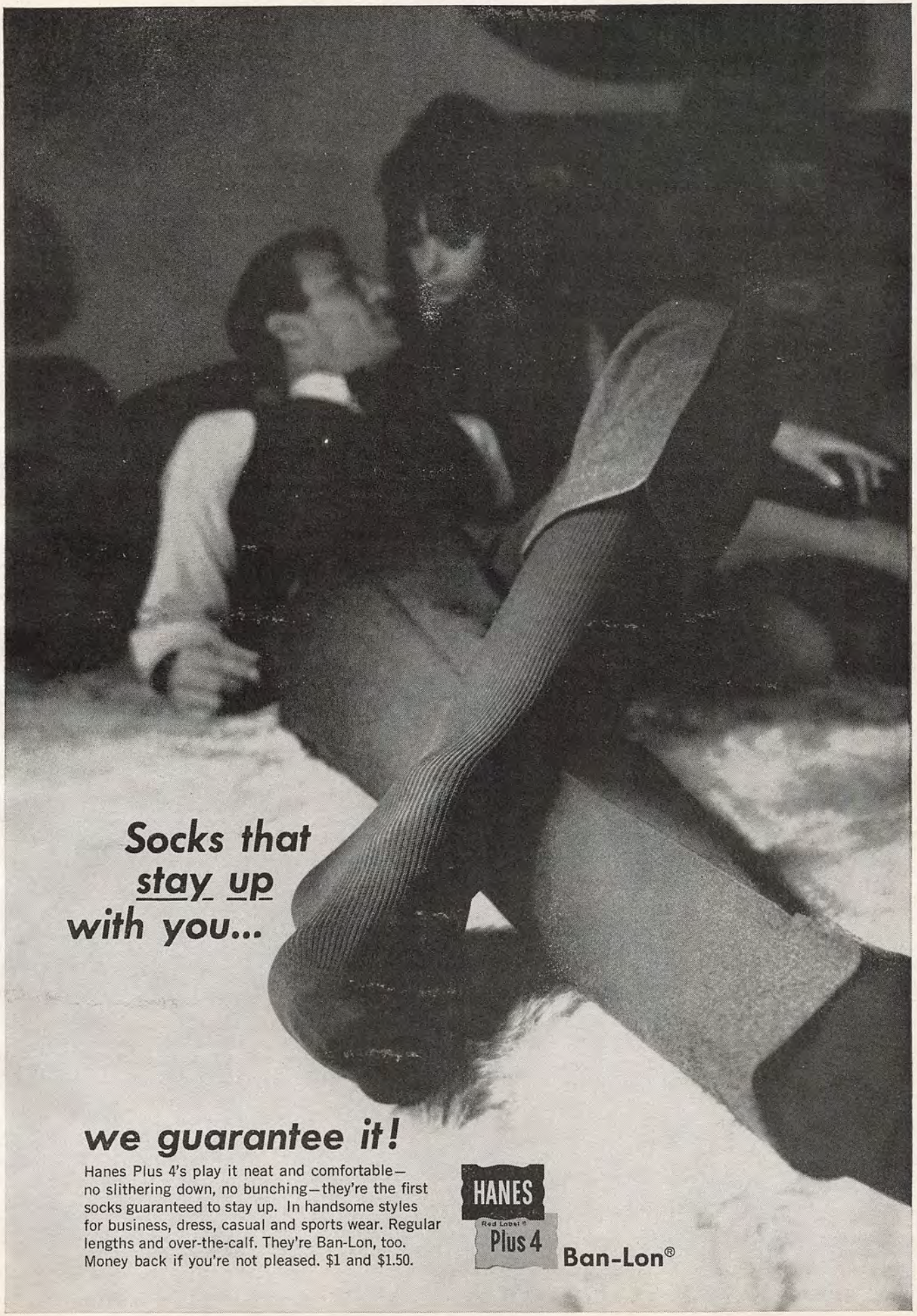
For more True Goes Shopping, turn to page 121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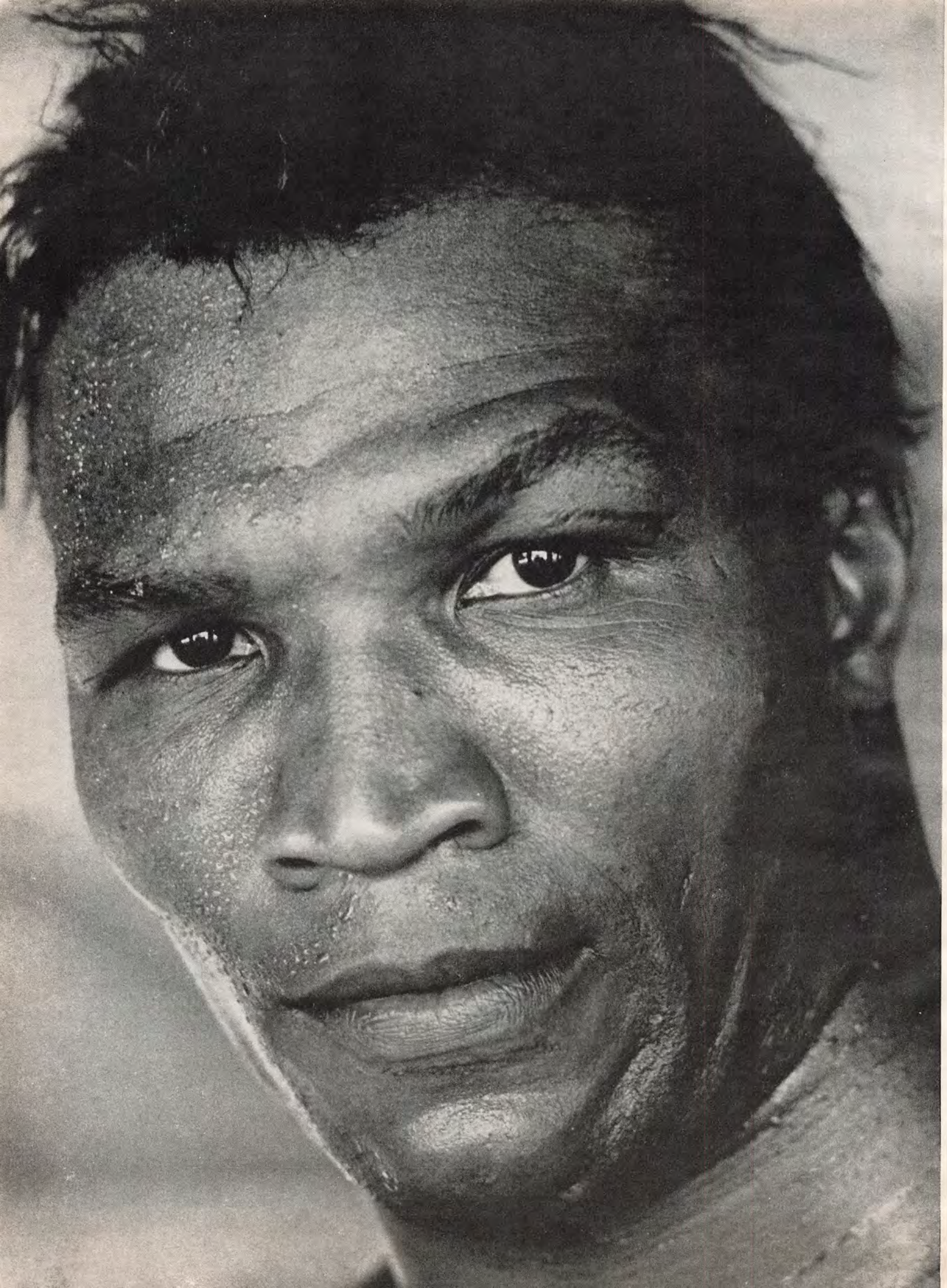


THE CAT WHO LICKED HIS WOUNDS

Long before Cassius Clay agreed to give him a crack at the championship, Cleveland Williams had scored a half-a-hundred knockouts and proved himself an old-fashioned heavyweight with thunder in both fists. But it was after he took a police bullet through his belly that he put up the greatest fight of his life

BY JERRY IZENBERG

PHOTOGRAPHED FOR TRUE BY SHEL HERSHORN

YOAKUM, TEXAS

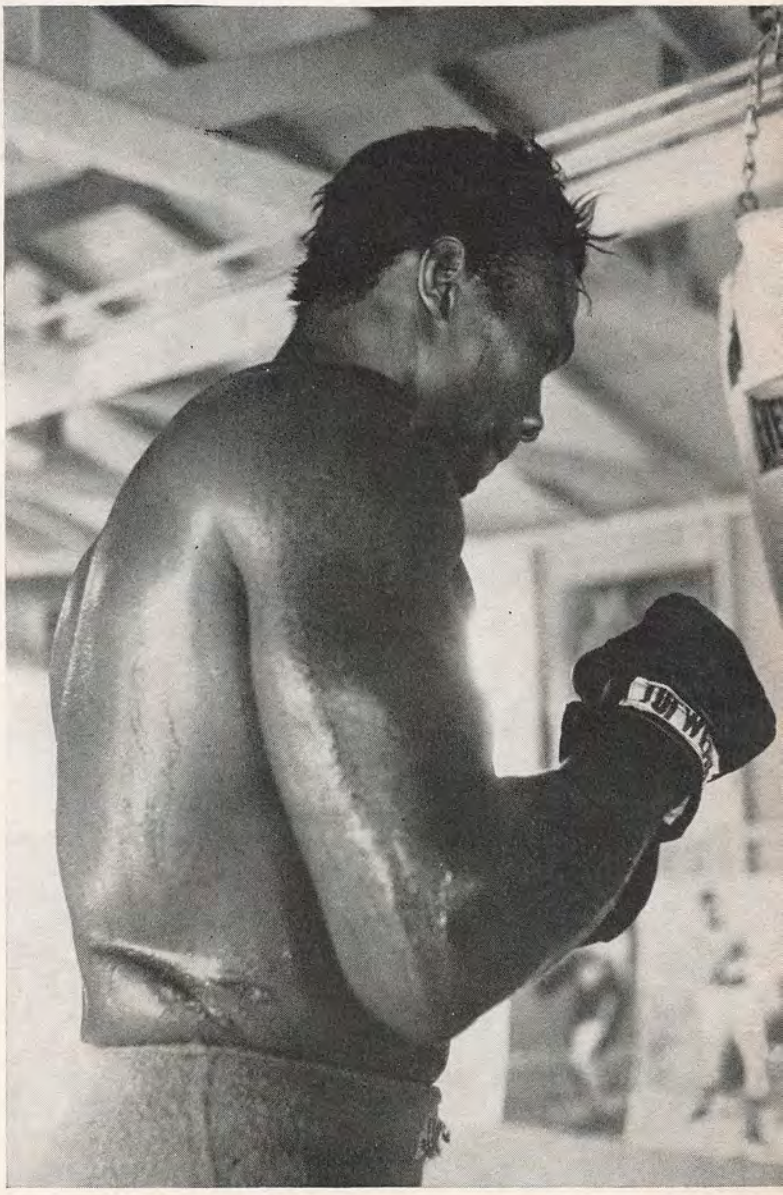
■ He comes shuffling across the ring with just the hint of a crouch, his white trunks pulled high and tight so that they will cover the knotted scar tissue of four major operations. This is the classic pose of the heavyweight fighter at work . . . right hand cocked, held high and close to the chin . . . left hand just below eye level, elbow tucked close to the body.

Cassius Clay drops his hands and swivels his chin and punches while moving backward. Ernie Terrell flicks his left while his right remains at eternal parade rest. But Cleveland "The Cat" Williams fights the way a heavyweight should.

On this particular night, which is June 28, 1966, the image of the last heavyweight to train and think and, most of all, punch like a heavyweight, flashes into theaters all over the country. The main event is going to be a bomb and everybody knows it. The main event is Ernie Terrell against Doug Jones for the WBA heavyweight title. It is the kind of main event over which customers sack theaters. "Get 'The Cat' in there, baby, Crissakes, it may be Houston, Texas, but we got to give them *something*."

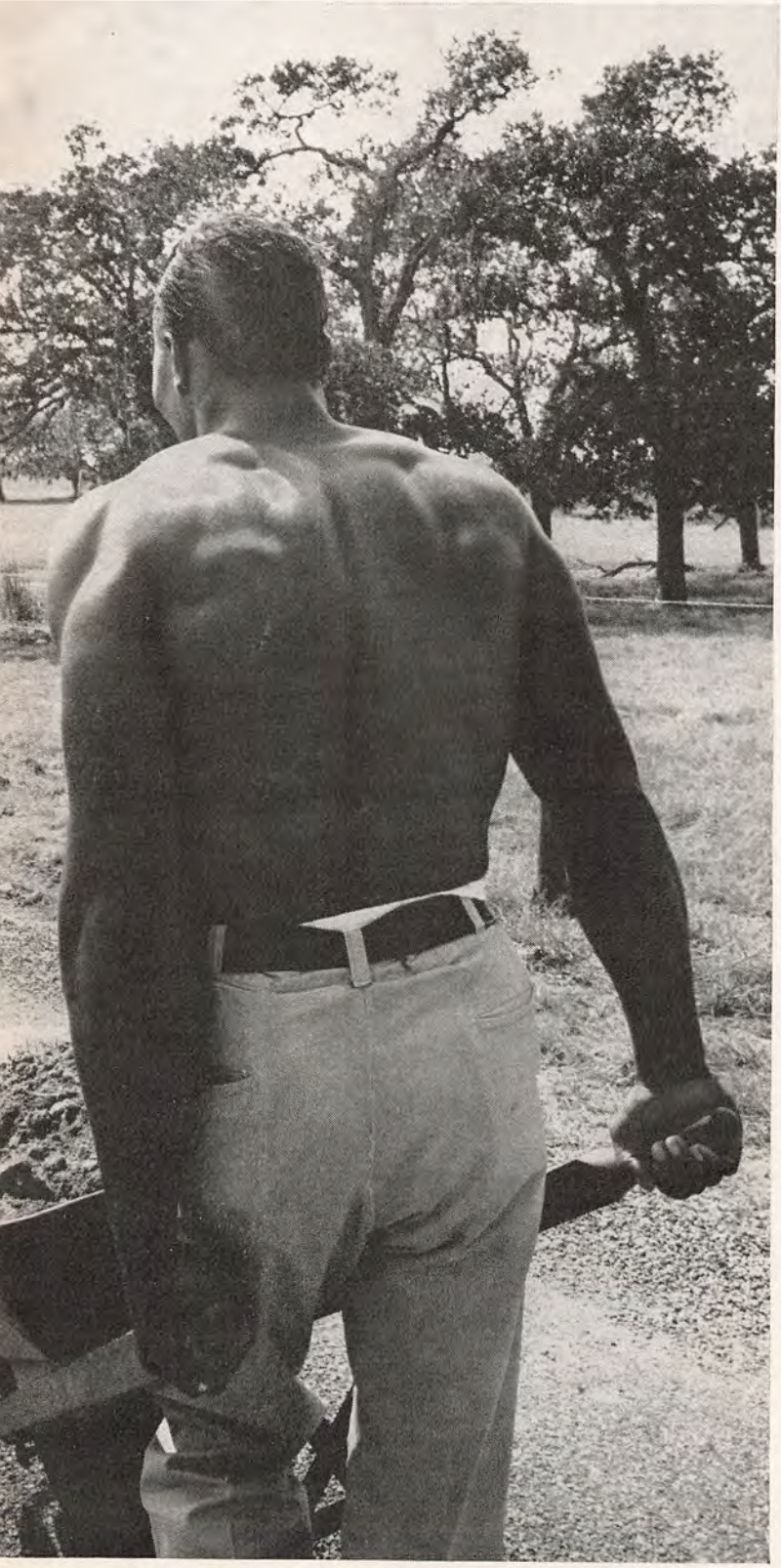
So on a night in which Ernie Terrell beats Doug Jones in the greatest tribute to passive resistance since the Gandhi Salt March, Cleveland Williams, who was a main-event fighter before either Cassius Clay or Ernie Terrell earned a paycheck, gets this chance to make people remember for a brief instant, what a heavyweight fighter is supposed to do.

The opponent is a tough Texas brawler, a rough-and-tumble kind of fighter named Tod Herring. No matter that he is simply that—an opponent. He can punch and in the first round he sinks a right hand into Cleveland Williams' midsection at the precise point where 18 months earlier a surgeon's



A long, deep crevice in Williams' powerful body—one of the scars left from surgery—collects rivulets of sweat as he hits bag.

He'd shriveled to 155 pounds when the job of rebuilding a heavyweight contender began



As The Cat labored on manager Benbow's ranch, his muscles began to fill out. Fourteen months after he was shot, he was in ring again.

scalpel made the first incision in a battle to keep Williams alive. It is probably as hard a punch as Tod Herring has ever thrown in his life—and nothing happens.

They see this in Houston's Coliseum and they see this in theaters all over the country and then they see Williams swarming inside. Trapped against the ropes, Herring tries to shield his face with his gloves. Williams batters the gloves apart with leather-popping jabs. Blood pours from Herring's nose. A short right to the temple staggers him, a left hook inside sends him reeling back into the ropes. Early in the third round, it is over. No pushing and shoving, no Henry Cooper standing there with the blood pouring down his face while Cassius Clay moves in two directions at once. A left hook to the belly is still the best referee in the world. The end comes with consummate efficiency.

This is the way a classic heavyweight finishes his fights. His night's work done, the last of this breed of heavyweight pauses before leaving the ring. Houston is his town. Fighting is his profession. At ringside, the oilmen wave their $100 Stetsons. In the cheaper but more knowledgeable sections of the arena, people describe the left hook. They are still describing it as Williams passes Terrell and Jones on their way to the ring. The people are so excited they do not half mind the sham which follows. They sit on the edge of their seats and chant:

"Williams . . . Williams. . . . Give us Williams. . . . We want The Cat."

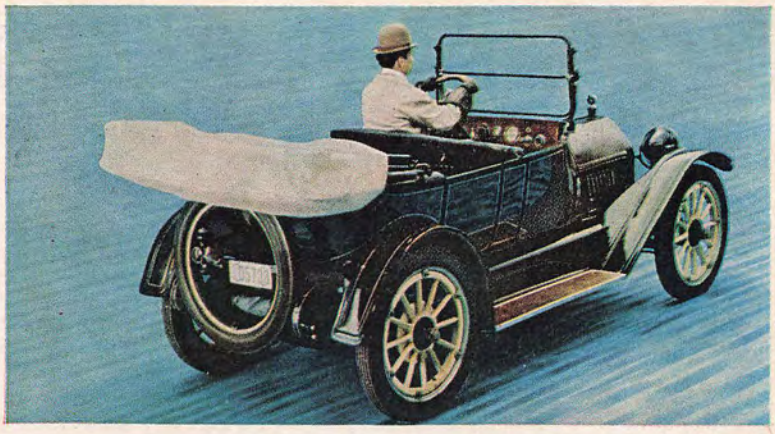
But The Cat is dressed now. The ring once again belongs to the amateurs.

Long after a night in 1959 in which Cleveland Williams exploded a left hook on his jaw, Sonny Liston, who is not given to extravagances when discussing his fellow man, told a person: "He [Williams] hit harder than any man I know." In 1962 Cleveland Williams hit Ernie Terrell with a left hook to the belly and a second one to the jaw and for the first and only time in his life, Ernie Terrell was stretched across the ring like an ironing board. A left hook knocked Eddie Machen the length of the ring. A hook to the belly and a right cross to the head stiffened a main eventer named Johnny Holman for half an hour.

In 1959, Cleveland Williams hit Curley Lee, a good prospect from California, just once. Curley Lee never fought again. And on March 24, 1953, a fighter with the optimistic ring name of Ponce DeLeon woke up in Tampa, Florida, after everyone had left the ring and accused Cleveland Williams of carrying a horseshoe in his glove.

This is the way heavyweights used to fight. Cleveland Williams who is 33 years old, who has been a pro for 15 years—more if you count a little unlicensed moonlighting—[*Continued on page* 20]

AC Spark Plugs were chosen for Chevrolet's 1916 Baby Grand...



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On the inside, the bucket seats come specially color-striped, if you like. You can also pamper yourself with other additions such as stereo tape and/or AM-FM stereo multiplex radio, air conditioning, adjustable tilt steering wheel and just about every power assist you could ask for.

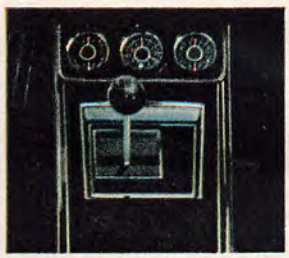
On the safety side: features ranging from the GM-developed energy-absorbing steering column, the energy-absorbing steering wheel and instrument panel to a four-way hazard-warning flasher and lane-change signal in direction-signal control.

Camaro. Most talked about car on the road. Listen real hard at your Chevrolet dealer's. Hear?

Big-car stance, almost as wide as the full-size Chevrolet, gives Camaro the responsive handling of a sports car.

Big-car V8 power, ranging from a 210-hp you specify on up to a 295-hp.

Dual master cylinder brake system, with warning light and corrosion-resistant brake lines.



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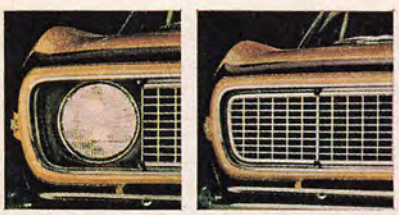
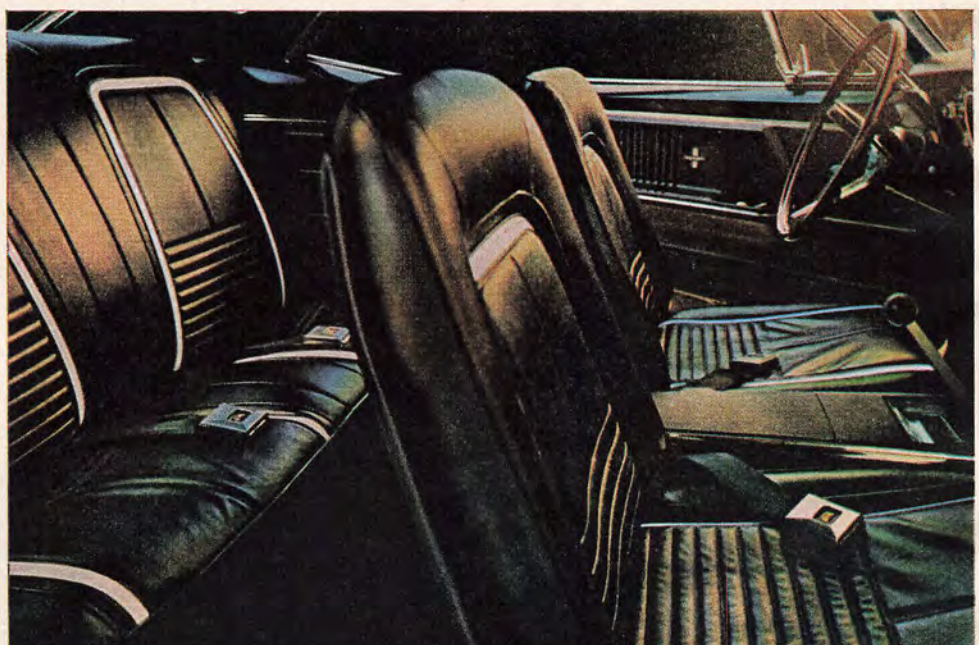
Fold-down rear seat is yours for the ordering. With seat-back up there's roomy traveling comfort. Just pull, and there's a carpeted cargo floor.



Headlights are concealed behind remote-controlled panels in the sporty black grille of the Camaro Rally Sport.



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For '67, everything new that could happen . . . *happened!*

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Win or lose in the ring, life has begun anew for the "last heavyweight"

Williams remarried after he left hospital. Wife, Irene, has encouraged comeback, but she fainted first time he was hit hard.

Getting ready for Clay fight, Williams did his roadwork as usual on lonely Texas highways and over empty pastureland.

[*Continued from page* 16]
is a bridge between both eras. The way fighters train and fight today, he may be keeping the last lonely vigil.

But now he keeps it with one kidney, with a body tough enough to withstand a .357 magnum slug at point-blank range . . . a body which refused to bleed to death on a lonely country highway . . . or on an emergency room operating table . . . or during a deathwatch in a darkened hospital room. The wonder is not so much that he fights—and fights in a way that heavyweights seem to have forgotten. The wonder is simply that he lives.

If Williams is the last heavyweight, Hugh Benbow, a wealthy oil and cattle man who once taught boxing at CCNY and who has never been accused of shyness, will tell you that he may be the last manager.

Like his fighter, Benbow is tough and durable. Two days before the Terrell-Jones pillow fight, he offered the winner 100 grand to meet Williams in Houston for the WBA title. With characteristic foresight, both men's managers laughed. But the night after The Cat saved the fight card, Hugh Benbow planted his handmade alligator shoes on the lush carpet at Houston's Hotel America, gazed across the press room and looked at George Hamid, Jr., who manages Terrell.

"Hey, Hugh," Hamid said morosely (he had just been informed by America's better sportswriters that his gladiator's part in the proceedings was distinctly aromatic), "you got that 100 grand in hundreds or fifties?"

"Forget it," Hugh Benbow said. "You didn't put nobody in that building tonight. You heard them holler. The Cat put them there. He is the only attraction in the country today. We don't need you no more. We want to go after Clay."

The strategy, plus Clay's willingness to take on anyone who might give him a big pay night, brought dividends. Despite the fact that Williams has knocked out more fighters (51) than any other active boxer, he never got close to a shot at the title until Clay agreed to face him in mid-November at the Astrodome. In boxing, the race rarely is to the just. Williams has failed to get a great many key fights for the very reason that people pay to see him so often. He punches too hard.

That his chance should have come earlier is obvious; that Clay's ring skills, plus the assorted rough blows Williams has taken in and out of the ring, may have brought it too late for this old-style heavyweight is something Benbow refuses to concede. He already has lived through two reconstructions of Cleveland Williams as a fighter.

The first came shortly after Benbow watched Williams explode a violent hook on Liston's jaw and then let him get away [*Continued on page* 24]

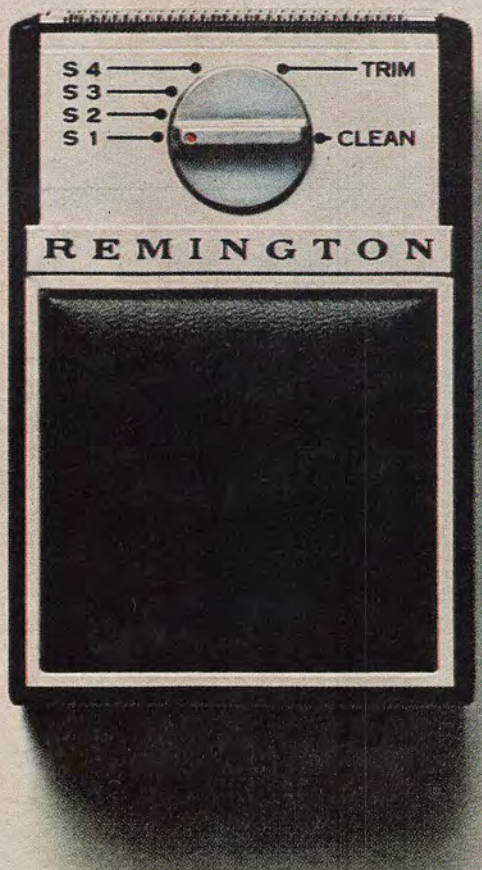
Tear out this page and slip it into her copy of Vogue, Ladies' Home Journal, Harper's Bazaar or McCall's.

This is a new shaving invention.
The REMINGTON® 500 Selektronic shaver
Lets him dial the smoothest shave ever.

It's got an extra-large shaving surface.

One of the positions (S2, 3 or 4) was made for his particular face. It'll give him a silk-smooth shave, even if his beard comes on like a nail file.

The S1 position shaves his neck smooth, without pulling or scraping. (That's his most sensitive area.)



There's a huge sideburn trimmer. He can make like Valentino or Benjamin Disraeli.

When he dials Clean, the shaver practically cleans itself.

Soft-cushion grip. He'll think of you.

It works with or without a cord so it works anywhere. That can be helpful on long weekends.

TEAR HERE

Beautiful gift case.
(The shaver charges in it.)

REMINGTON 500 Selektronic Shaver
SPERRY RAND CORPORATION

SELEKTRONIC: Trademark of Sperry Rand Corporation.

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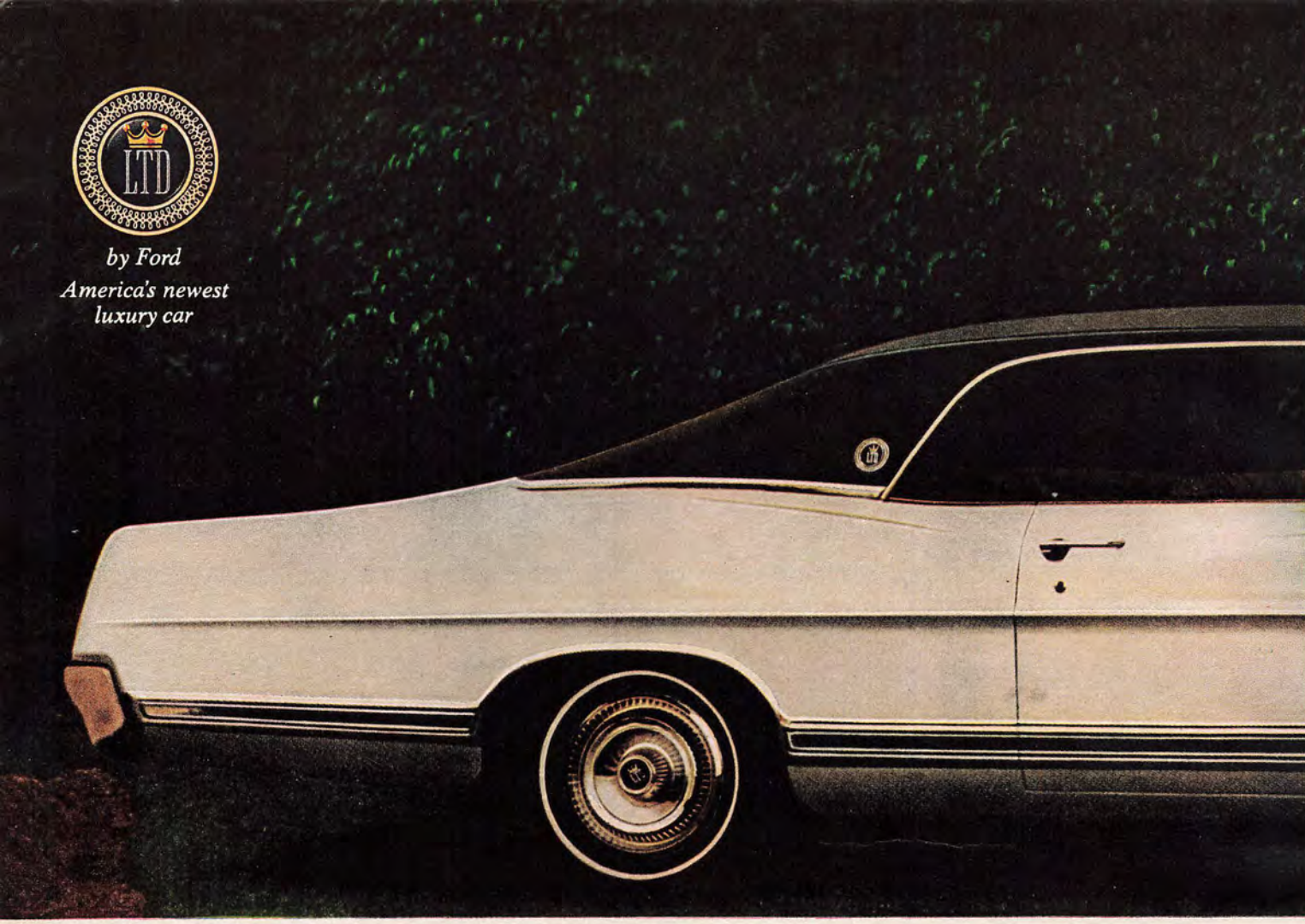
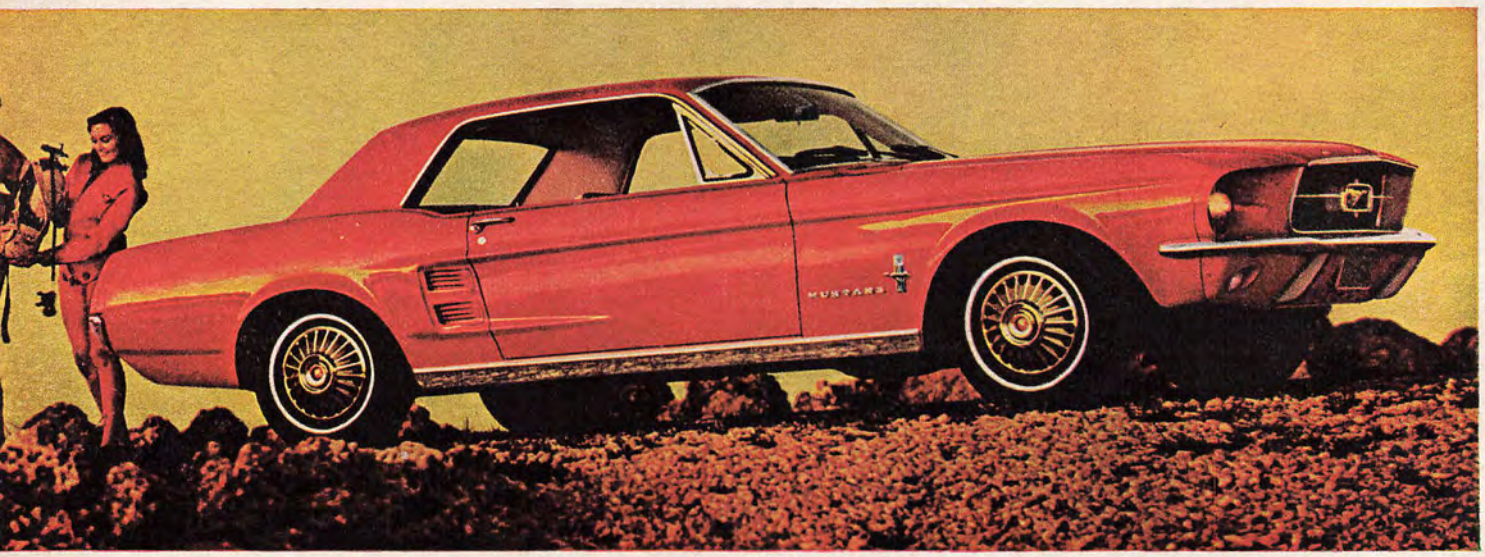


Ride Ford's New Wave for '67

We like to stir up better ideas at Ford. Like Thunderbird... Falcon... Fairlane ... Mustang... a Ford LTD which was proven quieter than a Rolls-Royce... wave after wave of fresh ideas that more and more people have discovered—and switched to. Now the New Wave from



Mustang Hardtop

'67 Mustang!

How do you improve on a modern classic like Mustang... the car that was bred first to be first? Give it a jazzy new body. Wider tread. Fresh options like Tilt-Away Steering Wheel. SelectShift Cruise-O-Matic. Keep bucket seats, floorshift, all-vinyl trim—*all standard*—in hardtop, convertible and fastback.

LTD 2-Door Hardtop with New Landau Roof

Ford hits a new crest with the strongest, quietest Fords in history. Quieter because they are stronger, stronger because they are better built. Marked by a flight-like ride; the soaring performance of engines ranging from the Big Six to a 428-cu. in. V-8; choice of a new SelectShift automatic transmission that you can also shift like a manual, Stereo Tape, front power disc brakes, Convenience-Control Panel that locks doors automatically. *And every 1967 Ford car has the Ford Motor Company safety features as standard equipment.* Take a test drive soon.

FORD

MUSTANG • FALCON • FAIRLANE
FORD • THUNDERBIRD

Ford

'67 Fairlane!

Great new ideas for '67! Big-car roominess, big-car performance in a lean, trim, agile car. Choose a 390-cubic inch V-8. Front power disc brakes. Stereo Tape. Everything big cars have, except big-car price!

Fairlane 500/XL 2-Door Hardtop

'67 Falcon!

New luxury! Smooth, big-car ride. New options like SelectShift Cruise-O-Matic. Stereo Tape. Front power disc brakes. If Falcon didn't cost so little, save so much, park so neatly, you might call it a short limousine!

Falcon Futura Sports Coupe

[*Continued from page 20*]
for one of his five losses in 71 fights. Williams was managed by Lou Viscusi then and in Benbow's opinion, Williams did not know how to jab, to defend himself or even to throw a straight right hand. Together with millionaire oilman Bud Adams, Benbow purchased Williams' contract.

They built the A & B Gymnasium on Travis Street in downtown Houston. People who know say it cost them $40,000. Here Benbow, who is Benny Leonard's last disciple, spent hours showing Williams how he wanted him to fight. Some days, he would have Williams stand before the heavy bag, his right arm hanging limply by his side, and throw left hand after left hand. The only sound was Benbow's voice and the dull thwack of hand meeting bag.

"Jab . . . thump . . . jab . . . thump . . . jab. . . ."

"Once," Cleveland Williams recalls with no little pain, "we did it for eight hours off and on."

And this was the Williams, possessed of fantastic punching power and now acquiring finesse, who was perhaps just one fight away from a title chance in November of 1964. Then, shortly after midnight of the 28th of that month, Cleveland Williams flickered between life and death on the gravel shoulder of a lonely Texas highway.

It was a case which was to set Houston talking for months. Everyone—Williams, Benbow, State Highway Patrolman Dale Witten and the Homicide Department of the Harris County Police—agree on certain facts. Williams had drunk several beers. He was driving down a section of Farm Road 1960, which locals refer to as "Jack Rabbit Road," and he was speeding.

Here the stories diverge. Witten, a patrolman of 12-years standing, says that Williams resisted arrest. Witten weighs, perhaps, 165 pounds and according to his testimony, he subdued the 215-pound heavyweight (whom Sonny Liston calls the world's hardest puncher) after a brawl during which Witten's gun went off at point-blank range.

Cleveland Williams tells a different story. He tells it in a soft, almost apologetic tone of voice, and for what it is worth he has told it the same way every time.

"I asked him not to arrest me. I told him I had a fight with Amos Lincoln comin' up and I didn't want to get Mr. Benbow mad. Then I thought I could talk him out of it so I said the Houston police would probably turn me loose anyway. He said he wasn't takin' me to Houston. He said he was takin' me to Tomball, and he said he had friends there. That didn't sound too good for a colored man to get into. I told him I didn't want to go. He reached for his holster and I pulled his hand down and the next thing I knew I felt funny inside . . . all burning up."

The pivotal point in Cleveland Williams' testimony may well be the fact that long after he had refused to die, a Texas court was puzzled enough to sentence him to only 30 days, although the charges included: aggravated assault on a police officer, carrying a pistol and driving while intoxicated.

Texas—by the nature of its frontier spirit—is gun country. And in such places the biggest cannon wins, which is why State Highway Patrolmen are equipped with the magnum .357. "It is," explained Dr. Donald Quast, generally credited with saving Williams' life, "one of the hottest handguns made. If you shoot a man point-blank with that, you might as well be shooting with a deer rifle."

Bleeding, gasping and near death, Cleveland Williams slammed against the door handle on the passenger side of the car and tumbled, face down, onto a wide swatch of roadway recently cleared by a bulldozer. The shooting happened on a stretch of Jack Rabbit Road which has virtually no illumination. About a quarter-mile away the neon sign of a dairy and a red blinker at a four-way intersection gave off a faint glow. Williams rolled over and over. The ground beneath him turned a dull scarlet in the gloomy night.

On a nearby farm road, Tommy Cleboski and Hugh Irby of the Harris County Police picked up Witten's radio call. The shooting was in Harris County and since they were attached to homicide, the investigation fell within their province. This is the scene which greeted Cleboski and Irby when they pulled up 10 minutes later:

"There were a couple of other squad cars there," recalls Cleboski, who has been on the force for 16 years. "I recognized The Cat right away. He couldn't get up. He was thrashing around and moaning and I sent for an ambulance. I don't know if you have ever seen a man shot in the stomach but when it's bad—and this was about as bad as it could get—the stomach starts to swell. We call this a bubble and The Cat's stomach was bubbling for sure. I didn't think he'd live to make the ambulance."

Tommy Cleboski is 38 years old and he is as much a pro at his business as The Cat is at his. By the time the ambulance arrived, he had already cut Williams' clothes free and stripped him.

TRUE

"In the ambulance I just couldn't get him to come around. I kept asking him if he knew me . . . if he could hear me . . . but nothing. Then just as we pulled off the Freeway, the driver said, 'He ain't gonna make it.' That's when Cleve mumbled to me to call his trainer, Perry Payne. Then he passed out again."

It was 1 a.m. by the time the ambulance made its big turn into the driveway of Ben Taub Hospital, a large stone building just off Main and Fanin in Houston. It was Saturday night. Ben Taub does the best it can, but Saturday night is bargain night in the emergency ward everywhere. On Saturday nights the Houston cops refer to Ben Taub as the "butcher shop." This is not a knock at Ben Taub, which is a good hospital, but it is a comment on the volume of business it must handle.

"You got a million dollars worth of fighter here," Cleboski told an orderly. "For Godsake do something."

They took Cleveland Williams into one of the ground floor shock rooms. Word spread throughout the hospital. Porters, maids, nurses, interns crowded into the wing. Newsmen overran it. Doctor Quast, who was on duty elsewhere in the building, did well to get through the mob.

By that time Hugh Benbow was racing with his wife, Dot, to Houston from his ranch in Yoakum, 108 miles to the southwest. Perry Payne arrived just as the doctors began asking for blood at 2 a.m.

Tommy Cleboski was the first to volunteer, but his blood pressure was too high and he had to rest for an hour before they would take it. Meanwhile, Tod Herring, who was to serve as Williams' showpiece nearly two years later, arrived and immediately gave blood. Two other local fighters, Mark Tessman and Dave Birch, were the next donors. Perry Payne set up headquarters in a phone booth in search of more volunteers. Benbow arrived just before sunup. At dawn, Williams was still alive but there wasn't a doctor in the house who would make the price on his next sunrise.

"Somebody got to do something," Benbow said, walking around in big circles. A great many people did. In all, there were four operations; the fourth and decisive one would come much later. The first three saved his life. The fourth put him back in the ring.

The bullet had entered Williams' magnificent body through the left flank. It had coursed backwards and down, ripped through the colon and the small bowel, cut a hole in the ureter and damaged the nerves which control leg movement. Then it fractured a portion of the hip joint. The doctors never did take that bullet out; it is still somewhere in his groin.

"The thing about this," explained Doctor Quast, "is that you can go in there and look and tissue which seems perfectly healthy today can go bad in a day or two and kill a man. This was the next problem."

It happened just about that way. The Cat's blood pressure was almost nonexistent. Chemical poisoning set in from the dead tissue. In layman's terms, they

[*Continued on page 68*]

When it gets so jammed around the bar
that you can hardly move–

this is probably the bottleneck.
(It's called The Sure One.)

SEAGRAM DISTILLERS COMPANY, N.Y.C., BLENDED WHISKEY. 86 PROOF. 65% GRAIN NEUTRAL SPIRITS.

The Bonneville 4-Door Hardtop. Have we done it again? Of coure we have!

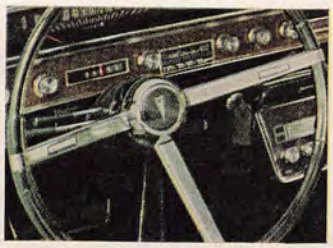
You're looking at the most beautiful Pontiac ever to ride on Wide-Track. (And we've had nothing but winners.) It's completely new from the distinctive sculpturing of the famous split grille to the slickest engineering innovation in years—disappearing windshield wipers. (They only come out when it rains.) Only Pontiac has them.

Our '67 Pontiacs are the most expertly engineered automobiles we've ever designed. There are new 400 and 428 cubic inch V-8s. New standard safety features such as passenger-guard door locks on all doors, a dual master cylinder brake system with warning light, front seat belt retractors, and a four-way hazard warning flasher. New options you can order such as front wheel disc brakes, a bi-level air conditioner that can cool your head and warm your toes at the same time, and an AM-FM stereo radio that sounds sensational even in an open convertible.

And of course the road-hugging security of Wide-Track. No other car can make that statement!

Ride the Wide-Track winning streak.

You can add full fidelity sound by ordering our eight-track stereo tape player.



Energy absorbing steering column, developed by General Motors, is standard.

Wipers on the big Pontiacs tuck neatly away, are less subject to abuse from weather.

No vent windows on the Grand Prix! Just a beautiful, uncluttered picture window!

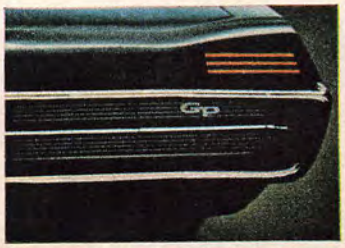
The Great One. GTO Hardtop. Need we say more?

Pontiac Motor Division

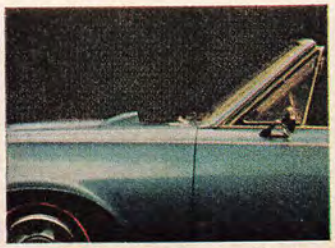
Stop while we're ahead? Never! The incomparable GTO for '67 comes with 400 cubic inches of engine under a magnificently refined new skin. Or you can order the 255-hp version or the fabulous new 360-hp Quadra-Power Four Hundred. And for the first time you can order your GTO with our famous three-speed Turbo Hydra-Matic.

Our revolutionary 165-hp Overhead Cam Six is standard on all Le Mans and Tempests. You can specify the 215-hp 4-bbl version, a spirited 250-hp regular gas V-8 or its 285-hp premium gas cousin. Or you can step into the neatest grand touring car this side of the Atlantic with our OHC 6 Sprint package. Also new for this year is what Wide-Track Wagon lovers have been waiting for — Executive and Tempest Safaris with simulated walnut wood grain sides. All this plus the road-hugging security of Wide-Track on every Pontiac we make. See your Pontiac dealer right now.

Wide-Track Pontiac/67



Headlights on the Grand Prix hide behind the grille. Parking lights are hidden, too.



Leave it to Pontiac to come up with it first: now you can order a hood-mounted tach!

You can order these Rally II wheels on all Tempest and most Pontiac models.

As a nice touch, you can add cornering lamps to help you see better while turning at night.

IT'S A MAN'S WORLD

A monthly commentary by TRUE's editors to keep you entertained and informed—and to keep the little woman firmly in her place

TOP FORM

Topless female entertainers in San Francisco cause no more excitement than an order of abalone, but it's different in sunny Italy. Seems that a troupe of dancers from Sierra Leone, a swinging country where toplessness has been the custom since man knoweth not to the contrary, performed at a high-class festival in Spoleto, Italy. Several of the girls danced with nothing above the navel. Italian cops took umbrage and action, ordering the manager, John J. Akar, to cover the offending convexities forthwith. He did, or the girls did, but he had an inspiration. He persuaded the strapping male dancers to tie dainty bras around their chests. The performance of boys and girls together could be described as a total bust, but very successful. Anatomy received a harsh setback but a dignified time was had by all and not a girl was pinched.

DOGHOLICS

Is it true that man is dog's best friend? A couple of recent news items cast doubt on this belief which is thought to be widely prevalent among dogs. Dr. Harry Booth told a recent convention of fellow veterinarians that canine alcoholism is on the rise. Increasing numbers of hungover hounds are coming to him complaining of headaches, bloodshot eyes, furry tongues and general malaise. Invariably, the besotted beagle has been led to drink by some man who got the animal to lap up a little firewater, often as a gag at a party. The dog gets hooked and sneaks a snootful whenever it can. Booth warns the dog's guardian that if the animal isn't put on the wagon it will wind up in some skid row for looped pooches. Another veterinarian who attended Winston Churchill's poodle, Rufus II, has revealed that the dog's teeth were in awful shape from overindulgence in chocolates. Churchill loved chocolates and fed them to Rufus, who paid the price by having his teeth yanked out. A man may pamper his children outrageously but it shouldn't happen to a dog.

ELECTRONIC ATTACHÉ CASE

The slim attaché case carried by young executives legendarily contains a ham sandwich. Tomorrow it will be crammed with electronic gizmos. Only one futuristic attaché case has been built so far, by Samsonite luggage people and Honeywell electronics wizards. It's carried to the moon by a scientist in a forthcoming movie, *2001: A Space Odyssey*. But it's figured that a case like the one in the photo could be in commercial production in 10 years, so prepare for suffocation by instant communication. The case has a memory unit stored with zillions of exciting facts, such as the price per gross of widgets, which can be flashed instantly on a TV screen. Erasures can be made or creative thoughts such as "put out the cat" can be inscribed with a light pencil. A push button makes connection with a home office or customer's computer. There's an adding machine and a typewriter keyboard that writes on the screen. For illiterates, data shown on the screen can be read aloud by a voice transmitted through a small speaker. A TV camera shows anything within lens range. A telephone which connects automatically to any number in its memory makes flight from tintinnabulating Mother Bell all but impossible. There's no space left for a ham sandwich, but there's room for a few condensed food pills. We're still partial to ham.

QUEER ADVENTURE

Food for thought from a woman, Rose Macaulay, noted novelist: "To live with a woman and children is a curious life for a man of affairs to choose....To come home from work every evening to this odd menage, this strange assortment of fellow creatures, so near to, and yet so far from oneself, to find one's house alive and noisy with the rudimentary human being whom one has produced, only partially kept in order by that only slightly less rudimentary human being whom one has elected to pass one's life—this is indeed a queer adventure."

COWPOKE MEDICARE

Western movies often show Old Doc binding up the hero's wounds, but they never show what's in his medicine bag. It's just as well. Most cowboys on the range were treated by the cook, who was in charge of the chuckwagon, which carried the medicine kit. This grab bag was filled with pretty harsh stuff, according to Esther Hall, a professor of pharmacology at the University of Texas, who has studied the medicines used by cowboys. Axle grease was good for rope burns, boils and sores. Gunpowder was used for cauterizing a wound. Diluted horse liniment was great stuff for almost anything external. The cook made poultices of onions, poke root or whatever he had on hand. Other highly regarded medicines were kerosene, turpentine, Epsom salts, tallow, snake oil and camphor. Cowboys can't be blamed for their medical ignorance. They never saw a commercial. They didn't know that headaches are caused by little hammers pounding inside the skull or that nerves are pulled apart like a frayed lariat tugged at by a wild dogie.

DOWN WITH HEART DISEASE

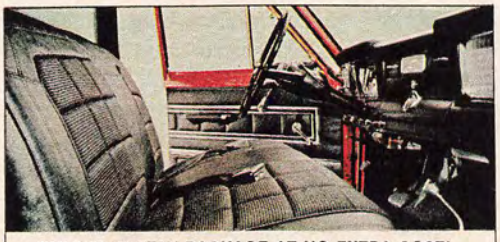
The last word on preventing heart attacks and strokes has been spoken by Dr. Alan H. Howard of Cambridge University. As general secretary of a symposium on the subject, held in Greece, he listened to dozens of abstruse re-

(Continued on page 30)

Get twice the "grip" on slushy streets with a 'Jeep' Wagoneer.

Just flip one simple lever for the safety of 'Jeep' 4-wheel drive.

Winter driving is no fun, no matter how you look at it. It can mean slipping, sliding, spinning your wheels, skidding round corners—or worse! But a 4-wheel drive 'Jeep' Wagoneer cuts winter driving dangers with twice the traction, twice the grip of ordinary station wagons. 'Jeep' 4-wheel drive helps you keep control when roads turn to ice and the snow piles up. You get where you're going comfortably, confidently, with greater safety, greater peace of mind. When roads turn bad, it's the best automotive insurance you can own. Plus, you have the fun of 'Jeep' 4-wheel drive. With luxurious interiors, your Wagoneer compares with any quality station wagon, inside as well as out. It has all the options you'd expect: like V-8 power, Turbo Hydra-Matic* automatic transmission, power steering, power brakes, air-conditioning. 'Picture window' visibility, complete choice of colors. No other wagon gives the combination of luxury...confidence...and sheer adventure... of the 'Jeep' Wagoneer with 4-wheel drive. Call your Jeep dealer for a test drive today!



UNIQUE SAFETY PACKAGE AT NO EXTRA COST!

- High-impact windshield
- Padded sun visors
- Padded dashboard
- Dual brake system
- Self-adjusting brakes
- Back-up lights
- Windshield washers and 2-speed wipers
- 4-way warning flashers
- Seat belts front and rear
- Outside rear-view mirror
- Rugged 'Jeep' construction
- Gas tank centered inside chassis
- Plus the safety of 'Jeep' 4-wheel drive.

*TRADEMARK GENERAL MOTORS CORPORATION

KAISER Jeep CORPORATION
TOLEDO 1, OHIO

You've got to drive it to believe it. See your 'Jeep' dealer. Check the Yellow Pages.

IT'S A MAN'S WORLD

(Continued from page 28)

ports and summarized them in what we can only call a splendid burst of irreverence. To prevent heart attacks, imitate the ways of the person least likely to get one, who is "a hypotensive, bicycling, unemployed, nonsmoking, underweight, premenopausal female dwarf living in a crowded room on the island of Crete before 1925 and subsisting on a diet of uncoated cereals, safflower oil, and water." Is it worth it, men?

SKY HOOK

The Indian rope trick, in which a small boy climbs and disappears from a rope hurled into the air by a magician, isn't impossible. Neither is a sky hook. But neither stunt is very feasible. Experts have reported in *Science* magazine that it is theoretically possible to place a cable straight up in the air and have it remain there forever. The joker is that the cable would have to have its center of gravity at an altitude of 22,300 miles. It would then be pretty much like an earth satellite, remaining over the same spot on the earth's surface. What use would such a huge sky hook be? Well, you could hang scientific laboratories from it, or use it to support skyscrapers a thousand stories high. Or rent it to county fairs for rope-trick performances.

ELECTRIC CARS

We have a vague childhood memory of a car called the Detroit Electric. It had a glass-enclosed cab, seated two, was steered with a tiller, and was always driven by an elderly woman wearing a choker. Don't laugh now, but the electric car may stage a comeback. Not tomorrow, but maybe next day. In fact, electric golf carts and lift trucks are already produced in fair volume. Electric cars don't emit exhaust fumes, a virtue which encouraged the Commerce Department to call a meeting in Washington to discuss the future of electric vehicles. The main drawback is that ordinary lead-acid batteries can't push a car much more than 35 miles and it takes about 12 hours to recharge them. Still, one storage battery company has rebuilt a compact car, loaded with 12 batteries, which can get up to 45 mph and is pretty nimble in traffic. An electric car comparable to a gas-engine compact—300 mile range, 70 mph—would weigh more than three tons and cost almost $6,000. But powerful long-lived batteries of novel design could change that picture. General Dynamics Corporation is testing a zinc-air battery, and a lot of experimental work is going on with a lithium battery. The day may come when you drive up to a service station and say "charge it."

PHONEY FELONS

The fad for wearing "prison shirts," decorated with stripes, penal numbers, and prison names, may be short-lived. Boys who bought the novelty shirts at Atlantic City were picked up by the police when they went on a camping trip near Pittsburgh. The cops mistook the boys for inmates who had escaped from the county workhouse.

MOGUBGUB'S DREAM

For better than a year, one of the particular reasons for looking out of our office window was to observe a curious three-story-high sign which read: "Why Doesn't Someone Give Mogubgub, Ltd., Two Million Dollars to Make a Movie?" When, the other day, we discovered that the sign had disappeared, we felt a distinct loss, enough so that we tracked down Mogubgub to find out what this peculiar advertising had been all about. Fred Mogubgub is a fairly willd and hirsute Lebanese who is an absolute genius at filming one-minute commercials. Any man who can show Whistler's Mother bounding out of her chair when a mouse scurries by is our boy. However, just as comedians yearn to play Hamlet, Mogubgub wants to produce a full-length movie but he hasn't the wherewithal. The sign was intended to lure investors. It did not lure well enough, so now Fred has taken another task, assisted by Georgette Rady, a pulchritudinous member of his staff who makes bare-kneed sorties into Wall Street, clad, more or less, in truncated versions of the stars and stripes. She hands out investment pamphlets and always attracts an admiring crowd of brokers' clerks on 30-minute lunch hours. Up to now the money hasn't rolled in in sufficient amounts, which is a pity, since the movie Mogubgub hopes to make is rife with incidents concerning American symbols, such as theft of the Statue of Liberty and the explosion of Mt. Rushmore. Anybody who wants to invest two million bucks or less has our permission and that's all we can do for you, Fred.

HAIRY APE

Why is the human animal less hairy than other mammals? Biologists have a dozen theories, but the one we like best is advanced by Jack P. Hailman of Rutgers University. He points out that it takes energy for the body to produce hair. As man evolved and body hair became unnecessary, men who had little of it had more energy and were more fit. So if you are losing your hair, you are saving energy for which there are more congenial uses than growing fur.

PUNCH-CARD ROMANCE

"Computer dating," in which traits of boy and girl are matched by a computer to assure a perfect date, is a young art and full of bugs. A couple of doctoral students at Stanford University are working around the clock to get rid of bugs that have shown up in computer matchmaking. One girl was matched with 73 boys and went out with 32 of them while her roommates turned green. Now the number of matches is limited to 10. Some girls were given the names of their "perfect dates" but the men weren't given the girls' names. The girls wouldn't call the men and the men didn't know whom to call. Now both parties get the names. The well-known axiom that love will find a way raises the horrible suspicion that hit-and-miss dating may be every bit as fruitful as computer matching. To test this, the students are throwing in some date-matches that are just pulled out of a hat. If the computer doesn't do better than these random matches, the whole game will blow up. What's a fair price tag for the computer's services in spewing out responsive phone numbers? The students charge men $1.99, women $1.75. That's only the first cost. You can buy a pair of dice for less than a buck and lose your shirt.

DEPT. OF ODD INFORMATION

The newest Las Vegas hotel-casino, Caesar's Palace, has at its entrance a copy of a famous statue, "Rape of the Sabine Women."

—THE EDITORS

"Revolt against kiddy car compacts. Go '67 Dart!"

How about you? Still smouldering about the size and shape of today's compact cars? You know the kind. Alarmingly small on the inside . . . amazingly dull on the outside. Cool it. There's a new way to go. Big-new, all-new Dodge Dart GT for 1967. And if its obvious beauty and fresh styling don't turn you on, maybe this list of standard equipment will. An all-vinyl interior. Bucket seats. Carpeting, front and rear. Retractable front lap belts. Redesigned, recessed instrument panel. Curved side glass. Unique, concave rear window. And more . . . much more luxury than you'd expect from a car carrying a compact price. Add to this a choice of Six or V8 power and a dozen or more safety features, and you've got quite a car. So, stop toying with the notion that a compact has to be dull, boxy and uninspired. See your neighborhood Dodge Dealer soon. Sign up for a bold, new '67 Dart GT. Pleasant duty, we assure you. The Dodge Rebellion Operation '67 wants you.

'67 Dodge Dart

DODGE DIVISION CHRYSLER MOTORS CORPORATION

It's an
Old Forester
kind of day
The bite of autumn. The rustle of an evening breeze coming on. And soon there'll be the fine taste of a great bourbon.
At the end of a good day.
An Old Forester kind of day.
OLD FORESTER
KENTUCKY STRAIGHT BOURBON WHISKY
At 86 or 100 proof "There is nothing better in the market"
KENTUCKY STRAIGHT BOURBON WHISKY • 86 PROOF • 100 PROOF BOTTLED IN BOND • BROWN-FORMAN DISTILLERS CORPORATION • AT LOUISVILLE IN KENTUCKY ©1966.

BY EDWARD JAY EPSTEIN

INQUEST

INTRODUCTION
By Richard H. Rovere

"No material question now remains unresolved so far as the death of President Kennedy is concerned," Harrison E. Salisbury wrote in his introduction to an edition of the Warren Commission Report published by *The New York Times*. "[The] evidence of [Lee Harvey] Oswald's single-handed guilt is overwhelming."

Less than two years after the Warren Commission closed its books, we are confronted by a report that challenges these words, and I find it my appalling duty to state that the words do not withstand the challenge. Edward Jay Epstein maintains that the "quest for truth in the Kennedy assassination" was also a quest for domestic tranquility. Mr. Salisbury said that the Commission spent "the better part of a year in exhaustive investigation." Mr. Epstein shows that the investigation proper lasted less than 10 weeks, that it fell far short of

Condensed from the book *Inquest*, copyright © 1966 by Edward Jay Epstein. Published by the Viking Press, Inc.

being exhaustive, and that the Warren Commission as such played a minor part in the proceedings. Mr. Epstein discloses that the number of rifle shots fired at the Presidential party was never resolved. He believes that the case for Oswald's guilt was solidly established. But he insists that evidence of Oswald's "single-handed" guilt was incomplete.

Mr. Epstein, a brilliant young academician, is not saying there *was* a second assassin. He is disentangling the evidence from the conclusions. "If there was no evidence of more than one assassin," he writes, "there was also no evidence that precluded the possibility." Mr. Epstein makes his case adroitly. That the case is impressive is borne out by the fact that the Warren Commission was itself divided.

Mr. Epstein does not challenge the integrity

of the Commission or its staff. His concern when he undertook this study was with the processes of fact-finding employed by an agency having a complex relationship to the bureaucracy that brought it into being. "The primary subject of this book is the Warren Commission, not the assassination," he says. And although he raises some sharp questions about the assassination, he adheres rigorously to his purpose: An examination of the way in which a group of Americans prominent in public and professional life carried out an assignment given them by their President.

If Mr. Epstein's analysis is sound, one of the major failings of the Warren Commission arose because the seven Commissioners were chosen more for their probity than

PHOTOMONTAGE BY IRWIN HOROWITZ

Some pieces of the puzzle would never fit neatly into place

for their mastery of probative techniques. And the Commisssioners, lawyers without exception, hired a staff of lawyers chosen as much for their professional standing as for their experience relevant to the problem at hand.

Lawyers serve clients as doctors serve patients. Technically, the Commission's client was Lyndon B. Johnson; its official title was the President's Commission on the Assassination of President John F. Kennedy. All that the President asked of the Commission was the truth, and truth was what the Commissioners sought. But the Commission's structure, its procedures, and the peculiar atmosphere in which it worked hampered its search.

Nothing Mr. Epstein reveals is quite so shocking as the fact that this great investigation was carried out by men who could not give their full attention to it and who were in a desperate hurry to get it over with.

Chapter One
OVERVIEW

On November 22, 1963, President John F. Kennedy was assassinated. The burst of shots came at 12:30 p.m. as his motorcade passed through downtown Dallas. The President was shot twice and fatally wounded. Governor John B. Connally of Texas, seated in front of the President, was also wounded. The President died at Parkland Hospital at 1 p.m.

Less than one hour later, Lee Harvey Oswald was arrested in connection with the murder of Dallas policeman J. D. Tippit. Oswald, a 24-year-old ex-Marine, who had once defected to the Soviet Union and who worked in the building from which the shots were believed to have come, was immediately suspected of being the assassin. Then, on November 24, he himself was shot by Jack Ruby, a Dallas nightclub owner.

On November 29, President Lyndon B. Johnson appointed a commission "to ascertain, evaluate, and report on" the facts of the assassination. Earl Warren, Chief Justice of the United States, was chosen as chairman, and from its inception the commission was generally known as the "Warren Commission."

To complete the Commission, Johnson chose six men who had distinguished themselves in public life. Two were senior Senators: Richard B. Russell, Democrat of Georgia, and John Sherman Cooper, Republican of Kentucky. Two were leaders of the House of Representatives: Hale Boggs, Democrat of Louisiana, Majority Whip of the House; and Gerald R. Ford, Republican of Michigan, chairman of the House Republican Conference. Two members were international lawyers: Allen W. Dulles, former director of the Central Intelligence Agency; and John J. McCloy, former United States High Commissioner for Germany and former President of the World Bank.

On December 5, 1963, the Warren Commission held its first meeting. Allen Dulles later said, "Although we faced a difficult and perhaps unprecedented task, each of us had had a lifetime's experience in dealing with extraordinary problems, and we knew what had to be done." The Commission decided that "the public interest in insuring that the truth was ascertained could not be met by merely accepting the reports or the analyses of Federal or State agencies." All the members agreed that the Commission would hold its own investigation.

On December 8 Warren called J. Lee Rankin, a former Solicitor General of the United States, and asked him to be general counsel for the Commission. Rankin would organize the investigation and be its "executive director" as well as its counsel. Rankin left New York for Washington the next day and devoted the next 10 months to Commission work.

Neither Rankin nor the Commission realized how demanding the job would be. Rankin not only superintended the investigation and the writing of the Report, but also examined most of the important witnesses who appeared before the Commission; he adjudicated the disputes that constantly arose among the staff lawyers; and he acted as liaison between the Commission and other government agencies.

On December 9 the FBI, which President Johnson had ordered to conduct a complete investigation immediately after the assassination, submitted its Summary Report to the Commissioners. The four-volume report was considered "of principal importance" in the formulation of the investigation.

Although the investigation was to be "independent," the Commission decided to rely on federal agencies. Rankin explained that it would have been impractical for the Commission to attempt to recruit its own investigative force. The Commission decided to review

thoroughly the material on which the FBI had based its Summary Report. Because this imposing task required assistance, Rankin was authorized to organize a staff of independent lawyers to help in analyzing these thousands of reports and sorting out the issues. The Commission then planned to hold hearings to examine the more important witnesses and evidence.

The FBI investigative reports began arriving at the Commission's offices on December 20. With the reports came Howard P. Willens, a young and energetic Department of Justice lawyer who was to play an important role in shaping the investigation. Willens took charge of the administrative function: he divided up the work among the staff, made schedules, requested assistance from other agencies and "kept the investigation moving."

Rankin chose Norman Redlich, a New York University law professor, as his special assistant. Redlich had the asset of tremendous energy; when necessary, he could work from 8 a.m. to 3 a.m., seven days a week. Redlich, however, tended to be a "perfectionist," which engendered some friction among the lawyers.

In late December, Rankin selected the "senior counsel" for the staff. He said the Commission wanted a "balanced" staff drawn from all parts of the country —lawyers whose reputations would add weight to the Report. Rankin thus chose lawyers held in high esteem.

From New York City, Francis W. H. Adams, a former police commissioner; from California, Joseph A. Ball, a member of the United States Judiciary Conference Advisory Committee; from Philadelphia, William T. Coleman, Jr., a consultant with the United States Arms Control and Disarmament Agency, and one of the best-known Negro lawyers in America; from

New Orleans, Leon D. Hubert, Jr., a former United States attorney and professor at Tulane University; from Chicago, Albert E. Jenner, Jr., vice-chairman of the National Joint Committee for the Effective Administration of Justice.

The criterion of professional eminence led to the selection of extremely busy lawyers. When Norman Redlich was asked how such men could have given up nine months of their practice, he answered, "Very simple. They didn't." Some of the senior counsel worked for the Commission for only a few days and lent their considerable reputations but not their time.

The bulk of the work devolved on the "junior counsel"—lawyers in their early thirties who had had distinguished law-school records and private practices. Willens, who selected most of the junior counsel, said, "We wanted independent lawyers, not government men, who had been at the top of their class and who could work 16 hours a day."

Melvin A. Eisenberg, a 29-year-old New York corporation lawyer, was chosen by Redlich as his assistant. Arlen Spector, a former assistant district attorney of Philadelphia, was the next lawyer selected. Samuel A. Stern, a former law clerk to Chief Justice Earl Warren, and Burt W. Griffin, a former assistant United States attorney for the Northern District of Ohio, were selected by Willens. David W. Belin, an Iowa trial lawyer, and W. David Slawson, a Denver lawyer, were both recommended to the Commission. Finally, Wesley

J. Liebeler, a former Wall Street lawyer, was recommended to Willens by the dean of the University of Chicago Law School.

The three weeks from December 21 to January 10 were critical in the formulation of the investigation. On December 28 Howard Willens drew up a memorandum which proposed that the investigation be divided into five separate areas. A senior and junior lawyer would be assigned to each and would resolve its minor problems. The first area was to be concerned with the basic facts of the assassination itself; the second area would narrow down its focus to the identity of the assassin. The third area would deal with Oswald's background and motives, while the fourth area would be concerned with possible conspiratorial relationships of Oswald. The fifth would deal with Oswald's death.

After the lawyers were organized into teams, the initial phase of the investigation began. Willens divided the more than 20,000 pages of investigative reports furnished by the FBI and Secret Service into areas and parceled them out to the teams. The teams then analyzed the reports, sorting out matters that required further investigation.

At the first formal staff meeting, held in late January, Rankin told the [*Continued on page* 129]

A single block of New York's 47th Street is the richest and most dangerous labyrinth in the U. S. It is the

diamond casbah

BY DALE SHAW

Gem dealers do as much business on Diamond Street's curb exchange as in their shops.

NEW YORK, N. Y.

■ This year, 17 bushels of gem-grade diamonds will be flown, boated and smuggled into the most overheated market in U.S. history. This country's bite of world production is 40 percent, but when it comes to over-five-carat knuckle busters, two out of every three diamonds in international trade are sliding onto the fingers or down the decolletages of American women. The aggregate American price tag for all of this ice totals three-quarters of a billion dollars.

The great diamond rush comes into focus in Manhattan, where 90 percent of the nation's diamonds pass through an H-shaped district formed by 47th Street running east-west between Fifth and Sixth Avenues. Forty-seventh Street is the richest, most often robbed block of real estate in the country.

Whether you are looking for the diamond center in Tel Aviv, Amsterdam or in Antwerp, you can likely find it by following any contingent of full-bearded Hasidic Jews. In New York, Sixth Avenue subway riders recognize the serious looking fellows in long locks, round black hats and frock coats. "Forty-seventh Street," one subway habitué put it, "is where all the beards get off."

Following the beards, you come into a tumble of buildings old and new that house 842 dealers, 233 cutters, 20 sawyers, 312 setters and more than a thousand jewelers, appraisers, gem lawyers, insurance men, machinery-makers and price-tag letterers. On a summer day, "pocket peddlers" will be warming their cheeks on the "curb exchange," haggling in excited Yiddish, palming stones which gleam in the sunshine and being bumped by the throng which comes in with the morning rush and never slows till sundown. Jamming past the curb men are the clean-shaven, modernized dealers darting from transaction to transaction, often dragging young sons who are learning the business of diamonds.

Then there are the countless hopeful, young lasses pressing their faces close to the glass of the street shops and exchanges which proliferate even back into the alleys and the innards of buildings.

Elbowing through the crowd are the plainclothes

PHOTOGRAPHED FOR TRUE BY ALBERT FENN

Diamond cutter examines rough stone gripped to cutting wheel.

Uniformed guard, escorting dealer, checks with office over walkie-talkie.

dicks, dedicated but insufficient, Holmes Detective Bureau men and Pinkertons. Then, in uniform, cruising in cars, curb-warming, or relaxing indoors, are New York City patrolmen in blue and Burns Agency private guards in brown.

And always the invisible caser is among them: the fingerman, the sneak thief, the desperado—looking like a kid delivering delicatessen coffee, or a tourist, or a businessman, hat down, newspaper under arm.

There is no typical day on Diamond Street; anything can happen at any time—and does. Two hours at random: 10:30—a woman has come out of Morris Nelkin's with a fine solitaire ring, 18 carats, worth $50,000. She takes a fond look at it, then with a fumble drops it near a sewer and the ring rolls in. After much blowing of whistles, emergency police arrive, remove the sewer grating, and much sifting of glop begins. 11:05—a Holmes burglary alarm goes off on a short circuit. Thirteen squad cars converge, blocking both ends of Diamond Street. Police storm building, guns drawn, reset the alarm, then chuckle philosophically for the benefit of the crowd. 11:30—Screams of delight as the ring is recovered from the sewer. 12:15—Berger's Delicatessen-Luncheonette: diamond man arguing over a stone, drops it in his soup. He finishes his pastrami sandwich and soup, recovers diamond, cleans it with a napkin, then buys it.

On another day it is not so sweet. One dealer is dragged into a car, relieved of $1,000,000 in cut stones, shot in the shoulder for griping and dumped out on 42nd Street. In the same week, a jeweler is robbed and the hood is gunned down by plainclothesmen, grimly ending a long chase on Fifth Avenue to 58th Street. The diamonds spill artistically upon the pavement beside a brilliant scarlet pool.

But the day-by-day excitement in Diamond Street as seen by pedestrians is not the true story of the great diamond rush. The really big dealers hide out in the upper floors of the flanking buildings behind steel doors, burglar alarms, brass peepholes, electric locks and closed-circuit TV. To get upstairs and through all the doors, you need only [*Continued on page* 116]

ILLUSTRATED BY BERNARD D'ANDREA

WHEN T. R. DIDN'T SPEAK SOFTLY TO WINCHESTER

No gunmaker ever had more problems with a customer than Winchester had with President Theodore Roosevelt as he prepared for his famous safari. His letters, published here for the first time, tell the story

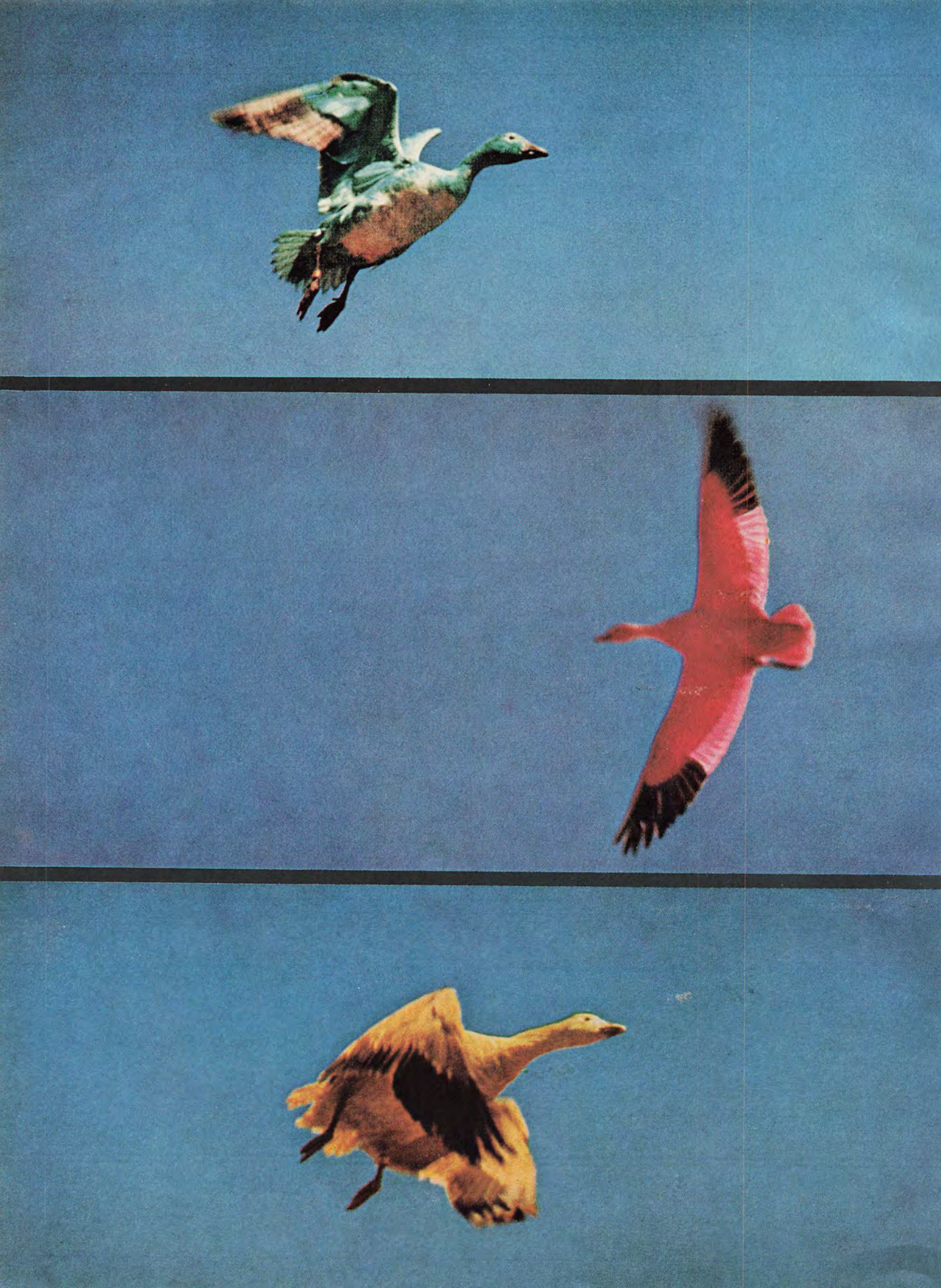
BY KERMIT ROOSEVELT

■ This November, as the result of an extensive poll, Winchester is naming Theodore Roosevelt "Sportsman of the Century" as a culmination of its hundredth anniversary celebrations. No doubt this was an easy decision—the world has long known T.R. as an ardent conservationist and hunter. But would Winchester have bestowed such an honor 58 years ago? I wonder! For then my outspoken grandfather was giving Winchester fits while preparing for his famous African safari.

Perhaps with a corporate sigh, Winchester recently revealed to TRUE its hitherto secret file of correspondence with T.R. during his last months in the White House—a bulky file bristling with the laments, complaints and detailed instructions of the true gun aficionado. It was a matter of pride with the President that he perform well with American-made rifles in Africa. He tried to leave nothing to chance.

Sometimes he got pretty rough. Consider his letter of September 16, 1908, addressed to "Gentlemen" at Winchester:

"I am really annoyed at the shape in which you sent out those rifles. I return them to you, together with my government rifle, so that you may have before you the stock and sights I use. I had already sent you, as you of course remember, rifles showing my sights; yet you sent out these rifles with a rear sight which does not pretend to be like that I use, and which have what, taken with a front-bead, I regard as the poorest rear sight ever used for game, the [*Continued on page* 86]



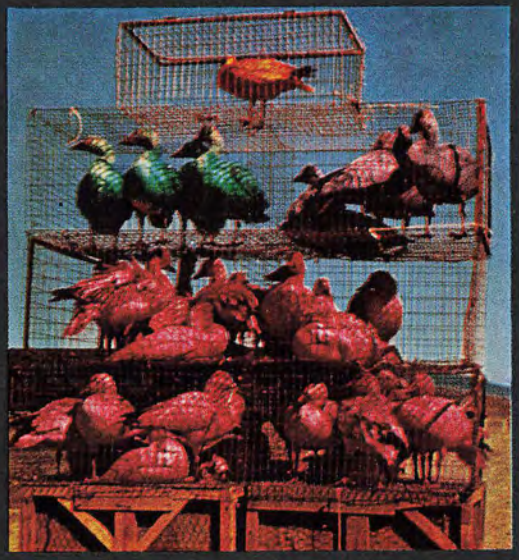
PHOTOGRAPHED FOR TRUE BY DALE HORNE

A GAGGLE OF GAUDY GEESE

■ Barflies are accustomed to seeing oddly colored creatures in their imaginations. Pink elephants, for example. Now, cold-sober residents of the Northwest are sighting some equally unlikely hues in the sky: colored geese. Several years ago the U.S. Fish and Wildlife Service began trapping-dyeing-tracing projects to learn more about the travel patterns of snow geese. Dyeing was a new wrinkle in migration studies; previously metal tags were used to identify the birds. With color-marking, however, the Wildlife people are able to trace the geese all along the migration routes without interfering with their flights.

The snow geese pictured on these pages were processed and released at Tule Lake, California, during their northward migration to Arctic nesting grounds. To trap these and other geese used in similar studies, a large net is chained to cannon projectiles. When fired, the projectiles drop the net over flocks of the feeding birds. Next comes the coloring. Ordinary methods can't be used, since boiling dye could cook your goose. Instead the tail and wing tips of each bird are dipped in a mixture of dye and alcohol. The birds are then caged and placed in a heated room where they spread the harmless color all over themselves by normal preening and straightening of feathers. When dry, the geese are released from their cages and burst into colorful flight. As a result of the easy bird-tracking which has followed, hunting regulations have been modified to protect flocks on their travels.

What's the bird's eye view of all this? The Wildlife people say some of the geese really fuss over their feathers, seeming to take pride in their new brilliance. Others apparently shrug off the whole matter and hurry north to add a splash of color to the Arctic landscape.



A plain goose becomes a green goose, top. When dry it'll join its colorful cousins, awaiting release below, and in flight on opposite page. Colors last until birds molt.

BY RALPH LEE SMITH

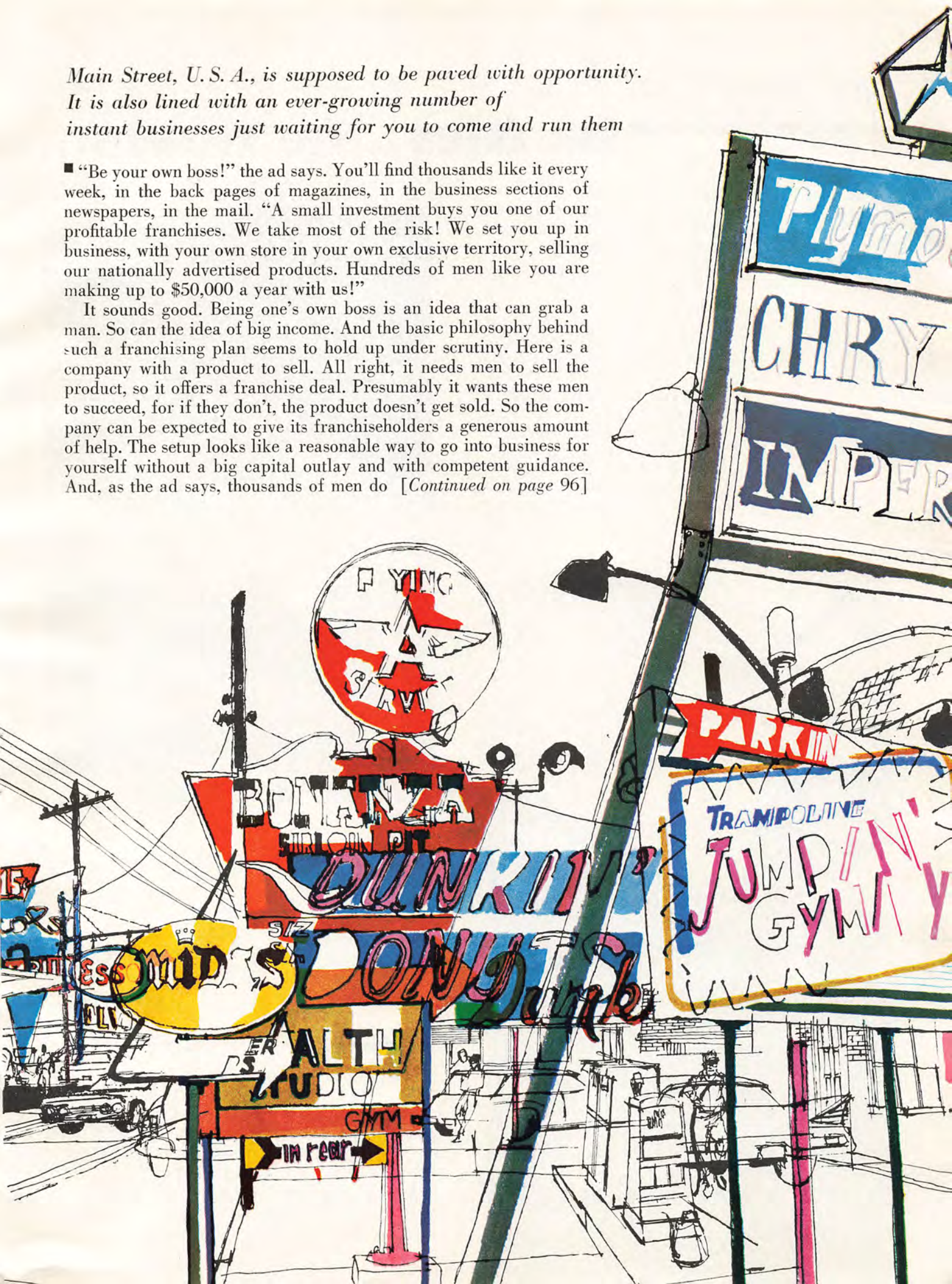
ILLUSTRATED BY TRACY SUGARMAN

BIG MONEY IS WAITING TO HELP YOU GO **BOOM**— OR GO BUST— WITH A FRANCHISE

Main Street, U. S. A., is supposed to be paved with opportunity. It is also lined with an ever-growing number of instant businesses just waiting for you to come and run them

■ "Be your own boss!" the ad says. You'll find thousands like it every week, in the back pages of magazines, in the business sections of newspapers, in the mail. "A small investment buys you one of our profitable franchises. We take most of the risk! We set you up in business, with your own store in your own exclusive territory, selling our nationally advertised products. Hundreds of men like you are making up to $50,000 a year with us!"

It sounds good. Being one's own boss is an idea that can grab a man. So can the idea of big income. And the basic philosophy behind such a franchising plan seems to hold up under scrutiny. Here is a company with a product to sell. All right, it needs men to sell the product, so it offers a franchise deal. Presumably it wants these men to succeed, for if they don't, the product doesn't get sold. So the company can be expected to give its franchiseholders a generous amount of help. The setup looks like a reasonable way to go into business for yourself without a big capital outlay and with competent guidance. And, as the ad says, thousands of men do [*Continued on page* 96]



DARING YOUNG MAN ON A HIGH-FLYING TRAPEZE

he flies...he floats...

■ *AUSTRALIAN ACROBAT PAT WADDICK FLIES FOR FAME AND FORTUNE AT THE END OF AN AIRBORNE ROPE LADDER AT AIR SHOWS, RACES AND MEETS. BUT FIRST HE HAS TO GO UP, UP, UP. TO DO SO, IN TYPICALLY BREATH-TAKING FASHION, HE REACHES FROM A SPEEDING CAR AND GRABS THE LADDER HANGING FROM A LOW-FLYING PIPER J-3. CAR AND PLANE TRY TO MATCH SPEEDS BUT SOMETIMES THE MOMENT OF TRANSFER HAS SURPRISES. TRUE'S PHOTOGRAPHER, PERCHED ON THE BACK OF WADDICK'S CAR AT A MERCED, CALIFORNIA, AIR SHOW, CAUGHT AN UNSCHEDULED MOMENT OF DANGER BEFORE THE CHILLS AND THRILLS IN THE SKY.*

PHOTOGRAPHED FOR TRUE BY JOHN E. BOYKIN

As his act begins (left), acrobat Pat Waddick reaches up from open car, hurtling down the runway at 90 mph., for a wind-whipped ladder dangling from the tracking plane overhead. Pat clutches the ladder (above), just as plane is caught in a sudden downdraft. He is pulled along, barely skimming the runway—car driver has to swerve to avoid hitting him.

he flirts with death

Safe and apparently serene, Pat Waddick floats head-down high in the sky.

Pilot, who has quickly nosed-up, and car driver anxiously watch as stuntman finally clears the ground (above) and begins to climb the still pitching ladder (right).

Trackdown of an Artful Thief

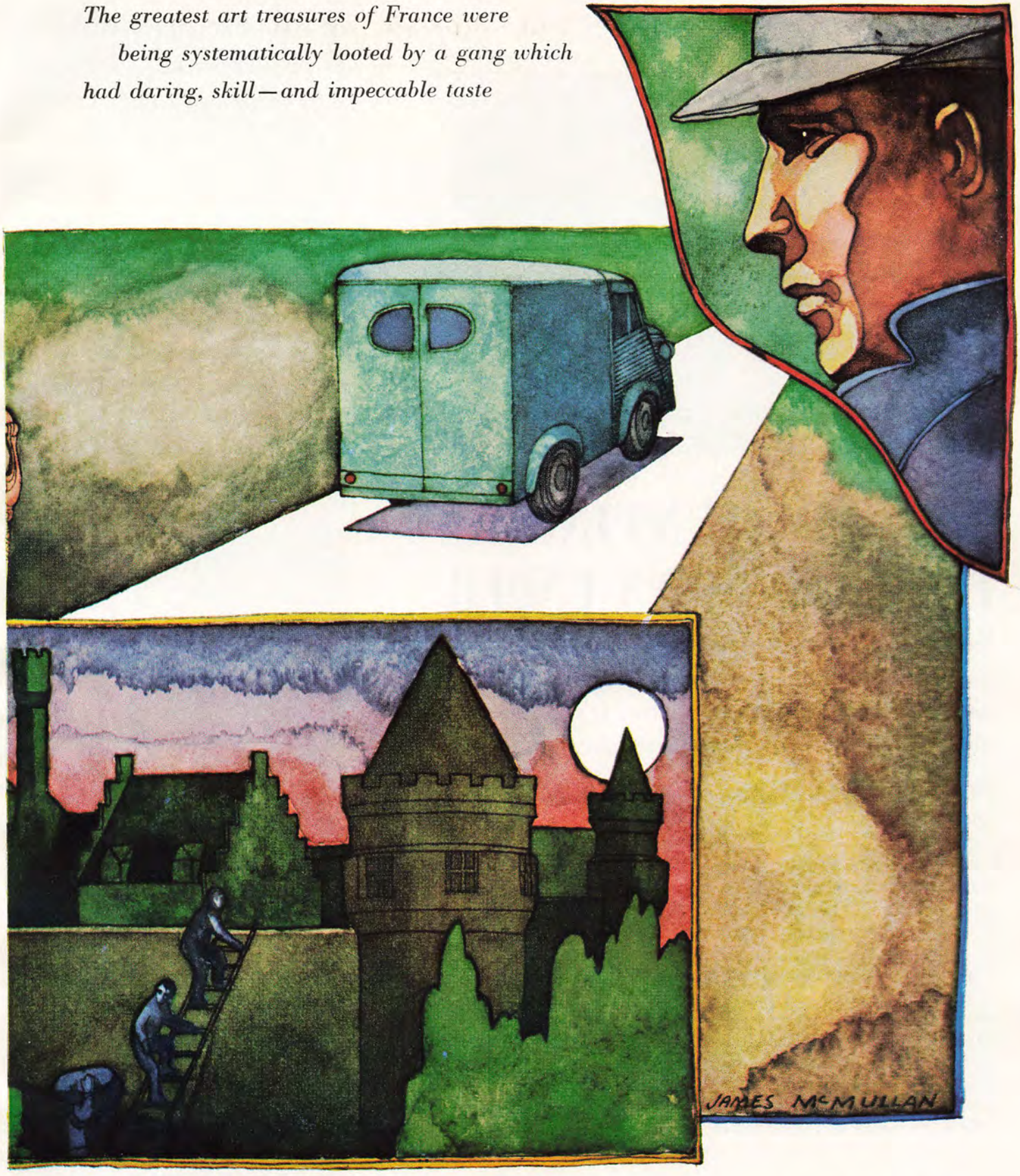
BY GEOFFREY BOCCA

■ A pink dawn etched the battlements and gargoyles of the castle against the night sky. The tires of the police Citröen made crackling noises on the gravel as it ran the gauntlet of the motionless poplars lining the drive to the front door. Commissaire René Chevalier of the First Mobile Brigade had driven through the night from Paris to the Château de la Bouleaunière, knowing he would find there another in the series of nationwide and monumentally baffling robberies.

The owner of the castle, greeting him in dressing gown and felt slippers, seemed more excited than upset—being insured is marvelous consolation—as he poured out to Commissaire Chevalier the details

ILLUSTRATED BY JAMES McMULLAN

The greatest art treasures of France were being systematically looted by a gang which had daring, skill—and impeccable taste



of a crime which seemed quite incomprehensible.

All that had been taken was 25 chairs. Admittedly they were a matched set of antiques worth $25,000, but that did not explain the oddness of their selection. "What I cannot understand," the owner said, "is not what the thieves stole, but what they *didn't* steal." Chevalier only half listened. He was taking in the gorgeous spectacle of the main hall, with its minstrel gallery, stained-glass windows, paintings, open shelves of rare books, jade, ivory. There were items here worth more than the chairs, and easier by far to carry. Yet they had been left untouched.

The burglars' stealth [*Continued on page* 100]

RUGGED HUNTING IN THE LAND DOWN UNDER

New Zealand is at war with its game herds. The stags, tahr, chamois and others are pests, says the law. For the tourist American, it's a hunting challenge—and you don't even need a license

BY PETER BARRETT

True's Outdoors Editor

EREWHON, NEW ZEALAND

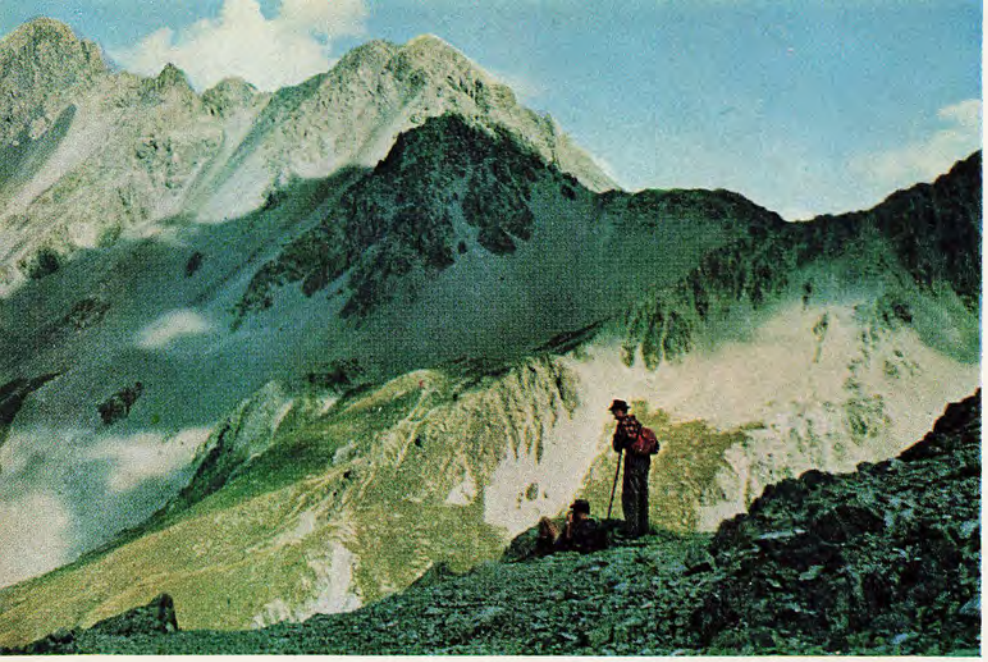
■ Someone's foot dislodged a rock. I listened absently as it bounded down the mountainside, first crashingly loud but soon fainter and fainter till it was a mere tinkle. We were traversing one more giddy rockslide on the faintest of game trails. It was damn near dark and quite plainly this mountain had caught us.

We weren't about to admit this, however. For Arthur Urquhart, the guy leading us, was a Kiwi—as New Zealanders call themselves—and no Kiwi hunter is ever fazed by anything. Following Arthur doggedly, Ted Trueblood and I got across the slide in good style and lurched downward among waist-high grass tussocks. I fell into a hole lined with rocks and as I lay on my back looking at the brightening stars, I thought: *God, this feels good.*

Soon it became full dark. As we staggered along, hungry and exhausted, my mind kept going back over everything that had put us in this fix.

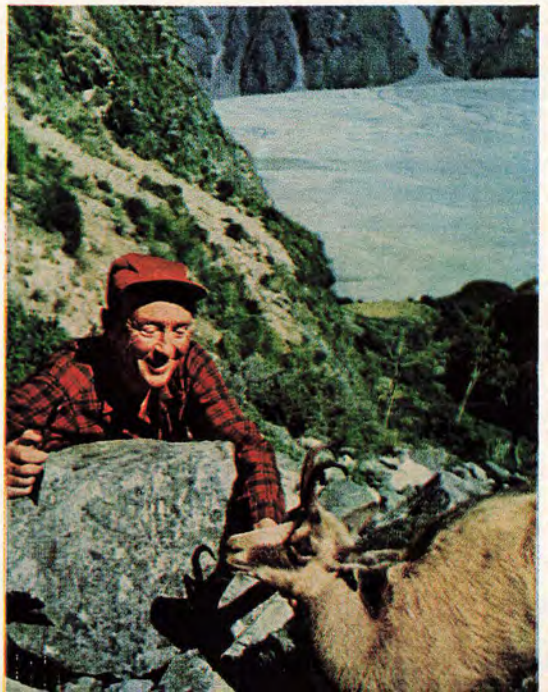
We were after tahr, a Himalayan goat brought to this country near the end of the last century. Unfortunately we had only one day for this venture. In the gloom of dawn, when we dismounted from the horses and hurried to boil a pot of tea before our assault

Amid splendor of Southern Alps, hunters follow Arthur Urquhart in quest of chamois. He alone in New Zealand prohibits unrestricted shooting on his Erewhon Station lands.



Near jagged peaks, hunters sought tahr, a goat imported from the Himalayas. Like all of the game planted in New Zealand, the goats thrived throughout the mountains.

Horses were used to travel along glacial riverbeds in the valleys, but hunters had to go on foot on the steep slopes. The mountains are comparable to our Rockies.



Ted Trueblood with climber's reward: a chamois at Erewhon. Few New Zealanders try for such trophies, preferring to shoot any male, female or fawn and sell meat for cash.

on the mountain, we goofed in loading one of the packs. Hours later we found that lunch was not with us. And neither were Arthur's binoculars. Nothing quite worked out after these discoveries.

First Arthur spotted a lone tahr—a bull by its dark color—across a chasm on an awesome slope and impossible to approach. Later in the evening we jumped a bunch of about 15 tahr from concealment in long grass. Animals bounded in every direction. It was a startling, wonderful sight I'll never forget. I took a big one tearing downhill that Arthur pointed out. Then we spotted a big black one and that *had* to be the old man of the tribe. I got the rifle on the prize just as it plunged over some rimrock, and I missed.

The tahr I shot proved to be a female. Damn! Since both sexes have horns you need binoculars to determine which are males. We were debating what to do with the animal when the carcass began to roll. Several hundred yards down the mountain the tahr passed from sight. Arthur shook his head; we weren't going down that way. . . .

Now we crept, fell and stumbled down the mountain. Finally we entered a ravine, choked with boulders, fallen trees, tangled brush. "This comes out at the flat," Arthur told us. "When we get through it, let's hope the horses are still there."

If I let Ted get more than six feet ahead, I could no longer see the dim shape of his cap so I crowded after him. Groans, curses and sighs warned of obstructions. I felt a rock begin to roll toward him and grabbed it, crushing a finger. *No one in his right mind will ever go through this place in daylight.*

But at night it's not too bad. You can't see the trouble you're in. We made the last two miles on the seats of our pants. And finally lurched onto the glacial riverbed somewhere near our starting point —20 miles and as many hours after leaving the hut. Ted and I could barely stand—and how strange the level ground felt! Arthur disappeared into the night, his hobnails striking sparks on the rocky riverbed as he set out to look for the horses.

"The toughest day's hunting I ever put in," Ted muttered. "And I've been on a mountain at night before."

"Same for me."

"Arthur was terrific, getting us down. We'd never have made it on our own."

"He's a Kiwi."

Before the trip was over—and we were to drive 2,000 miles, fishing and hunting as we went—we developed a great admiration for New Zealanders. Take Rex Forrester, who is the Fishing and Hunting Advisory Officer for the N.Z. Tourist and Publicity Department. Rex had climbed with us this day and had made a tricky descent when we found the lone bull tahr to see if it could be approached within rifle range. Far down, he signaled "No" and we never saw him again that evening.

Rex was keeping that wandering tahr in view for us in case we came around the long way. When he heard my shots he lit out for the river bottom by another route. Then he waited in the dark with the horses. Probably he'd have waited all night. Some guys would have thought, *To hell with 'em*, and gone to the hut. But not a Kiwi.

Presently Arthur and Rex came with the horses and we rode to the hut, whisky and food.

Is *this* kind of 20-hour day what an American can expect when he comes to New Zealand for a hunt? No. We'd gone beyond the point of easy return simply because we had only this day for tahr.

Just the same, tourist hunters lured here by the same rumors that intrigued us in recent years are in for some sharp surprises. A deer behind every bush, one hears. And don't save much time for hunting; you won't need it. I got a final uplift last February when I went to get my New Zealand visa in New York and was advised by a tourist officer to go to Erewhon, where a trophy tahr, chamois and a 12-point stag are guaranteed *in a day*.

Well, Erewhon was the scene of our tahr hunt and makes no such guarantee, though it is an excellent —even unique—hunting area, about which more later.

What floored us was discovering that the big game in New Zealand is in a state of siege. There is no closed season (except for elk), no bag limit, no hunting license required. You can shoot by day, or by night (with a spotlight, of course). Any killing method may be used—guns, spears, dogs, snares, dynamite, poison.

Furthermore, decimating the game is practically considered a patriotic duty by Kiwis. And they're being rewarded handsomely with spot cash.

Sound familiar?

Remember our buffalo massacres after the Civil War? How elk were slaughtered just for their teeth? And deer and antelope shot almost into oblivion to feed mining camps and railroad gangs? Ah, but that was when we had a frontier, 80 years ago.

Surely New Zealand isn't a frontier! Hardly. But for hunters it is the last big-game paradise in the free world without restrictions on quite a variety of animals. A brief look at the country and its history will show how all this came about.

New Zealand lies 1,400 miles east of Australia in the South Pacific, its North and South Islands curved like a beckoning finger toward Hawaii, 4,500 miles to the north-northeast. It is a lush, mountainous country, sparkling with lakes and rivers. Pretty harbor towns and cities perch on the green hillsides.

Here the seasons are the exact opposite of ours, for 1,000-mile-long New Zealand lies as far south of the equator as the area from Los Angeles to the tip of Washington lies north of it. But the climates are similar. Hunting clothes that would be right for September and October [*Continued on page* 110]

BY D. V. GALLERY
(Rear Admiral, USN, retired)

■ At Standard Oil's Lago refinery on the island of Aruba, Dutch West Indies, the night of February 16, 1942, was a terrifying and puzzling one. A German U-boat surfaced just off the entrance of Sint Nicolaas harbor, separated from the Caribbean by coral reefs, and turned the area into a blazing sea of gasoline by torpedoing two tankers. Then the U-boat lobbed 16 artillery shells in the general direction of the huge oil refinery and, strangely, slunk off into the night leaving one of the prime strategic targets in the western hemisphere undamaged!

The Lago refinery sits on the beach not far from the deep water and was completely undefended that night, except for one small patrol boat which any sub could have blasted out of the water with one shot. That U-boat skipper missed the opportunity of a lifetime. He could have laid offshore on the surface for hours holding target practice at point-blank range on the refinery and its great tank farm. And had any one of those few shells that he did fire blasted into a storage tank, the Lago refinery would likely have been blown sky high. Since Lago was one of the largest refineries in the world, its loss in 1942 would have been a major calamity to the Allied cause.

It would be many years before the mystery of the submarine's failure to follow through would be solved. At the war's end, German U-boat logs fell into Allied hands intact, and are preserved at the British Admiralty in London. Various clues which popped up after the war eventually identified the mystery sub as U-boat 156. Its log in the Admiralty's archives was checked, fragmentary information from other sources was tracked down and the pieces of the puzzling story finally came together.

U-boat 156, commanded by Kapitanleutnant Hartenstein, sailed from Lorient, France, late in January, 1942, for the purpose of destroying the refinery. Four other subs sailed with her on what was planned to be a concerted attack on the Allied oil supply in various parts of the Caribbean. Four separate attacks were scheduled (none of which was to succeed), but by far the most important was the one aimed at Lago. Even if *only* the attack on Lago succeeded it would strike a grievous blow to the Allies.

Hartenstein arrived off Aruba on February 14 and spent two days casing the situation. He saw numerous juicy tanker targets but didn't molest them because all five U-boats were to commence operations together on February 16. He did, however, make dry runs on several just to keep his crew on their toes. He steamed back and forth past the island five times, running submerged in daylight and surfacing at night. There were no destroyers to contend with and the refinery on the edge of the beach stood out like a sore thumb. There was deep water right up to the reef so he could come in to 2,000 yards, point-blank range for his 10.5 centimeter gun. There would be no moon on the 16th, but the refinery was lit up like a waterfront bawdy house on a Saturday night. This would be like shooting fish in a barrel.

On the evening of February 16, Hartenstein guided his sub toward the harbor. While observing the brilliantly lit refinery, he also spotted two tankers that would make easy targets. We'll never know for sure why Hartenstein decided to go after these small fish before launching his attack on the giant refinery. We do know, however, that U-boat commanders were awarded the Iron Cross [*Continued on page* 115]

ILLUSTRATED BY EDWARD VEBELL

THE U-BOAT THAT GOOFED

...or how Germany could have crippled the Allies with a single blow—if only...

REPORT FROM VIET NAM / **BY MALCOLM W. BROWNE**

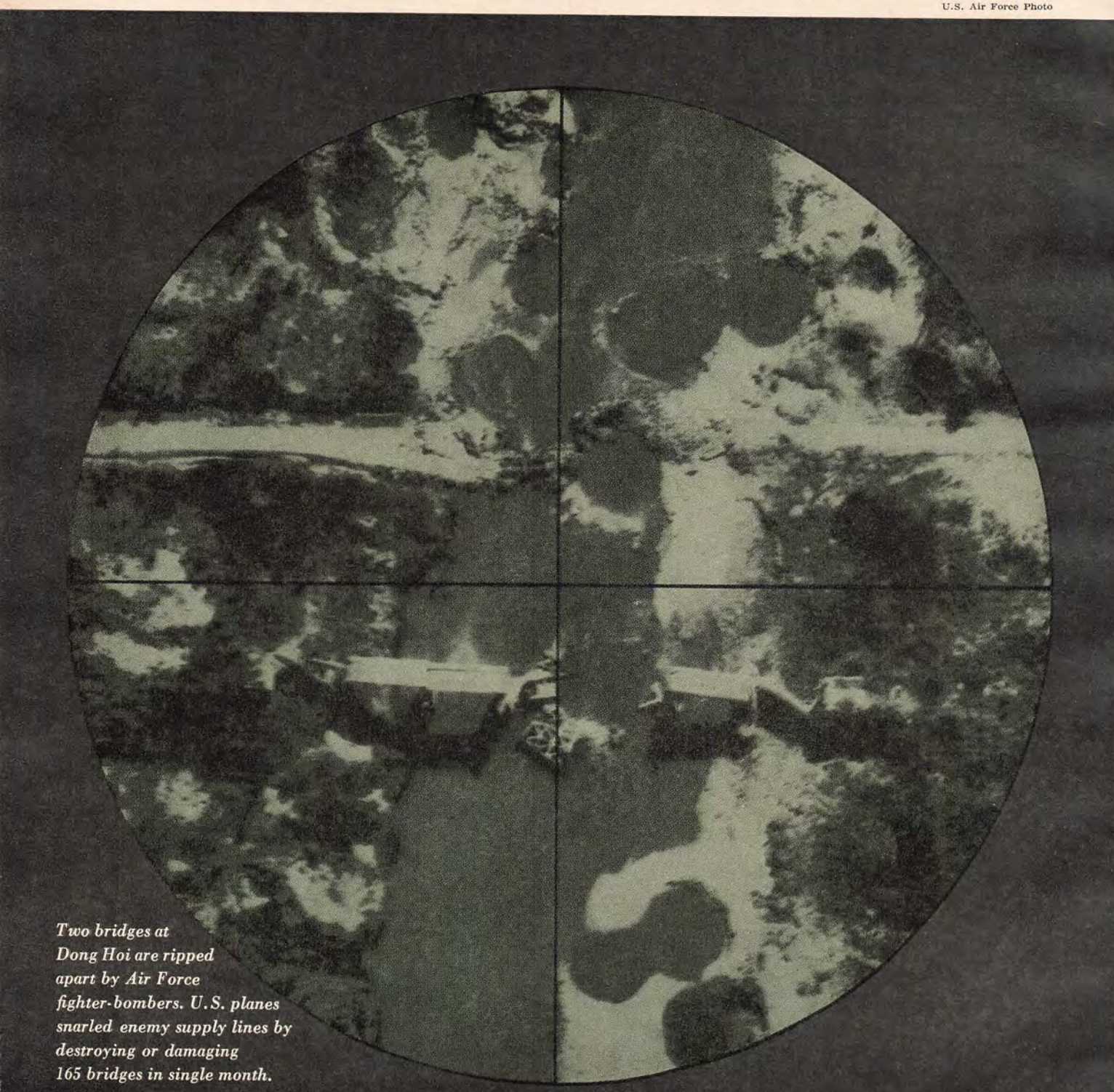
DANANG

■ In the crystal-blue sky over the North Vietnamese city of Dong Hoi, a pair of U.S. Air Force F-4C Phantom fighter-bombers streaked northward along Route 1.

The road and the sun-drenched countryside were deserted, as they almost always are in daylight hours. It's not safe to use North Viet Nam's roads during the day, because of the ever-present American planes.

The aircraft commanders of the two Phantoms kept their attention on flying, but their backseat pilots drank in the scene below, alert for the slightest sign of a target-of-opportunity. The backseaters also kept their eyes peeled for

U.S. Air Force Photo



Two bridges at Dong Hoi are ripped apart by Air Force fighter-bombers. U.S. planes snarled enemy supply lines by destroying or damaging 165 bridges in single month.

THE MEN WHO CLOBBER THE NORTH

Escalation of the air war means dangerous combat strikes for the 480th Tactical Fighter Squadron—an outfit that has shot down everything in sight over North Viet Nam, including Russia's hottest MIG's

Lt. John Veth awaits takeoff for run over North. As backseat pilot, his primary task is navigation, but he has duplicate controls and can take over flight if necessary.

Victorious crews meet after each had downed a MIG. Left to right: Lt. Duane Buttell, Capt. William Swendner of lead Phantom; Lts. Ronald Martin and Richard Krieps of second.

After 100 missions, pilots can go home. But until then, it's flak, SAM's and boredom

Pilots are briefed on mission targets they will hit with bombs, rockets, cannon fire.

flak, SAM's (surface-to-air missiles) and MIG fighters—the three mortal dangers to flying in this part of the world.

The intercom came to life. One of the backseaters had spotted tire tracks leading into a forest near the road. "Looks to me like a truck park," he said.

The pilots pulled up and swung around for another look, simultaneously radioing to their "controlling agency" a request for permission to attack the suspected target. Permission was quickly granted from the flying command post, somewhere off in the distance.

The first fighter rolled in, its nose pointed almost straight down toward the tree clump. And suddenly, the whole expanse of trees came alive with little twinkling lights. There was an enemy down there, and hundreds of rifles and machine guns were firing at the attacking plane. It continued to dive, the pilot's eyes riveted to the illuminated sight reticle over his instrument panel. Now it was time. He squeezed a button on the stick, and then pulled back for a steep, climbing turn.

Two streamlined MK-92 bombs, each weighing 500 pounds, were on their way down. As the fighter pulled up, both the pilot and backseater were crushed into their seats by the gigantic crush of centrifugal force. Compressed air coursed into their tightly fitting, inflatable "G suits" to put pressure on their legs and abdomens, thus forcing blood back up toward their heads and keeping them from blacking out.

The two men could hear nothing but the slight background electronic moaning of earphones inside their heavy, white helmets. There was no noise of bomb explosions, no roar of the jet engines, no blast of flak. Only the sound of heavy breathing as the pilots gasped in their air masks from the pressure of the pull-out. Pilots call this eerie inability to hear anything outside their helmets "cockpit isolation."

But the crew of the second Phantom saw the bombs go in, saw the black smudges of smoke puff up from the trees, and then saw a second blast of orange flame leap from the foliage.

"You got a nice secondary in there," the second Phantom called. "Musta been right about the trucks. I'm rolling in now."

The second Phantom pilot was careful to pick a different descent path for his dive-bombing run, but it hardly helped at all. The white flak puffs and red machine-gun tracers still followed him down. Two more bombs, two more smudges of smoke. Both planes repeated their runs, unloading all four bombs each plane had been carrying.

Several huge columns of smoke were rising from the trees, and flame could be seen in many places. But the forest still twinkled with ground fire.

Ordinarily, Phantom fighters do not carry any guns (relying entirely on air-to-air missiles for dogfights), but this lead plane was equipped for strafing. Hung under its belly was a long, torpedo-shaped cannister, containing a 20-millimeter T-171 rotary cannon capable of firing at the incredible rate of 4,000 shells a minute. The rate is so fast one shot can scarcely be distinguished from another, and the tracers look like a continuous stream of fire. Today's airmen call it "the pistol."

Down plunged the lead Phantom again. A tongue of flame darted from the pistol into the trees, then abruptly quit. "Damn, this stupid thing's jammed," the pilot announced. "Let's leave."

The Phantom pulled up and the two fighters broke eastward toward the coast. Both pilots lighted their afterburners, and the

twin jet engines in each plane surged with extra power, instantly rocketing the fighters well past the speed of sound. (The F-4C on full power will do around Mach 2.4 at 48,000 feet, or 1,584 miles an hour.)

In seconds the two planes had zipped across the craggy coastline over the sparkling blue Gulf of Tonkin. They made a slow right turn, which carried them south across the 17th Parallel, and in a matter of minutes they were gliding in for a landing at Danang, South Viet Nam. The lead Phantom hit the runway, its tail parachute snapped open to slow it down, and the pilot rolled off the runway toward the revetments and a cold beer. But the pilot of the second Phantom found his hydraulic system was not working. This would mean landing without flaps, steering, brakes or most of the other things that keep a fast-moving plane controllable.

"Pressure's out," the pilot radioed the ground. "We're going for the approach end barrier."

The F-4, which is used by all three air arms—Air Force, Navy and Marine Corps—has a tail hook in each version. Although Air Force Phantoms rarely land on aircraft carriers, their hooks get plenty of use in emergency landings. There normally are three or four a week at Danang.

Slowing his plane down as much as possible—to around 200 mph.—the pilot of the second Phantom came in with hook down. The hook engaged a cable stretched across the runway—much like the arrester cables on carriers—and brought the plane to a jolting but safe stop.

As the four sweating men climbed out of their two Phantoms, the lead pilot scratched his head and said to no one in particular, "Well I'll be damned. Now I see why the pistol jammed."

Heavy enemy machine-gun fire had ripped the housing of his rotary cannon to shreds, slicing the linked ammunition belts to bits. The second Phantom also had several holes, one only an inch from a fuel cell that would have exploded on impact.

Another mission was over for the 480th Tactical Fighter Squadron, based at Danang. For each of the four men involved, it was one more mission over North Viet Nam toward a magic total. When a pilot has flown 100 missions, which generally takes him about seven months, he can finally go home.

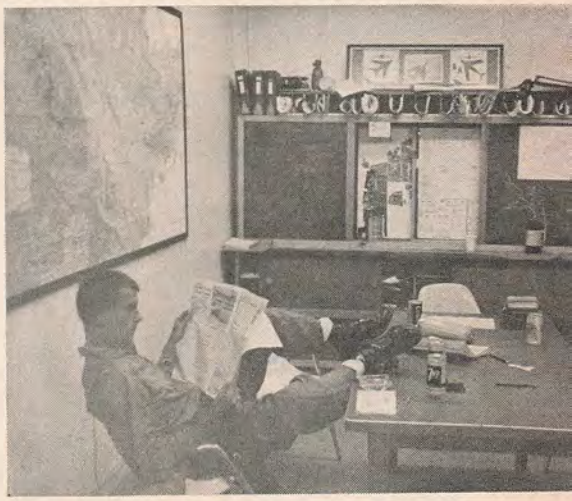
The missions build up in a hurry—sometimes several a day for each man. Every day of the year, U.S. planes fly an average of 800 combat strikes in Southeast Asia—some 300 of them over North Viet Nam, 400 in South Viet Nam and 100 in Laos.

Pilots are not allowed to talk about Laos. Theoretically, Laos is a peaceful, neutralist kingdom, and no foreign armed forces have anything to do with the little jungle-covered neighbor of both North and South Viet Nam. But American pilots know better. They're fighting and dying in Laos.

Theoretically, Thailand barely exists either, at least in terms of having anything to do with the Vietnamese war. To avoid stirring up a political hornet's nest, American pilots are forbidden to acknowledge the existence of the big U.S. Air Force bases in Thailand at Takli, Korat, Udorn, Ubon, Nakorn Phnom and elsewhere. Theoretically, there are no 20,000 U.S. servicemen stationed in Thailand, and no eight squadrons of Air Force F-105 Thunderchief fighter-bombers.

In fact, however, those eight squadrons in Thailand carry the brunt of the Air Force load of missions against North Viet Nam, as Radio Hanoi reports in detail [*Continued on page* 81]

PHOTOGRAPHED FOR TRUE BY THE AUTHOR



Life on ground is pretty dull. You only know it's Sunday when paper has comics.

Under harsh glare of floodlights, Phantom is armed and loaded for midnight sortie.

Photographer Ken Regan caught these New York Jets undergoing repairs in their training room.

A football team is a machine with 40 intricate parts called players. When one breaks, it may mean the loss of a ball game—or a championship. But casualties are recognized as the price of battle and the squad with the best doctor has to be a threat to win

BY DAVE ANDERSON

INJURIES: THEY UPSET FOOTBALL'S ODDS

■ His teammates hurried out of the huddle and Joe Namath, in his slouching manner, walked up behind the center. The New York Jets were practicing and Namath was throwing passes in what is known in pro football as a three-second drill.

In timing pass plays, coaches have discovered that a quarterback should get rid of the ball within three seconds. If not, his pass-blocking inevitably will be penetrated and he will be thrown for a loss. In this non-contact drill, an assistant coach holds a stop watch. At the snap, the aide watches three seconds tick off. If the quarterback has not thrown the pass by then, the aide blows a whistle.

"Forty-one, thirty-six, twenty-seven," Namath shouted. "Hut, hut."

He shuffled back and looked for an open receiver. Three seconds went by. The whistle blew. But Namath, his arm cocked, continued to search for a receiver. Behind him, several teammates who were not involved in the drill, began to laugh.

"It's too late," one of them said.

"Yeah, Joe," another said, "you just got planted."

"What hospital would you like?" one asked.

"Lenox Hill is nice," another suggested.

Namath smiled. He knew about Lenox Hill Hospital in New York City. He had been there for a knee operation. He knew, too, that his teammates were joking. But humor often reflects the truth. In pro football, the truth is, 1) sooner or later a hospital awaits most players and, 2) injuries actually add to pro football's appeal. When a player is smashed to the ground and writhes in pain, or is knocked flat unconscious, spectators appreciate what a rough, and occasionally vicious, game pro football really is. But this appreciation does not shorten a player's hospital stay.

The injuries can be brutal. To a boy, football is fun. But to a pro, football is a business of knocking people down. The more people he knocks down, the more money he'll be paid. The players thrive on it. For physical courage, they are a breed apart. But injuries are inevitable and the teams prepare for them. At every game there is a staffed ambulance not far from the field. On the sidelines is a supply of oxygen. There are also a stretcher and splints. But there is no way to *prevent* injuries.

Pro football is close to being a blood sport. It does not approach the danger level of auto racing or bullfighting or mountain climbing, where an accident frequently means death. But in pro football, an accident can mean the end of the player's season and sometimes the end of his career.

The injuries are also costly. This year the 24 teams in the NFL and the AFL will spend in the neighborhood of $1.5 million for medical care. The teams get all the medical bills; the players pay nothing. The average team spends $20,000 a year for medical and disability insurance; from $5,000 to $20,000 for hospital bills; $15,000 for trainers' [*Continued on page* 74]

PHOTOGRAPHED FOR TRUE BY LEONARD KAMSLER

HARD HATS of HISTORY

■ When a jet fighter pilot snaps on his plastic helmet before takeoff, he's following a 3,000-year-old masculine custom. Men have worn special headgear into battle for at least that long. Historically, helmets were intended not only to deflect enemy weapons, they often were psychological ornaments that testified to their wearers' status or just plain scared the other guys. The heavy steel bassinet at the top of this page was worn by a Norman foot soldier—possibly off on a Crusade—some time before the 15th century. A single block of steel was hammered and drawn into this hard, functional shape to ward off spears and arrows; the soldier's chain mail was hung from the holes on the bottom edge. Below it is a distinctive Italian dolphin-head helmet that topped off a set of parade armor. Wealthy nobles of the 15th and 16th centuries decked themselves out in such fanciful helmets for show but not for battle.

About 1750 light cavalry units emerged in Europe and the horsemen began to wear hard leather helmets similar to the one at bottom left. This model, made in France, was worn by crack Yankee militia

units during the Civil War. With a slight change of eagle some Rebel units wore a similar helmet. A more regal eagle sat atop the impressive helmet worn by Prussian elite guards. At top left on this page is an 1870 version of the haughty bird that later symbolized German arrogance to Allied troops in World War I. Opposite is a magnificent gold-and-silver, horsehair-plumed Spanish show helmet of the 1860's. The personal bodyguards of King Alfonso XII were all six-footers; this gaudy topper made them a foot taller. At lower left is the famous beaver shako worn by Napoleon's artillerymen, complete with cockade and tassels. A gold-and-silver dress helmet worn by the Dutch palace guard about 1870 is at lower right. The Dutch copied it from an older French dress helmet but embellished theirs with the face of a lion and a whirl of multicolored feathers.

All of these historic head coverings are from the collection of Col. Rolf R. Holbrook of Coral Gables, Florida. They are among more than 600 pieces of exotic headgear he has gathered from everywhere in the world.

STRANGE BUT TRUE

By George R. Martin

The feather bed has been long gone from the American scene, but its name still evokes fond imaginings of old-time, down-on-the-farm snug comfort. The truth was different. Except perhaps for the most work-weary farmer on the coldest winter night, the feather bed was never satisfactory. Today it would be a nightmare. Only because nothing better was available did the feather bed justify its existence. It was a sacklike affair—actually, a vast pillow—that lay atop another sack stuffed with straw or corn shucks, that lay on the taut rope lacing of a sturdy bedstead. Creating the feather bed was women's work. The feathers came from geese, preferably, or ducks; chicken feathers were not durable. The farm wife in early summer drove her geese into a pen, caught each bird and plucked it live. To do this, she sat with the goose's head between her knees—the goose was held upside down—and with short, quick jerks plucked the soft, curly feathers from breast, neck and back. The goose protested, naturally; feather-picking season was noisy. A mature bird yielded about ¼ pound of feathers. Since an average bed contained around 40 pounds, a wife needed lots of geese, or else much patient repicking. Impatient women picked twice a year. (In Europe, some goose-breeders yearly picked five times, to which older birds, it was said, became silently resigned.) The resulting bed was too soft and too hot; it enfolded the sleeper in a suffocating embrace. Today, union labor's sometimes superfluous jobs are termed "featherbedding"—a much more comfortable kind than the original.

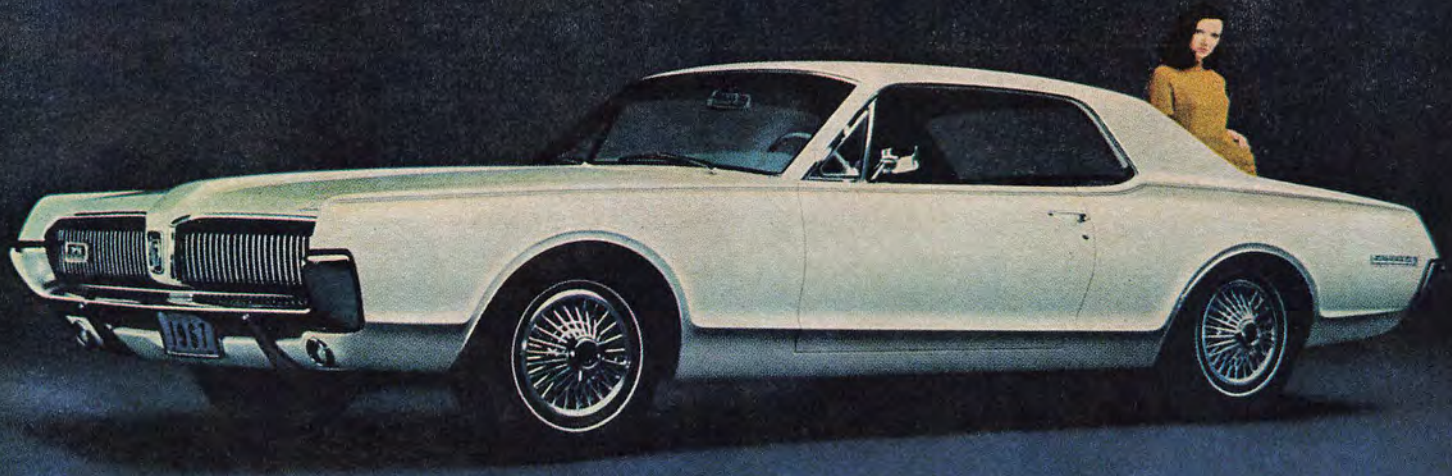
To the salt mines went Russian convicts in the 19th century; their hard life at forced labor made Czarist despotism world-infamous. Today, "to the salt mines" is a phrase people jest with when undertaking some begrudged drudgery, for everybody supposes that the bad old times have gone forever. Yet the worst salt-mining conditions in history continue, practically unknown to the world, in present-day Africa. Far within the Sahara Desert, at a place named Taoudeni, salt has been excavated with crude tools for centuries. Taoudeni lacks charm. Its windowless little huts, built of salt chunks from mine waste, are scattered among countless open pits (abandoned ones serving as garbage dumps) that pockmark a plain where nothing grows except sparse tufts of a poisonous weed. Since rain is rare, the only water at Taoudeni is ground water that seeps into the pits; heavily sulphurated, it smells like rotten eggs, ulcerates the miners' bare legs, and acts upon all Taoudeni inhabitants as a constant purgative. Twice a year, camel caravans converge on Taoudeni for the accumulated salt. They bring the settlement's food and new workers, who don't come voluntarily. Mostly Sudanese, the men are either slaves—in illegal fact if not in name—belonging to Moor or Arab investors, or in debt bondage. Workers usually die after two or three years from debilitation and disease. But Taoudeni goes on . . . and in the Sahara "to the salt mines" retains its old dire meaning.

Blowing smoke rings at hailstorms has utilized considerably more human energy than many other weather-control schemes tried by modern man. Men's lungs were not used in the project, however; big-mouthed "hail cannons" propelled the smoke rings. It started when an Austrian grape grower reported in 1896 that he had perfected a way to prevent hail from falling. Gunfiring at storm clouds would do the trick, he insisted, if the gun was shaped to belch hot gas in a swirling vortex. European vineyard owners rejoiced. Their valuable grapes, the world's main source of wine, too often were getting prematurely mashed by hailstones. Local mechanics turned out hail cannons of the recommended design. This was a sheet-iron cone like a huge megaphone, 12 feet from mouthpiece to muzzle which flared six feet across. Into the small end went half a pound of gunpowder. Its blast puffed a six-foot smoke ring that sailed several hundred feet, forceful enough to penetrate a paper target at 75 yards. The cannons were pointed straight up—some 10,000 of them in France and Italy by 1900—and "hail-shooting" became an organized mania. Wherever summer storm clouds appeared, vineyard workers rushed to their cannons and began firing furiously. Unfortunately, the hail still fell. When it became increasingly evident that hail-shooting was actually futile, cannonading ended, about 1910.

Home is a hole in the ground for any of some 5,000 families of southern Tunisia who occupy the world's strangest dwellings. Scattered over an arid region devoid of timber, for hundreds of years these human dens have solved the housing problem neatly and efficiently. In the hard clay soil, a circular hole is dug 25 feet wide and 25 feet deep, the excavated material left mounded around the opening on the surface. From the level floor of this pit, which becomes the central courtyard and cookout kitchen of the "house," two or three rooms are excavated horizontally, like wheel spokes. The rooms have arched ceilings and measure 10 feet wide and 15 feet or more long; they are made homey with rugs on the floor, furniture, partitioning curtain and cupboard niches in the whitewashed walls. Entrance to the house is through a sloping tunnel dug from the surface a short distance off to the pit floor; halfway down this "hallway" may be a chamber hollowed to garage the householder's donkey. The whole establishment costs nothing to build except muscular effort with pickax and shovel; it is warm in winter and cool in summer, and it will last indefinitely.

For acceptable Strange But True paragraphs, accurately and briefly written, TRUE will pay $25 each on publication. Readers must state their sources of information when sending contributions. None can be returned. Address George R. Martin, TRUE, 67 West 44th Street, New York, N. Y. 10036

Mercury unleashes **Cougar**...*untamed elegance!*



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Cougar excitement runs through the whole Mercury line!

Ford LINCOLN-MERCURY DIVISION

PHOTOGRAPHED FOR TRUE BY BEN SOMOROFF

How To Smell Good And Influence Girls

The American male has taken a great plunge into an aromatic sea of fragrant glop. His medicine chest bulges with lotions, colognes, hair tints, bath oils, face creams, sprays. But don't laugh. Some of this stuff may get him in like Flynn

BY MAX GUNTHER

■ Sinister intrigues, dark plots, skulkings in the night! Mysterious Orientals! Strange herbs and essences from Sumatra! Ah, it was a story that captured the imagination. It was repeated in whispers, in dim corners, with nervous glances over the shoulder. Its gist was that English Leather, a brand of men's colognes and other toiletries, contained a potent, secretly compounded, furtively imported, magnificently unlawful aphrodisiac. One whiff of this sinful substance in a woman's nostrils would kill chastity on the spot.

The story, which circulated in parts of the Midwest and along the East Coast early in 1966, came as a surprise to the MEM Company, maker of English Leather. The MEM Company is, in fact, a peaceful little outfit that means no harm to anybody. It conducts its law-abiding business quietly by the shore of a small lake in Northvale, New Jersey. It is a pillar of its community, the kind of company that would go to church every Sunday if it

[Continued on page 105]

THE CAT WHO LICKED HIS WOUNDS

[*Continued from page* 24]

replaced enough blood to fill Cleveland Williams' body three times over.

Benbow recalls that he sat by the bed for days. Williams was unconscious much of the time. There was a tube in his nose, another in his vein for intravenous feeding, a third in the right kidney, a fourth in the bladder. His colon was open. Nurses tip-toed softly in and out. Benbow sat motionless—and it takes an event of major proportions to immobilize Hugh Benbow. Faintly, by a thread so slender that no doctor dared explain it, Cleveland Williams clung to life.

After the first operation, Benbow had him moved to Methodist Hospital, which has facilities for more intensive care. He arranged to take over the entire contract from Adams. Benbow insisted that Williams would not only live, he would fight again.

Now Williams finally was sitting up. His body—a body which more than once had served as a sculptor's model because of its magnificent six-three, 215-pound proportions, had shriveled to 155 pounds. There was a constant pain in his gut. Tears ran down his cheeks and he told his manager: "I can't make it, Mr. Benbow. It hurts too much. It just don't stop hurtin'." The doctors sent him home.

Things went from bad to worse. His first wife had left him before he was discharged from the hospital. The pain continued, a dull and sometimes brilliant fire within him. He disappeared into Houston's Fourth Ward.

"Here in Houston," Tommy Cleboski says, "we call it the Bloody Fourth because of its homicide rate."

"Slums?" a man asked.

"Well, I guess you could call it that, and a lot more. It's dives, man; two-bit dives and cheap streetwalkers and second-hand clothing joints. He was way down and he had to make a court appearance and I wanted him to make it so he could square himself."

Tommy Cleboski went into the Bloody Fourth after him. It wasn't easy. "If I couldn't get him the first stop then I had to pack it in for the day. I'm a cop and those people don't trust cops and they thought I was there to lean on him so they kept telling him to move. Benbow and I kept looking."

They combed West Dallas Street and Heiner, which form the guts of the Bloody Fourth, and when they found him they had to look twice to make sure they had the right man. He was still down to 155 pounds. He needed a shave. The pain was worse. Some people in the Fourth Ward didn't even recognize him.

Cleboski and Benbow got him into court. He did his time, which was minimal since he had been under arrest in the hospital for 12 days and the local police, who apparently viewed the evidence differently than the State Police, immediately made him a trusty for the few remaining days he had to serve. When he came out he married Irene, whose father is a minister in Amityville, New York, and he went to see Doctor Quast again.

"I knew why his weight was down so bad and I knew what the pain was," Doctor Quast says. "It was his kidney. We could treat it and maybe it would improve in time. Then again it might have to come out anyway. Or we could take it out right away and I believed he could fight again. It was The Cat's decision to make."

Cleveland Williams is not given to long speeches. He is up from Griffin, Georgia, where at the age of eight, his uncle hitched him to a plow behind a jet-black mule named Mary. Whatever he has taken from life, he has taken with his fists. Whatever he takes out of it in the future, he expects to take the same way.

"If I can't fight," Cleveland Williams said softly, "then I got nothin'. If it has to come out to make me a fighter again, then take it out."

"Are you sure?" Doctor Quast asked.

"I'm sure," Cleveland Williams said firmly. "Just get it over with."

Doctor Quast removed the kidney. A week later Cleveland Williams ate two hamburgers. Two weeks later he had gained back 15 pounds.

Jail and the pain were both behind him. Benbow paid the medical bills. Williams was married again and by the spring of 1965 he wanted to fight . . . most of all he wanted to fight. Benbow surveyed the wreckage. With Adams gone, he was now the full owner and manager of a fighter with one kidney, a weak stomach and what boxing people flatly said was "no future."

Forty-seven years ago, Benbow left Yoakum, in the big, wide cattle country to ride the rails, to become a professional fighter, to make and lose three enormous bankrolls before he made the big killing in oil. After that he had put his money into property in Yoakum. He bought lots and lots of it—an enormous ranch with 1,000 mother cows, 47 pedigreed bulls and Lord knows how many calves. The ranch was the hole card in his financial structure. Now it would be something else as well.

To understand why Hugh Benbow believed the ranch could make a fighter once more out of a man who had become a physical shell, you have to understand the innate toughness of Yoakum, Texas.

The road to Yoakum winds in and out of towns like Eagle Lake and Rock Island and Sweet Home. It winds past endless fields of Coastal Bermuda grass and statuelike cattle.

Yoakum is in the heart of De Witt

[*Continued on page* 72]

TRUE

"Funny, you don't look Republican."

IN '67 BUICK

Get in with the In Crowd in a GS-400

The In Crowd knows what's happening, and what's happening is Buick '67. Proof: GS-400, Buick's personal sports car. It has a 400-cu. in., 340-hp V-8, a new brake system with dual master cylinders, bucket seats, heavy-duty suspension and a list of standard equipment features—including all the new GM safety items—so long it takes a Buick dealer to do it justice. (He'll also tell you how four out of five new-car buyers pay Buick-sized prices to begin with.) The In Crowd's at your Quality Buick dealer's right now. How soon can you join them?

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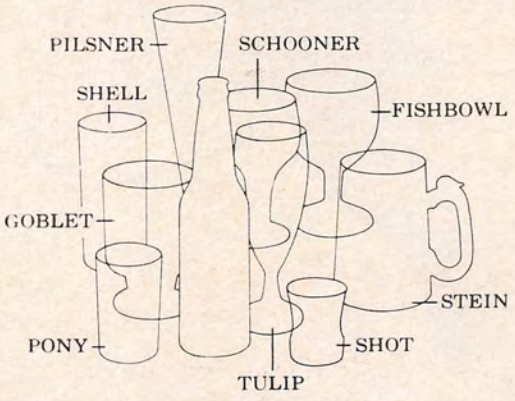
How many of these have you tried?



Is there a best glass for beer?

With some beers maybe the glass doesn't matter. But when the beer is Budweiser . . . well, that's something special. Just ask our brewmaster.

"I like a glass with plenty of room," he exclaims while snapping the crown off a bottle of Bud® to let that flavor out. "*Size* is more important than shape. A big glass, say one that'll hold a full bottle, is best."

A big glass gives Budweiser a chance to show off . . . lets you pour it straight down the middle to get a full collar of foam. (Those tiny Budweiser bubbles put on quite a performance. They should. They're the only beer bubbles in America that come from the natural carbonation of Beechwood Ageing.)

Another thing about a big glass: it lets you *quaff* the beer. And who wants to sip, sip, sip when the beer tastes as hearty as Budweiser. (Exclusive Beechwood Ageing gets into the act here, too. It produces a taste, a smoothness and a drinkability you'll find in no other beer at any price.)

So that's about the size of it! Choose any kind of glass you want . . . as long as it's big enough to handle the King of Beers.

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☆ ☆ *COMING DECEMBER 7!* ☆ ☆

Budweiser presents "FRANK SINATRA—A MAN and His Music. PART II."
In color . . . with guest star Nancy Sinatra. CBS-TV, 9-10 p.m. EST.

"Some of these . . . er . . . are for you, Miss Wheatley."

[*Continued from page* 68]

County. It is a Saturday night town and it is small enough (population: 5,761) that everyone knew Hugh Benbow and knew exactly what he was trying to do with his fighter. It is a tough, hard country. According to Benbow, John Wesley Hardin, the All-America gunfighter, came here one month to take part in the Taylor-Sutton Feud and 75 men died in that debate. Because of the isolation, it is fairly commonplace for men to carry pistols at night.

Here at 300½ Aubrey Street, in a small frame house, Cleveland and Irene Williams settled down. Every morning at 5 a.m., Cleveland left for the Benbow ranch. He did his roadwork through the rolling pasturelands.

The automatic baler rolls up and down the fields, tying the fresh-cut grass into neat bales. If they are dry, they weigh 75 pounds each. If it rains, they weigh 90. The bales were Cleveland Williams' first postoperative sparring partners; the bales, and the shovel with which he shored up the retaining wall around one of Benbow's lakes.

Slowly at first and then more and more rapidly, the biceps began to fill out. The chest regained its normal width. The sunken look disappeared from his face. He went back to Houston to train at the gym which Benbow and Adams had built.

On February 8, 1966, 14 months after his life was apparently oozing away on the darkened highway between Houston and Tomball, Cleveland Williams came back to the ring. His opponent was a large, strong trial horse named Big Ben Black. There were 5,600 people in the Coliseum that night. Doctor Quast was there. Tommy Cleboski was there and, of course, Hugh Benbow was there. He is 62 years old and he has gray curly hair and under the best of conditions he is not a silent man. On this night, Hugh Benbow was far more nervous than Cleveland Williams. As they came down the aisle toward the ring, the crowd seemed to leave its seats all at once. It surged around Williams. It took 10 minutes to get him to the ring.

In the first round Ben Black knocked Cleveland Williams flat. In the second row, Irene Williams fainted. Benbow did not faint but he thought about doing so very strongly.

"Ben Black knocked me and Cleve down with one punch," Irene Williams would say later. Cleveland Williams got up first. With a ferocious left hook, he made Ben Black the 50th knockout victim of his career. He fought twice more before the night of the Terrell-Jones bout. Each time he got a little stronger.

Nowadays, the training—the kind of training heavyweights no longer do—goes on at the ranch in Yoakum. Benbow has built a $35,000 gymnasium there. It is long and neat and relatively cool. When Cleveland Williams hits the heavy bag and when he hits his sparring partners and when he hits the speed bag, Benbow stands nearby, pawing the air with lefts and rights, reeling off a running critique. At times you get the feeling that Williams rests to give Benbow a chance to catch his breath.

Up in the living room of Benbow's ranch house, the manager sits in an easy chair and tells a visitor:

"Cassius Clay? When The Cat hits him he must fall. Listen, this boy was dead. Bio . . . logic . . . ally dead three times on that operating table. That's tough. That's what I call real tough." He pauses to sip a large glass of ice water. "A pro against an amateur. That's what it will be with The Cat in there against Clay.

"Whop," Benbow leaps to his feet and assumes a fighter's stance. "Bop . . . bop . . . bop . . .," he throws three straight-ahead jabs. "Then powey." Now he is Clay, rocking on his heels, bending his knees, his face showing surprise. "So here's Clay . . . and then he [Williams not Clay] throws that big, beautiful left hook and blam. I mean BLAM!"

Later that evening, while the sun hangs across the horizon like a big orange marshmallow, Cleveland Williams sits by a small lake on the Benbow ranch with a fishing pole. He likes to fish but generally only the neighborhood kids tag along and help him. Tonight is different.

This is a different Williams. Back in Houston at the Auditorium Hotel where the fight buffs hang out, they sit around in the small, airless lobby or next door at the narrow counter of the coffee shop and discuss "great punches The Cat has thrown."

But here at the ranch, there is a pensiveness to the moment. Cleveland Williams' mother is part Cherokee and she gave him the high cheekbones which seem to focus his field of vision more sharply. His eyebrows bear the mark of 27 stitches, collected over a decade and a half. His nose has gone to the flatness which is the fighter's universal union card. When he speaks, the voice is soft and surprisingly high, and when he gets to know you, he will speak far more than the boys down at the Auditorium suspect.

"When I fight," he says, putting the fishing pole aside, "I mean every time I fight, it's like it was the first time. It's like I never fought before because at that moment no other fight I ever had in my life matters."

"Well," the visitor said, "you had enough of them."

"More than you think," Cleveland Williams said. "I fought three times as a pro when I was 14 'til they caught me. I had a million fights as a school kid."

"Well, you've wanted it a long time now," the visitor prodded. "Don't you ever feel anything about the bullet and the hospital and the long wait for the big fight?"

"You just can't think like that," Cleveland Williams said. He explained it very patiently as though it were a lesson which had to be learned over and over. "A man has to go his own way. The Muslims, they asked me to join and I said no. The NAACP asked me to join and I said no. I got my wife and our kids from the other marriages we had. I can't be bitter. I'm alive. I fight. It's my way."

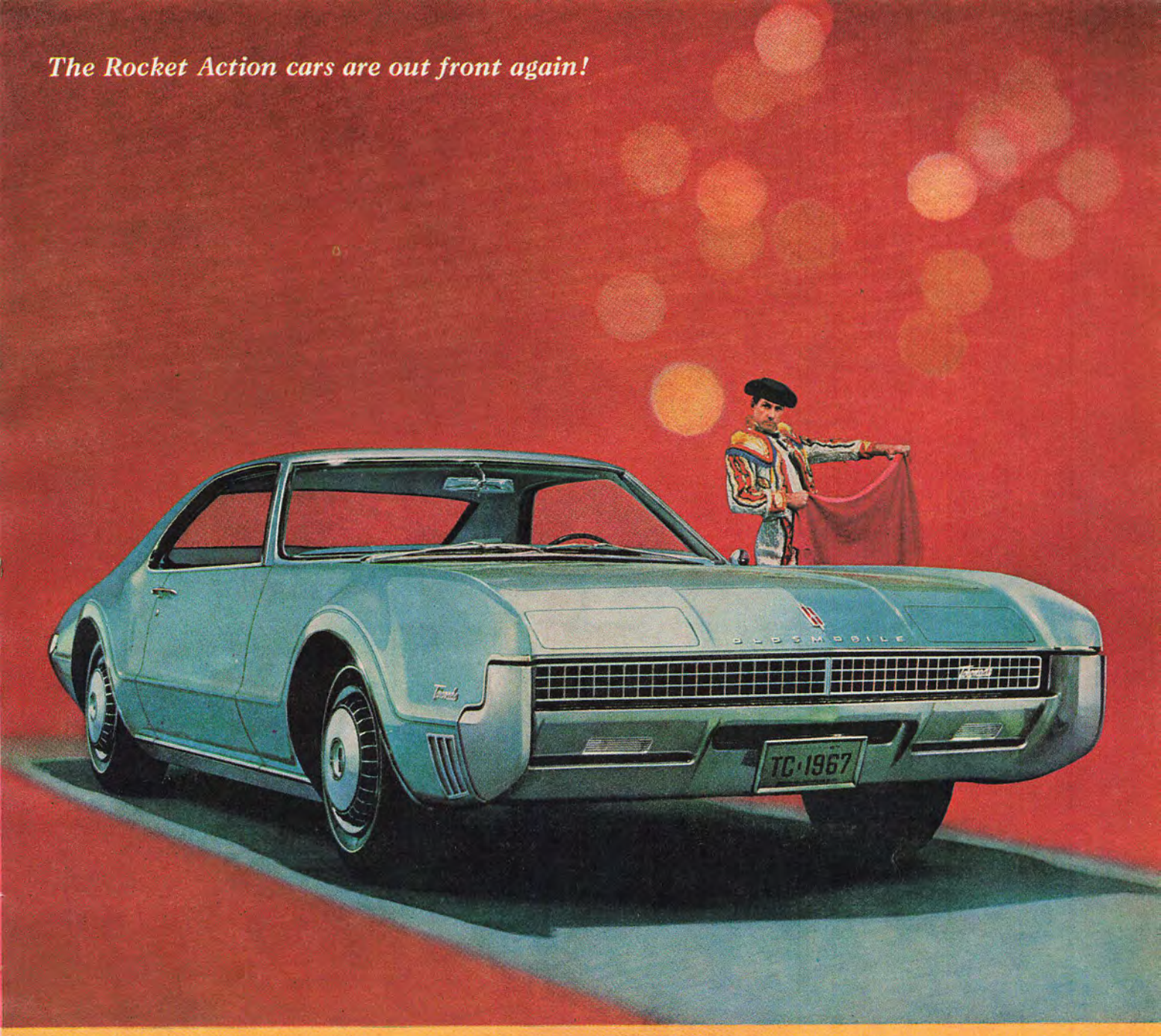
Sitting there with the vast emptiness of Hugh Benbow's ranch spread out against the Texas twilight, there is the feeling that perhaps this man at the end of the world with his fishing pole is, indeed, the last heavyweight.

His life is a composite of lonely dressing rooms in places like Tampa and Houston and Philadelphia. He has never made a rock and roll record. He is at home in the kind of setting where a Louis and a Marciano used to train. Sitting there in a red-and-blue striped polo shirt, his huge arms bulging even at rest he made a visitor think that maybe in the end this industry which now belongs to the tax men and the lawyers will combine with the scar tissue and the calendar to chop both him and his manager down.

But like Sonny Liston, it will know it has been hit a few times first.

—Jerry Izenberg

The Rocket Action cars are out front again!



After you've walked off with all the honors, what do you do for an encore?

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Engineered for excitement . . . Toronado-style!

'67 OLDSMOBILE

GM
MARK OF EXCELLENCE

INJURIES: THEY UPSET FOOTBALL'S ODDS

[*Continued from page* 61]

salaries; $5,000 for retainers to the team physician, orthopedic surgeon and dentist; and $5,000 for an assortment of medical supplies.

Then, on top of the medical bills, the 24 pro teams will spend another $1.5 million for salaries to players who are injured and unable to perform. Established players and rookies with no-cut contracts get their full salaries even when hobbling around on crutches.

Three million dollars in expenses and salaries. More than $100,000 per club. It's a stiff price but nothing can really be done about it. It's part of the basic overhead of the game. And the price will go up. "We're having more injuries each season," says NFL Commissioner Pete Rozelle. "We used to get by with 33 man squads. Now we need 40. The players keep getting bigger. It's like ammunition. When you have bigger projectiles going faster, they cause more damage."

The expense is unavoidable and the teams allow for it. What concerns them more than the money is the effect of the injuries on their performance. Championships can be won and lost on the operating table. No coach would dare predict a title for his club without prefacing his words with "If we can get through the season without serious injuries to key players."

Take the Baltimore Colts. They apparently had the NFL Western Division title wrapped up last year. But in a late-season game, quarterback Johnny Unitas was slammed to the ground by the two defensive tackles of the Chicago Bears, Earl Leggett and Stan Jones. Leggett is six-three and 267, Jones is six-one and 252. When the two black-jerseyed Bears got up, Unitas did not. He was clutching his right knee. Moments later Unitas wobbled to his feet and limped off the field. Met at the sideline by coach Don Shula, he staggered to the bench. Soon he hobbled to the locker room. There the team surgeon, Dr. E. J. McDonnell, discovered torn ligaments in the knee. Unitas needed immediate surgery. He was through for the season.

The next week, with Unitas on crutches behind the bench, his substitute, Gary Cuozzo, went down under a pile of green-and-gold Green Bay Packers tacklers. His left shoulder was separated. He needed a pain-killing injection so he could finish the game. The next day, he underwent surgery.

Injuries had wiped out the two Colt quarterbacks. In the Western Division playoff with the Packers, they had to use a halfback, Tom Matte, at quarterback. Unitas sat in the Colt booth atop the press box. He was searching for weaknesses in the Packer defense. When he found one, he spoke on the phone to Cuzzo, who relayed the information to Matte at the sideline. But Matte could not succeed with the plays which either Unitas or Cuozzo might have made work. After the defeat Unitas sat dejectedly in a corner of the locker room. His stiff right leg was up on a chair. His white cast, extending from his hip to his ankle, showed below the cuff of his gray slacks.

"One play," he said, shaking his head. "I would have liked to have had just one play."

In another corner Cuozzo struggled to get his tan cashmere coat over his aching shoulder.

"You feel so helpless when you can't really do anything," he said quietly. "So helpless."

Unitas and Cuozzo were last season's most celebrated casualties. But not all the injured players were on the sidelines. When players trot across your TV screen in the pregame introduction, they appear to be marvelous physical specimens. Muscular. Powerful. In perfect health. Most of them are. But some of them are hurting. One of them might have a leg taped from the hip to the ankle to soothe a pulled muscle. Another might be wearing a brace to protect a slightly separated shoulder. Unitas once wore an aluminum vest over cracked ribs. Namath has an awkward metal-and-rubber brace strapped to his fragile right knee. In the case of these walking wounded, the team physicians can contribute as much to a team's success as the coach. They usually have plenty of patients to care for.

According to the NFL injury register, an average of three and one-third players on each team are unable to perform each week. In the NFL last year, 41 players missed four or more consecutive games because of injuries and 31 more were declared out for the season. In the smaller AFL, 52 players were out for two or more consecutive games. In all, 124 players missed at least two consecutives games, an average of one out of every seven players.

These statistics are all the more startling when it is pointed out that a pro regular is involved in only about an hour and a half of actual combat during a 14-game schedule. The rest of the time he is waiting for the next play.

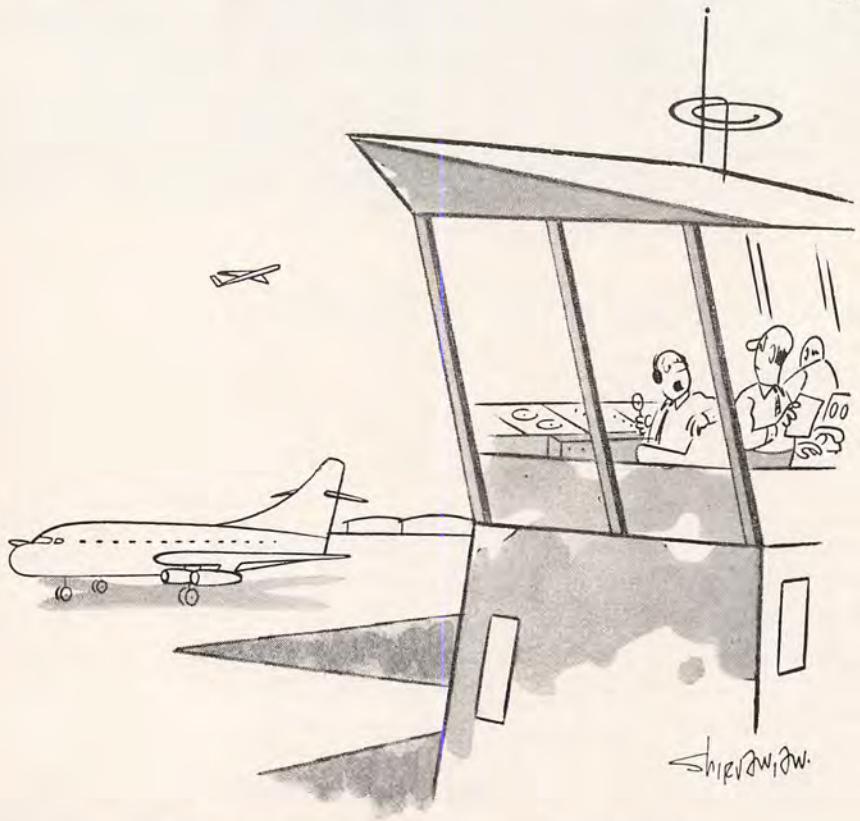
Deciding whether a keyman can play or not is a crucial question, both for the player and the team. Too soon and the player is susceptible to reinjury. Too late and he might have missed an important game. This is probably the most important question the team physician has to answer.

But the team trainers are almost as important as the physicians. During a game a trainer gives first aid, but most of his work is done in his white-walled room. They're called training rooms but they're really medical rooms.

They have that antiseptic smell about them. They have a sound, too; the purring of the diathermy and ultrasonic machines and the bubbling of the whirlpool baths. Steam rises from the device which sterilizes hot packs. In a corner lean the crutches and canes. Attached to one of the rubbing tables is the knee-exercise machine. Stacked in the cabinets are tape and gauze, bandages and pills, salves and medicines, and hypodermic needles. And, with some teams, the Novocain.

Several team physicians refuse to use Novocain to deaden painful areas. Others use it by the barrel. One of the anti-Novocain physicians points out, "The only time Novocain isn't dangerous is for a minor shoulder separation. But with Novocain in an injured ankle, let's say, a player might break that ankle and never realize it. If such a complication should develop, a player would be within his rights to sue the doctor and the club." At best, Novocain wears off. When quarter-

TRUE



"The Champagne Flight reports six more UFO's."

back Sonny Jurgensen was with the Philadelphia Eagles, he couldn't put his right shoe on after one game. "It's been swollen all week," he explained. "I had three shots of Novocain in it but they started to wear off at the start of the fourth quarter." At no time did he limp on the field. But he hobbled out of the locker room on a white sweat sock.

Jurgensen was not unusual. One of pro football's commandments is that, "You play with the small hurts," a phrase popularized by Vince Lombardi, the coach of the NFL champion Packers.

His Packers obey the commandment. Sometimes it's obvious. Such as the surgical collar often worn by halfback Paul Hornung to ease the stabbing pain of a pinched neck nerve. Other times it's not obvious. When Jim Ringo was the Packer center, he once had 14 boils on his buttocks. He had them frozen and bandaged. Hunched over the ball, his hip pads stretched over the painful boils, he was in on every offensive play. His blood-smeared pads had to be thrown away.

Lombardi calls a "small hurt" an injury which is "painful, but not disabling," or which has "healed to the point where it cannot be injured further by playing with it." But some of his players overdo it.

In 1960 guard Jerry Kramer began to notice a "brilliant dot flashing" in his left eye. Several days later, he remembers, "I'd move my hand in front of my left eye and all of a sudden it would disappear." Upon consulting an eye specialist, he learned he had a detached retina. Immediate surgery was suggested.

"Sorry, doc," Kramer said, "but we're going to Philadelphia for the championship game. It's my first championship game and I'm not going to miss it. I'll take my chances with the eye."

He escaped without additional damage. Two years later he assumed he had suffered a torn muscle or torn cartilage in his rib cage. He didn't bother to tell anybody about it. But X rays later disclosed two rib fractures. They might have punctured a lung, but they now were healed.

"Hey, coach, guess what?'" Kramer said to Lombardi. "Those ribs I had, they were really broken."

"Is that so?" Lombardi said, going on about his business. "But they don't bother you now, do they?"

In last year's Western Division play-off game, tight-end Bill Anderson slumped into the Packer huddle. Quarterback Zeke Bratkowski called a play in which Anderson was to be the primary receiver, Bratkowski glanced at Anderson and noticed his glassy-eyed stare.

"Hey, you all right?" Bratkowski asked. "You look groggy?"

"I'm all right," Anderson said. "Just get the ball to me."

Bratkowski hit him for an 18-yard gain. The pass led to the winning field goal in sudden-death overtime. About an hour later, in the Packer locker room, somebody mentioned the overtime period to Anderson.

"Overtime?" Anderson asked. "What do you mean, overtime? What overtime?"

Anderson wasn't joking. The last thing he remembered about the game was getting kicked in the helmet late in the fourth quarter. He didn't remember the

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"You should have stayed behind the screen. He's not the doctor . . . he's the janitor!"

conversation with Bratkowski, or the important pass reception. Although he had played with a concussion, his subconscious mind had retained the knowledge of the plays and the pass patterns. It also had retained the commandment that you play with the small hurts.

The Packers are not alone. Most players have the same philosophy. "They have to have it," says Norm Van Brocklin, the coach of the Minnesota Vikings. "This is no game for babies."

Coaches use different tactics with different players. "With some," says Al Davis, who used to coach the Oakland Raiders, "you have to make them feel you're counting on them. You tell them, 'I *know* you'll be there on Sunday.' Others you've got to needle, make them a little ashamed. "I had one player, if he had a cold, I'd say, 'That's all right, we'll get some ice cream on the field for you.' The other type, you tell, 'Get a good rest,' and you know he wouldn't dare rest, he's afraid somebody will steal his job."

How quickly a player returns to the lineup and how well he performs in pain has become a factor in scouting college stars. The question, "Reaction to Injury?" is on every scouting report.

The scouts have a name for a prospect who doesn't respond well to injury. They call him a candyass. They know he won't last long at training camp. But his reputation often demands that he be drafted. "I've had those guys," says Weeb Ewbank, the coach of the Jets, "and we watch 'em closely. As soon as we see them in the training room babying themselves too much, they're gone. We don't want them around." But it's different for *Ewbank* to baby a player. Especially when the player is a quarterback.

When Ewbank coached the Colts to two NFL championships, he ordered his quarterbacks to wear red jerseys in practice. One of his quarterbacks was Unitas. "You see that red jersey," Ewbank used to shout at his players, "you stop. You don't go around running into quarterbacks." Ewbank also was the first coach to forbid a quarterback from *catching* the ball in a sideline warmup. He had one of the pass receivers stand nearby. The receiver would catch the ball and toss it gently to the quarterback.

During Namath's first few weeks with the Jets, he forgot one day and reached out for a rifled pass from another quarterback.

"Joe, Joe, Joe," Ewbank yelled from across the field. "Don't try to catch that ball. You can get a finger doing that."

Ewbank meant an injured finger, a fracture or a sprain. This is the way football men talk about injuries. They say, "He's got a shoulder." Or "a hamstring." But the worst of all possible words is "a knee." A knee deprived Gale Sayers from scoring a record seventh touchdown in a game last season for the Bears. After his sixth touchdown, he told the Bear trainer that his right knee had been banged. The trainer passed the word to coach George Halas.

"That's all, Gale," Halas told his star halfback. "You're not going to play anymore today."

Minutes later the Bears were four yards away from another touchdown. Most people expected Halas to give Sayers a chance for his seventh touchdown. But Sayers stayed on the bench.

"His knee," Halas revealed not long ago, "was more important than the record."

The injury was not serious and Sayers played the following week. But the threat of a knee injury, especially to a star such as Sayers, is enough to terrify a coach. The San Francisco 49ers had nine players undergo knee surgery over the 1963 and 1964 seasons. "The knee," says 49er trainer Lincoln Kimura, "was not made for football." The surgeon who rebuilt Namath's knee, Dr. James Nicholas, concedes, "The knee was not made to take a twisting motion if the foot is *planted* in the ground." When the cleats are imbedded in turf, a twisting motion tears ligaments and cartilage.

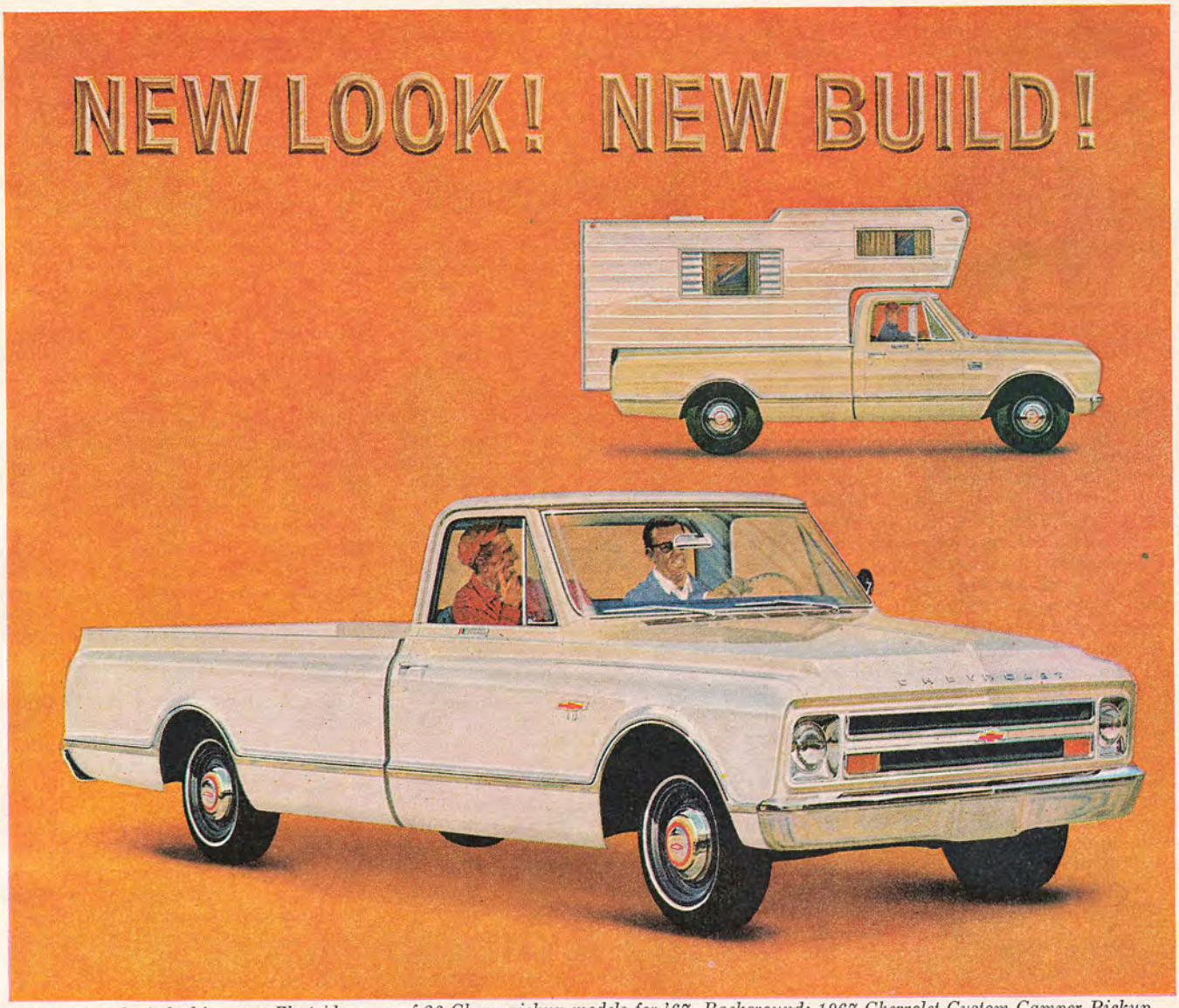
Most players return to football after knee surgery. Seldom as good as new, but they're playing. E. J. Holub, a linebacker for the Kansas City Chiefs, has had six knee operations. But one who was not able to return was Roger Kochman.

Kochman was a rookie halfback with the Buffalo Bills in 1963 when he took a handoff and headed toward right tackle. He was hit by Dudley Meredith, a 270-pound Houston Oiler lineman. "But it was third and one," Kochman recalls, "and I tried to twist away so I could fall for the first down." His cleats, however, were planted in the ground. "My body was twisted around with Meredith driving me back when somebody else hit me on the side. One of the doctors told me later it was like somebody shearing my knee with a knife." Not only were the ligaments ripped, but the main artery was severed.

As Kochman lay there, his lower leg at a grotesque angle, his teammates had to look away. "It was," one of them has said, "the most hideous injury I've ever seen." Kochman remembers he "needed a morphine shot" to stop the pain.

Kochman was rushed to Houston's Methodist Hospital. There it was discovered that his leg might have to be amputated. Dr. Michael DeBakey, now world famous for his artificial heart surgery, supervised the arterial operation which saved Kochman's leg. But the circulation was impaired. He needed six more operations. In one of them he lost three toes and part of his foot. He spent nearly three months in the hospital. He

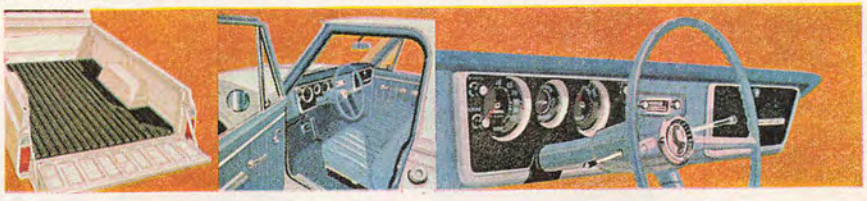
NEW LOOK! NEW BUILD!



Foreground: A dashing new Fleetside—one of 26 Chevy pickup models for '67. Background: 1967 Chevrolet Custom Camper Pickup.

A BRAND NEW BREED OF CHEVY PICKUP FOR '67!

CHEVROLET



Here's the new '67 Chevy pickup! It's strikingly new in styling (if it looked any better we'd have to stop calling it a truck)! Lower, sleeker, its trim appearance puts many cars to shame—and so does the bump-smoothing ride!

And beneath those looks, there's rugged new construction. A body that resists rust better. A pickup box that's built for added strength. And a color-keyed cab interior that's roomier and equipped with safety features such as padded instrument panel, padded sun visor and seat belts.

So bring on your tough jobs, your camping trips, your suburban chores. The new '67 Chevy pickup looks so good and is built so well you can use it for almost anything! See it at your Chevrolet dealer's. . . . Chevrolet Division of General Motors, Detroit, Michigan.

never played football again. Even now, as he studies for his master's degree in business at Penn State, he must use crutches.

"But I'm not bitter at football," he says pleasantly. "Injuries are part of the game. I took my chance and missed."

Greg Larson, the New York Giant center, had a near miss. Two seasons ago he was galloping under a punt in a game with the Vikings. Larson, six-three and 252, had his eyes downfield when Viking linebacker Rip Hawkins caught him with a side-swiping block. "I didn't think he hit me too hard," Larson recalls, "but he rolled into the back of my right knee."

Larson crumpled to the ground as if he had been run down by a bulldozer. His right knee was wrecked. The medial ligament and both cruciate ligaments were ripped. The medial cartilage was torn. Larson was carted off the field. The next day he underwent surgery. The Giant surgeon, Dr. Anthony Pisani, had to slice an eight-inch strip of muscle fiber out of Larson's thigh. Turning to the knee, he drilled through the bone and, using the thigh muscle fiber, he constructed a new medial ligament and a new cruciate ligament. He removed the torn cartilage. Then he sewed up the curving 12-inch incision around the kneecap.

Several weeks later, when Larson hobbled home to Minneapolis, a doctor there told him to forget about football. "I've never seen a knee like yours work out," the doctor said. "I'd suggest you study your pension plan about it."

The knee was almost as stiff as it had been when the cast was on it. But instead of discouraging Larson, the doctor's pessimistic opinion made him more determined to play. Every day he spent four to five hours restoring flexibility and strength to the knee. He would put a weight on it, 10 pounds at first and eventually as much as 50 pounds. He would lie down and raise and lower his knee hundreds of times. When he reported to training camp last year, he still was limping. But soon his perseverance began to pay off. By the end of last season he again was the Giant center. Not as mobile as before. And not as fast. But pro football teams do not use players out of sentiment. Greg Larson was mobile enough and fast enough to do the job. He was playing. "And that," he says now with a grin, "is what that doctor told me I would *not* be able to do."

Perhaps the most dramatic knee injury in recent years involved Larson's former teammate, quarterback Y. A. Tittle. In the second quarter of the 1963 NFL championship game at Chicago, Tittle hobbled to the bench. He was bent over and he was holding his left knee. He had been slammed there twice by Bear linebacker Larry Morris. The first time, with Tittle's left foot planted, Morris had rolled into the knee with his shoulder. The second time, Morris whacked it head-on with his hard plastic helmet.

As Tittle trudged to the locker room for medical attention, the Bear fans shouted, "We got Tittle . . . We got Tittle. . ."

During the half-time intermission, Tittle's knee was shot with Novocain and cortisone and taped like a mummy's. He walked out on the field and moved around without a limp. And he played. But he was unable to put weight on his left leg. This ruined his passing. A quarterback passes as much with his legs as he does with his arm. He must set himself to throw. Tittle could not. The Giants had been winning at half-time but the Bears intercepted one of Tittle's dinky passes to set up a 14-10 victory.

An injury was nothing new to Tittle. During his 17 seasons as a pro quarterback, he came up with a broken wrist, a broken cheekbone, cracked ribs and a partially collapsed lung. Plus hundreds of bloody bumps and bruises. Routine for a quarterback of Tittle's stature.

The name of the game has become "Get the Quarterback." Not that defensive players try to maim him. But they make sure to give him their best shot and if he doesn't get up, well, that's what substitute quarterbacks are for. Nine NFL quarterbacks were on the sidelines last season with assorted injuries. Several critics pleaded for new rules which would afford more protection for the quarterback. One suggestion was to outlaw the blitz, the defensive maneuver in which the linebackers and sometimes a safetyman join the four defensive linemen in assaulting the quarterback. "But this is football," points out Vince Lombardi, "and if you change it too much, it's not football."

Larry Morris, the Bear who wrecked Tittle, perhaps best expressed the philosophy of a blitzing linebacker. "I was sorry to see Y. A. hurt, he's a great old guy," Morris said at the time, "but I knew he was their keyman." Just as his teammates, Earl Leggett and Stan Jones, knew Unitas was the Colts' key man when they levelled him last year. Defensive players everywhere have the same philosophy. "There's only one way I know to play this game," says Packer defensive end Willie Davis. "That's to be as vicious as I can be."

Billy Ray Smith, a teammate of Unitas, said it much the same way after last year's Western Division playoff. In the fourth quarter Billy Ray, a defensive tackle who is six-four and 252, put a big rush on Packer quarterback Zeke Bratkowski. Nearly blocked out of the play, Billy Ray swung his left hand at Bratkowski's helmet. Bratkowski went down as if he had been hit with a brick. One of the officials blew his whistle, pointed at Billy Ray and paced off 15 yards for unnecessary roughness.

Billy Ray stomped around in protest. An hour later, he was still stomping around in the locker room. "Sure I hit him on the head," he growled. "But he still had the *ball*. That's what they *pay* me for. To hit quarterbacks when they got the *ball*. When the whistle blew, I asked the official, 'What did you call?' and he told me, 'You hit the man in the head with your fist.' Imagine *that*! With my hands taped, I can't even make a fist. And Bratkowski had the *ball*. What was I supposed to do, let him *throw* it? So I reached out for him. That's what they *pay* me for."

The officials, of course, are paid to call penalties. In recent seasons, NFL officials have cracked down on unnecessary roughness. But not enough to satisfy some players.

The NFL Players Association has appealed to Commissioner Rozelle to deal harshly with "repeated offenders" on the unnecessary roughness penalty. "Each team has two or three players you've got to watch out for," says one NFL veteran. "They have a habit of getting 15 yards." But much of the roughness is necessary. Most players recognize this. Mike Ditka, the big tight end of the Bears, once was being dragged down by three tacklers when a fourth opponent hurtled at him. The spectators booed, but Ditka didn't even blink.

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"That was okay," Ditka said later. "Suppose I got away from the other guys. His coach would have bawled him out for *not* hitting me."

One of the roughest tackles in recent years occurred in the 1964 AFL championship game. Keith Lincoln, the star fullback of the San Diego Chargers, moved out to his left and turned to catch a swing pass. As he did, linebacker Mike Stratton of the Buffalo Bills lowered his helmet and plowed into Lincoln's unprotected left ribs. Lincoln collapsed like a deflated balloon. He was on the ground for several minutes. As he tottered to the bench, he was holding a fractured rib. Without him, the Charger offense sputtered and the Bills won the title.

Stratton perhaps did not hit Lincoln any harder than he has tackled several players. But his timing was perfect. With perfect timing, even a small man can cripple a huge one.

Tommy McDonald, the tiny flanker-back of the Los Angeles Rams, once chopped down a player six inches taller and 70 pounds heavier. His victim was linebacker Dan Currie, now also with the Rams but then with the Packers. McDonald, then with the Eagles, was assigned to throw what is known as a crack-back block on Currie. As the six-three, 245-pound Currie moved in for the ball-carrier on a sweep play, McDonald came across and nailed him knee-high on his blind side. Currie never saw the five-nine, 175-pound McDonald.

"Who did it? Who did it?" Currie shouted as he lay on the ground holding his damaged knee. "Who did it?"

"Are you all right, Dan?" McDonald said solicitously. "I didn't think I hit you that hard. I'm sorry."

"You," Currie yelled. "I'll never live this down. The littlest runt in the league takes my leg off."

McDonald usually is the one on the ground. He has been knocked unconscious five times. As a pass receiver, he is exposed to one of the roughest maneuvers in the game: the pass-crack. "When a receiver hooks in front of you," explains Bernie Parrish, the veteran defensive back of the Cleveland Browns, "there is only one way to defend. You have a 25 percent chance to shake the ball loose by aiming your helmet at the small of his back and driving it there. The natural reflex action is for his arms to fly out from his side. Even if it doesn't work, he's thinking about you the next time. And it gives him something to put heat on for a few days."

Another dangerous moment occurs during a kickoff or a punt. Twenty-two players are on a high-speed collision course. Most of the members of these so-called "Suicide Squads" are expendable. They are either reckless veterans or eager rookies, all with that "wild look" in their eyes which coaches love. The toughest assignment is breaking up "the wedge" of four blockers convoying the ball-carrier. No coach would dare assign a valuable star to do this job. But in a game last year the Dallas Cowboys were a man short on their kickoff unit. The player who usually broke up the wedge had been injured. He was six-three and 225, the usual size for the assignment.

"We need a man to break up the wedge," one of the Cowboy coaches yelled on the sideline.

"Let me do it," said rookie Bob Hayes, jumping off the bench. "I'll break it up."

As Hayes trotted onto the field, the assistant coach grabbed him. Hayes, although a solid five-eleven and 191, was too valuable a pass receiver to risk breaking up a wedge. The impact can be startling. According to Dr. Stephen Reid of Northwestern University, as much as 5,100 G's of force have been measured in electronic devices in the helmets of Big Ten college players. Presumably it would be greater among pro players. On a kickoff or punt, says Doctor Reid, the impact of two men running on a collision course at about 20 mph. is equal to the impact of one of them running at a stationary padded obstacle at 40 mph.

Such an impact contributed to the death of Stone Johnson of the Kansas City Chiefs in 1963. Johnson, six-one and 180, was one of two Chiefs waiting to run back a kickoff. The ball went to the other runner and Johnson moved upfield to block for him. Diving headfirst at an oncoming tackler, Johnson's neck and shoulders took the brunt of the collision. He suffered a "bursting fracture of the fifth cervical vertebra," a broken neck. He lay paralyzed on the field.

When Dr. Albert Miller, the team physician, got to him, Johnson said, "Doc, I'm gonna die." Eight days later he did.

Another Kansas City player, fullback Mack Lee Hill, died last December during a knee operation. Two NFL linemen, Stan Mauldin and Dave Sparks, died of heart attacks after games several years ago. During the AFL's inaugural season, Howard Glenn, a guard for the New York Titans, died of a broken neck suffered in a game. But deaths, while tragic, are rare. The big problem is the so-called "routine injury."

"If anybody could come up with a contraption to prevent knee injuries," says Don Kellett, general manager of the Colts, "it would be worth a zillion dollars." Of course, the whole injury problem could be solved without any contraptions at all if a team could just find 40 players like Jim Brown. He is the exception, the Superman-in-Cleats, the fullback with steel ligaments and iron cartilage.

In nine seasons with Cleveland, Brown carried the ball a record 2,359 times. On almost all of those plays, he was tackled by two or three opponents. But he never complained of a knee injury, nor of any serious injury. He never missed a game; he missed only a handful of plays.

But players like the recently-retired Brown are very rare as the Cleveland Browns are now finding out to their sorrow. Few players go through a long career without serious injury. Football is indeed a game of blood and bandages. The newly-merged leagues will see plenty of both this fall, and the team with the smallest medical bill is likely to be the one that ends up with the title.

—Dave Anderson

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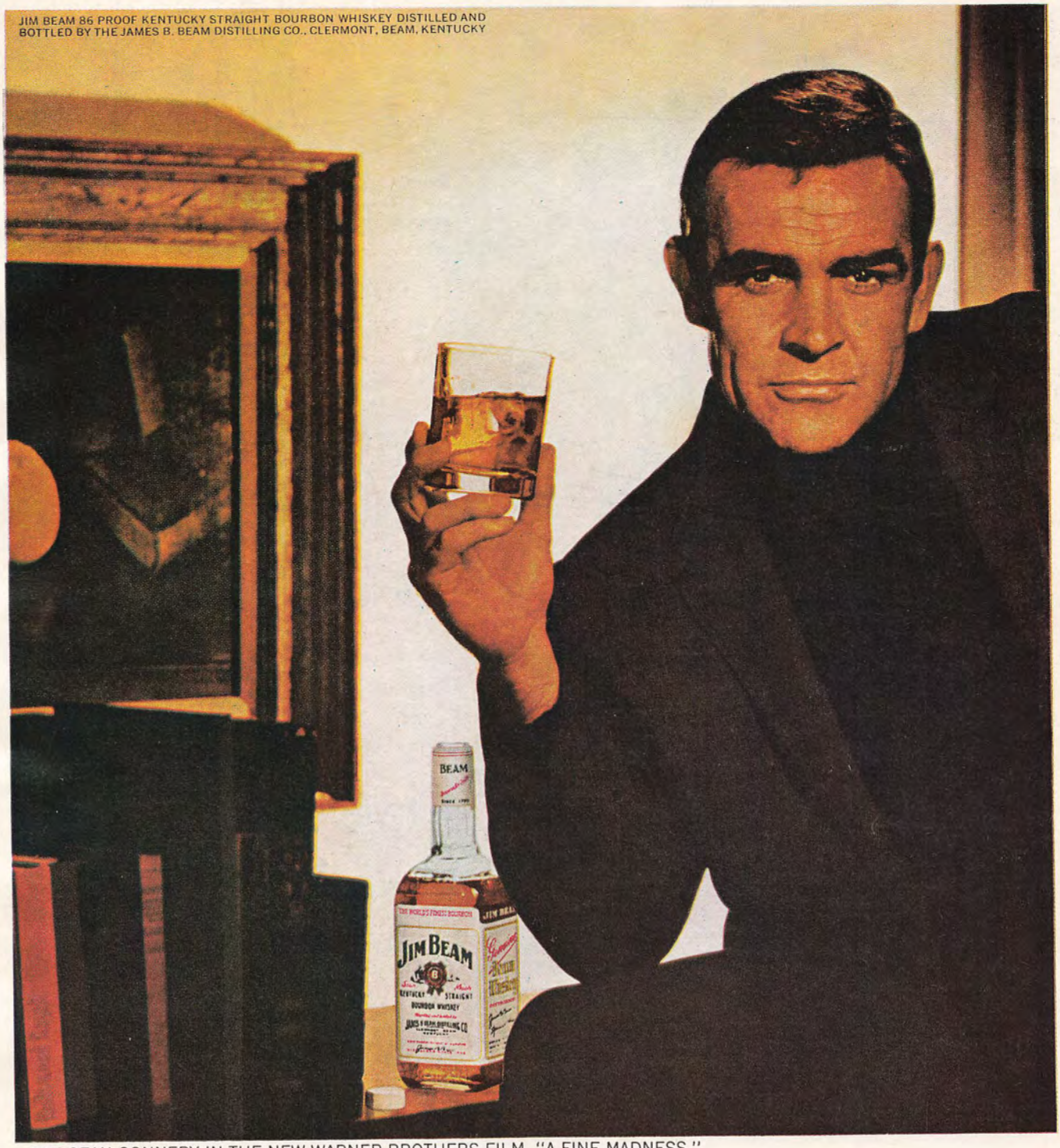

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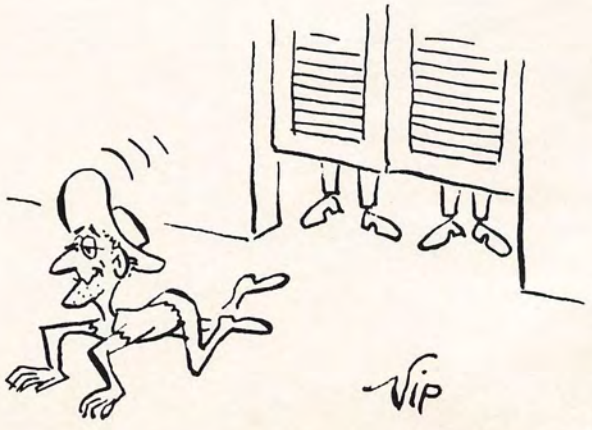
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MEN WHO CLOBBER THE NORTH

[*Continued from page* 59]

every day. The anonymous pilots flying the F-105's get a little tired sometimes of being treated like secret agents and never getting public credit for the dangerous job they do. Their bases are strictly off limits to newsmen.

The F-105, which has a stubby body and tiny, flipperlike wings, is known affectionately as the "Thud." The Phantom pilots at Danang have unlimited respect for the F-105 pilots.

While the F-105 also will travel at better than twice the speed of sound, it has only one engine (the Phantom has two) and it has a tendency to explode when hit by heavy flak. The Thuds work at suicidally low altitudes, generally facing vicious radar-controlled fire from enemy 37-millimeter, 57-millimeter and 85-millimeter guns.

The effectiveness of these guns is reflected in the growing loss rate, which is comparable to the Korean War. By mid-1966—after almost two years of steadily intensified air operations over the North—more than 300 American planes had been downed in North Viet Nam. A heavy proportion of the planes lost have been F-105's, hit by ground fire.

The 480th at Danang, which works exclusively over North Viet Nam, also has taken losses, of course. From February, 1966, when the squadron arrived in South Viet Nam from Holloman Air Force Base, Alamogordo, New Mexico, to August, 1966, the squadron of a couple dozen planes had lost four Phantoms over the North.

But the crews were lucky. The men in three of the downed planes made it back as the result of hair-rising rescues. The crew of the fourth Phantom, Capt. Alan P. Lurie, 32, of Santa Ana, California, and 1/Lt. Darrel E. Pyle, 25, of Alamogordo, managed to eject from their stricken fighter. Companion planes saw their parachutes open and saw the two men land near a village. But presumably Lurie and Pyle were taken captive on the spot and will have to wait out the war to get home.

Pilots of the 480th talk a lot about North Viet Nam and threats by the Hanoi government to try U.S. pilots as war criminals. The talk doesn't seem to affect morale, but most pilots would rather take long chances than get imprisoned in the North. They are willing to gamble on luck, skill and the improved rescue methods that give a downed pilot a better than even chance of getting picked up safely.

Long chances include the possibility that a flak-stricken fighter will blow up before its crew can nurse it back over friendly territory or the sea. And ejection itself is a dangerous business in a modern jet fighter.

The Phantom and other combat jets have ejection seats under which are powerful cannon cartridges. When the crewman pulls a pair of yellow and black striped handles back of his head or between his legs, the transparent cockpit canopy flies off, and the cartridge detonates. The seat, with its built-in life raft, survival pack, parachute and pilot, is hurled hundreds of feet upward out of the plane, and the chute is sprung open automatically. The system generally works well, but the force of ejection gives the pilot quite a jolt and sometimes causes serious injuries.

One recent ejectee was 1/Lt. John F. Preston, 24, who has a wife and two sons back in Los Altos, California. Preston, a backseat pilot, and his aircraft commander, Capt. Dave Moruzzi, flew for several months with the 480th, and then transferred to its sister fighter squadron, the 390th. The 480th and the 390th are the only Air Force combat units in South Viet Nam operating strictly over the North.

Moruzzi and Preston went down on July 18. Preston described what happened this way:

"Dave and I had talked it over many times, and we'd decided we'd rather take the chance of blowing up than eating rice and fish heads for the next 15 years. We'd been road-reccying [flying armed road reconnaissance looking for targets of opportunity] along the road that runs north-south in North Viet Nam.

"We started a left turn toward the sea to the east. But there was real heavy 57-millimeter flak, bursting in big black smudges all over. We were jinxing [flying evasively, from side to side and up and down] and everything, but we took a hit and we could sure feel it. Both engines went dead instantly, and Dave radioed to the flight leader, 'Spider Lead, I'm hit, both engines afire.' He tried to say a few more things, but the radio went dead.

"We looked in the mirrors behind us, and man, we were just one big ball of flame. The flight leader said later that we looked like a comet.

"We were about 10 miles from water when we were hit, and knew we'd have to glide all that way with no power, if we were going to make it. It seemed like an eternity, with the flame getting closer. The flight leader said it had reached the rear cockpit, although I couldn't feel a thing. I kept my eyes glued on the air speed indicator and altimeter. Then we crossed the beach and Dave said 'Sorry, Jack, this is as far as I can take you. Good luck.'

"The altimeter was just going through 1,000 feet and we were doing about 240 knots when I punched out [ejected]. The plane was about 600 feet when Dave left it. And then the plane hit. But it all happened much faster than I'm telling it—I punched out, Dave punched out, and the plane hit and exploded in a fireball, boom, boom, boom.

"The ejection stunned me, of course, but it wasn't as bad as I thought it would be, from all the stories about people breaking their backs. When I went, out the seat started tumbling, and I remember seeing the airplane moving away. I was conscious, but I just dimly remember feeling the terrific deceleration when the chute opened.

"We were in the water about 30 minutes, under fire from the North Vietnamese on shore the whole time. They were mostly firing machine guns, and the fire was very accurate. I'd duck under water over the side of my raft every time a burst

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came close. One time I came up, and the raft had been hit and sunk.

"Sampans had headed out toward us from shore to capture or kill us, and Dave and I were swimming as fast as we could toward the Philippines. The chopper arrived just in time."

Preston and Moruzzi were picked up uninjured by the rescue helicopter and were flying again the next day.

Next to flak, the big worry for fighter-bomber pilots is the Soviet-made, radar-controlled, surface-to-air missile (SAM) of which thousands are fired from North Viet Nam. Many pilots hate the SAM's even more than the deadly flak, although the missiles rarely bring down American planes. Part of the fear is psychological. "You can see a SAM coming and chasing you," one 480th pilot explained, "but once you see the flak, it's either hit you or missed you."

A SAM is 15 or 20 feet long, has guidance fins and is controlled from the ground by a radar tracking station that plots a plane's course, speed and altitude and tries to predict where the plane will be when the SAM gets aloft. All this data is fed through a computer, along with changes the plane makes in its course. The radar and computer keep sending new directions to the rising SAM, to get it as close to the target as possible. Then the SAM blows up with a gigantic orange blast that will knock down anything in the immediate neighborhood.

But SAM's have three big limitations. The first is that they're not effective close to the ground. For practical purposes, anything much below 10,000 feet high is fairly safe from SAM's. The second is that the SAM is a slow starter. As it rises in a cloud of smoke and dust from its pad, it moves slowly at first, giving pilots plenty of time to spot the missile—despite its camouflage colors—before it picks up speed. And third, the SAM can't turn corners nearly as tight as those around which a jetfighter can fly. A SAM can fly faster than a jet, but it can't out-maneuver it, despite its radar control.

Typically, when a SAM is spotted by any man in a flight, the entire flight breaks formation and begins frantic evasive maneuvering, most often accompanied by a steep dive. This practically always shakes the SAM, but puts the flight at flak altitude.

Capt. John Williams, 29, a Phantom command pilot from Brooklyn, New York, will never forget the shock of his first encounter with enemy SAM's.

"We were accompanying six flights of Thuds [F-105's] which were making the strikes," he recalled. "We turned a corner about 50 miles northwest of Hanoi, and before we knew it, there were three SAM's just screaming right up at us. We didn't see them launch, and we spotted them when they were less than half a mile from us. We broke violently and by twisting around we shook them.

"The first one went right over me, and was after the flight leader. I watched it all the way, and rolled away from it so I could keep my eye on it. I saw it trying to tuck over, using its radar guidance to pull back down on the flight leader, but it couldn't quite make the turn and ended up exploding a quarter-mile in front of where he would have if we hadn't gotten out of the way. Another one exploded 500 feet behind us."

Williams' backseater, 1/Lt. John Veth, 24, of Queens, New York, interrupted to describe the basic difference between facing flak and SAM's.

"Flak," he said, "you know it's there, and you continue your mission. You change altitude and heading a little bit and you're immediately out of the flak zone. But when the SAM's come up, your primary concern is just surviving. You

TRUE

"At *this* late date, *who's* going to prove that an ancient Babylonian temple-priestess *didn't* wear a costume like that?"

jinx and evade and it disrupts your mission because it takes a while afterwards to get the flight together again."

Everyone in the 480th Squadron feels the unique two-pilot system of the F-4C they fly is a key reason for their success against SAM's. The backseat pilot has full flight controls, and can take over the plane, even landing it if necessary. But normally he worries about navigating and operating the fantastically complex radar system housed in the big black nose of the Phantom—the biggest instrument in the backseat pilot's panel is a radar scope. The backseater also provides an extra and vital set of eyes, that can keep tabs on things behind the plane, below it and to the sides, thus directing the command pilot away from danger he might have missed seeing. Ordinarily (but not necessarily) the command pilot outranks the backseater, who eventually can get up-graded to command pilot status.

Besides SAM's and flak, there also are enemy fighters to worry about, although the entire North Vietnamese air force only has about 60 planes. These include Korean War-vintage MIG-15's and the somewhat faster MIG-17's, all more or less obsolete. But there are also a few MIG-21's which were seen in combat for the

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NEXT MONTH IN TRUE

first time this year. About as fast as any fighter planes made, they are very dangerous opponents whose natural quarry is the American bomber.

Properly speaking, the United States does not use bombers over North Viet Nam in the classic, World War II sense. Giant, eight-engine B-52's of the Strategic Air Command based on Guam regularly fly saturation raids over South Viet Nam. But at this writing, they have been used only twice over North Viet Nam (in an unsuccessful effort to close the key road over the Mu Gia Pass) and most officials don't want to fly them there again. The danger of losing one or more of these ponderous, costly giants is too great.

Instead, the Air Force leans on its speedy single-seat, single-engine F-105's, for most of its bombing. The Navy relies primarily on the tiny single-seat A-4 Skyhawk jet. While both planes are armed to protect themselves, they rely on speed to stay alive. And they are protected by the relatively large F-4 Phantom two-engine, two-seat fighters.

Pilots of both "Thuds" and Phantoms hold the B-52 crews more or less in contempt. They contend that the B-52's fly too high over South Viet Nam to be in real danger. More important, the small-

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plane pilots charge that the B-52's waste bombs with their high-level saturation raids over jungle areas—bombs that could be better used in pinpoint bombing. The B-52's mainly drop 750- and 1,000-pound bombs, which are in chronic short supply in Viet Nam.

Phantom fighters drop bombs themselves, of course. They also strafe, drop napalm and other antipersonnel weapons, do reconnaissance and perform many other chores. But the supreme role of the Phantom is as an all-weather air-to-air fighter, and there probably is no better plane for that job in the world.

While Phantoms—as noted earlier—usually do not carry guns (a fact which can be a disadvantage when battling MIG's at very close range), they go into combat carrying eight deadly missiles: four AIM-7C Sparrows and four AIM-9B Sidewinders.

The Sidewinder's glass nose is sensitive to intense heat. Once the nose is trained on a heat source, such as the tail pipe of a jet engine, internal controls keep the missile flying right at the source. A Sidewinder will chase the sun if aimed in that direction, but the "picture" taken by its nose is quite narrow to avoid that kind of accident. This means a Sidewinder has to be aimed carefully, but once it is properly "locked on" target, the missile will often fly right up the tail pipe of an enemy jet, blowing it to bits. Moreover, a near miss is often just as effective, since the missile has a proximity detonator that will set it off when it gets close enough to the target.

The Sparrow, a much larger missile, operates with highly sophisticated radar homing equipment. While the Sidewinder must be fired from behind an enemy jet (to lock on the jet's exhaust) the Sparrow can be fired at any angle. And where the Sidewinder's range is limited to a few miles, the Sparrow will knock down an enemy at distances of 35 or more miles away.

This is the armament of the airplane that goes to do battle with the formidable Mach 2, delta-wing MIG-21. The MIG-21 normally carries two Soviet Atoll missiles that work on the same principle as the American Sidewinder.

At this writing, three MIG-21's have been shot down in the Vietnamese war—all by Phantoms of the 480th Squadron at Danang. Making matters even better, the 480th, to date, has suffered no losses from enemy fighters. In fact, through midsummer only three U.S. planes had been lost in battles with enemy aircraft.

Maj. Paul J. Gilmore, 33, of Alamogordo, and his backseater, 1/Lt. William T. Smith, 27, of Wayne, Pennsylvania, shot down the first MIG-21 on April 26, 1966, about 65 miles northwest of Hanoi. The squadron brought down the two other MIG-21's only a few seconds apart on July 14.

Capt. William J. Swendner, 31, of Alamogordo, was on "MIG-Cap" (MIG Combat Air Patrol) at the time of his kill. His Phantom was one of four flying cover for three F-105's. The F-105's were bombing a SAM launching site.

"The first thing was a radio warning from one of the F-105's that a MIG-21 was coming in at 5 o'clock," Swendner said. "I rolled in with the Thud just ahead of me, and sure enough, off to my right was this MIG, maybe two or three miles away.

"I could see that he was closing on the last 105 rather quickly, so I dived and pulled in behind him. And I think I got a little anxious—a little spastic on the stick. I fired the first missile, and it kind of went zipping past him, but at least he knew I was there.

"Right then, he broke off from the 105, lit his afterburner and started to climb away. But I fired on him again, and got him with the Sidewinder. The missile went right up his tail pipe, and he blew up. I turned to get out of the way of the debris flying in all directions. I still find it hard to believe. The whole thing took maybe two minutes."

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The other victorious pilot that day was 1/Lt. Ronald G. Martin, 26, of Lake Villa, Illinois. Martin was working as Swendner's wing man and spotted his MIG just an instant after Swendner did. Martin said:

"I fired two Sidewinders, and the first one exploded next to the tail of the MIG. I don't remember seeing what happened to the second missile, but two or three seconds after the first one exploded, the MIG started a slow right turn, pulling up. And the pilot ejected, right there in front of me. It kind of got me to see this guy eject. I turned to the left to avoid hitting him, and his plane did a violent pitch-up, stopped, started to climb and then fell back and spiraled down. I couldn't see any point chasing an empty airplane so I broke off and headed home. The number four man saw the MIG pilot's parachute open."

Back at Danang that night there was a roaring big party for the two Phantom crews at the "Doom Club," the pilots' cafeteria-style mess hall and after-hours retreat. And a red MIG silhouette was promptly painted on the nose of each of the two victorious planes.

Except for celebrations like these, life at Danang for pilots and everyone else is drab, uncomfortable and generally monotonous. The city of Danang is more or less permanently off limits to all U.S. servicemen not on duty there. This is because friction between Americans and the local Vietnamese sometimes has flared into anti-American rioting during times of political tension. This leaves for recreation one small "Americans-only" beach several miles away, and the crowded base compound itself.

Danang is a coastal town built on sand. Its blistering heat is relieved only by drenching rain during the monsoon season. The pilots live a few hundred yards from the runway, and the hypersonic blast of afterburning jet engines continues day and night.

The 480th Squadron alternates with its sister outfit, the 390th, on day and night missions—30 days on each at a time. Everyone prefers the 30-day night cycle.

For one thing, planes are harder to hit at night. For another, pilots on the night cycle get to sleep in tiny trailers, two men to a trailer, which are soundproofed and air-conditioned. The trailers make it possible for a man to sleep soundly all day, despite the roar of jets and the burning sun outside.

But most of the time, the pilots live in their billet—an open-sided barn, with corrugated roof, partitioned into small rooms with slatted wooden walls. Four men barely jam into each room. Each cubicle contains two double-decker bunks with mosquito netting, an overhead fan, some wall lockers, a small desk and chair and several dozen pinup pictures. Recently, the base commander objected to the barer pinups, so pilots killed some off-hours making paper brassieres for their pinup girls.

In the center of the billet is one slightly larger room where the light is always on, and pilots can read, talk, or play cards. Otherwise, the building is kept as dark as possible during the day to reduce the heat, but it doesn't help much. Pilots stay stripped to the waist or wear only T-shirts and shorts, except when they're actually getting ready to fly. Then they put on their light, gray-blue flying suits. Uniforms are hardly ever worn on base.

In the center room, there is a refrigerator, a dingy couch, and a circular, felt covered table with several chairs. There also are some bags in a corner marked with the names of Lurie and Pyle, the pilots missing in North Viet Nam.

Emergencies or old-fashioned "scrambles" are rare. Missions are almost always "fragged" (posted by formal orders) hours or even days in advance. So when a pilot has finished his flying for the day, there's always plenty of time for leisurely talk, if not much else.

A hundred steps away from the billet is a big, white movie theater with a different, late-run movie every night. The pilots see movies often, but there are drawbacks. There's never yet been electric power available to run the air-conditioning plant, so the theater is always stifling hot. And because several outfits use the same theater, you may have to wait in line an hour to get to see the picture.

Then there's the Base Exchange (BX), where all kinds of things are sold, but somehow never exactly the items the shopper went to find. The only Vietnamese a pilot is apt to meet his whole time in the country are the maids who polish shoes and clean the billet.

1/Lt. John Rains, 25, of North Little Rock, Arkansas, a backseater, sums up life at Danang in this fashion:

"The only time we get off base we get scared to death, flying to North Viet Nam. The rest of the time the routine never changes.

"You can tell it's Sunday because that's the day you get the comics in your paper [the comic supplement in the Sunday edition of *Pacific Stars and Stripes*]. You can pass time at the beach, or the movie or the BX. You never do more than one the same day, because it's better to save them up and space them out. Everyone lives for their R and R and leaves."

During each pilot's tour in Viet Nam, he is entitled to two leaves, each seven days long, and one seven-day "Rest and Rehabilitation" which does not count as leave time. He can spend each of these periods in Japan, Taiwan, Thailand, Hong Kong, Okinawa or even Hawaii. Many married pilots fly back to Hawaii, and have their wives meet them there.

On base there are rare breaks in monotony. Danang is also a civilian airport at which various commercial airlines land. A Pan American charter flight once landed at Danang at about the time two Phantoms banged in from a mission in North Viet Nam.

As soon as the Phantom pilots had taxied their planes to the revetments, they ran over to the big airliner. Sweaty and grimy, still wearing their flight gear, helmets and .38 revolvers, and before even checking in for a debriefing, they dashed up and gallantly presented themselves to the pretty stewardesses. The stewardesses were overwhelmed by the charm of the pilots, who quickly got what they had come for—all the ice cream in the plane's galley.

The 480th's pilots generally accept war matter-of-factly as something they were trained for and are now engaged in. They consider themselves professionals, and it shows when they are questioned.

"I don't think missions ever get to be routine. But you get used to them after a while," Lieutenant Veth says. "Now we know every little bend in the Red River, and it's almost like home."

And Captain Williams says: "I figure we're doing a good job here, and it's what we're getting paid for. I personally picked this way of life."

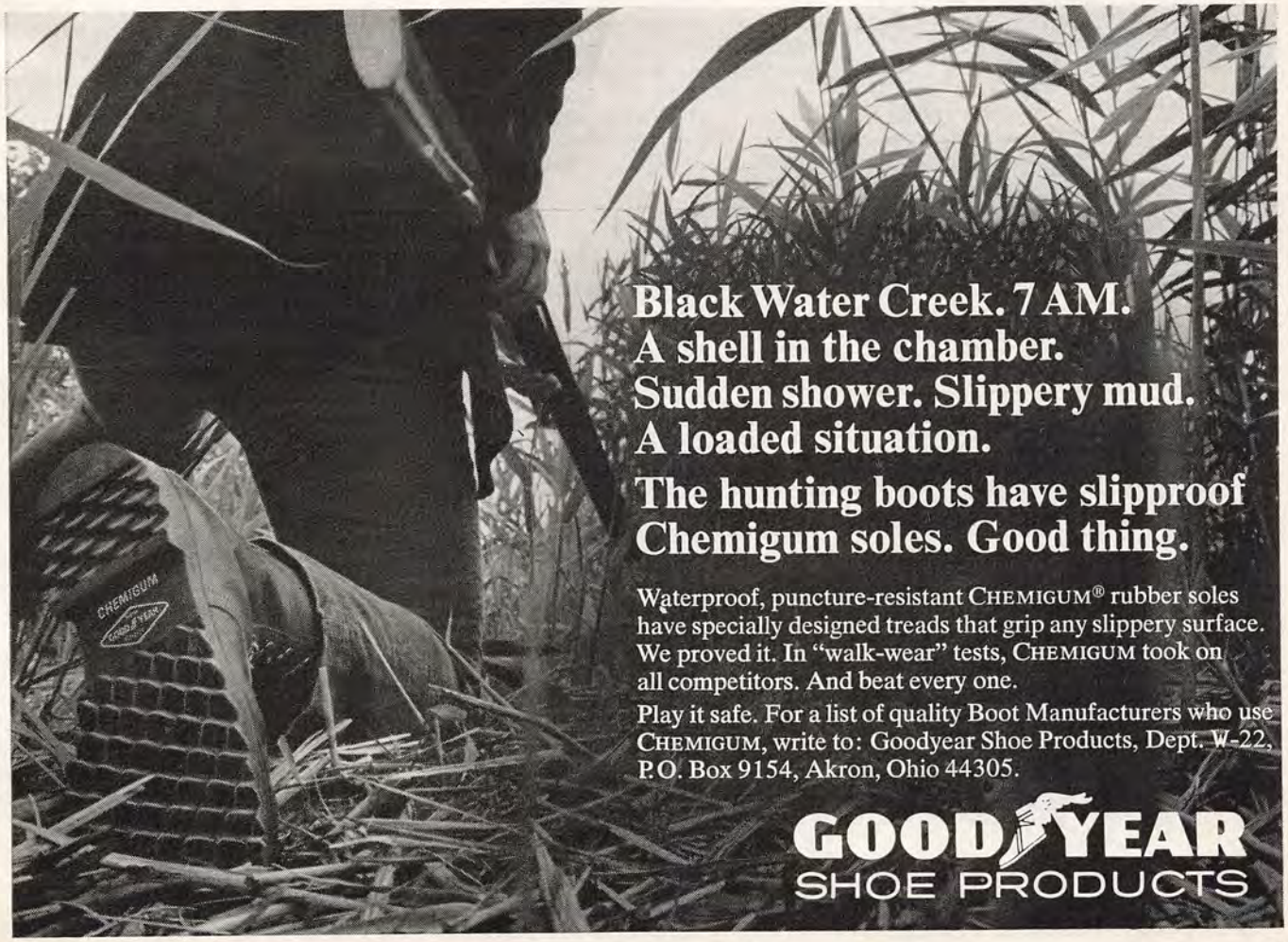
Lieutenant Veth says: "For some reason, when you think of an enemy fighter, you think in terms of an enemy aircraft, not in terms of the man in the airplane. It's just that simple. You see an aircraft and your job is to shoot it down, so you shoot it down. The emotion of knowing there's a man in the airplane and the possibility of killing him doesn't enter into the situation.

"And it's more or less the same when you're rolling in on a target for an air-to-ground mission. You have an objective, maybe a bridge or ferry or something. It's the objective, not the people down there. Or if you're going for a gun emplacement that's shooting at you, you're trying to take out the gun, not the people on the gun."

Lieutenant Rains adds: "I don't know, maybe you hope the guy in the MIG comes out alive, because he's a comrade in some respects, a fellow pilot. But then again, the more that guy learns by being shot down but staying alive, the more likely he may come up again and shoot you down some day. So there's a mixed emotion."

Getting shot down is something on the minds of everyone in the 480th.

The squadron commander, Lt. Col. Leland W. Dawson, 44, of St. Petersburg, Florida, got his taste of it during World War II. Dawson was stationed at Nanning in southern China in 1943, flying P-40 and P-51 fighters against the Japanese near the North Vietnamese border. On his 27th mission, Dawson was shot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down by ground fire. He crash-landed in a rice paddy, thinking he'd made it to friendly Chinese territory. He hadn't. After being marched halfway across China by brutal guards, he was interned in Japan for the rest of the war.

These days, Dawson flies over North Viet Nam about three times a week, and his Phantom already has been hit by ground fire. He keeps his fingers crossed.

Another World War II veteran is the 480th's Operations Sergeant, one of only five enlisted men in a squadron of about 50 officers. He is Tech/Sgt. Gerald L. Bryan, whose family is in El Paso, Texas. While Bryan handles the squadron's paper work and no longer flies missions, he has more enemy planes to his credit than any other man in the squadron. In World War II, he was a ball-turret gunner in a B-24 heavy bomber and went along on the historic raid against the Ploesti oil fields in Rumania, which eliminated much of the Nazi fuel supply.

In the coure of that massive raid, Bryan shot down nine Messerschmitt 109 fighters from his gun position before a tenth one shot his B-24 down. He and seven other crew members evaded the Nazis for 54 days, walking all the way into Yugoslavia, where they were eventually rescued by American planes. He got a Silver Star for his Messerschmitts.

Shooting down MIG's is different from shooting down Messerschmitts, and besides piloting skill, it takes science. The 480th's resident scientist is Maj. Tyler Goodman of La Salle, Illinois, a soft-spoken West Pointer, who very nearly downed the first MIG-21 himself.

"We were escorting an RB-66 reconnaissance plane last April near the big fighter air base at Kep near Hanoi when I spotted a MIG-21," Goodman recalls. "I locked on him about eight miles away, but my damn missiles wouldn't fire for some reason. I kept behind him and flew up, so I was only about 15 feet away from his cockpit and looking right at his face. I was a little behind him, and I don't think he ever saw me or realized I was there."

That one got away, but the squadron commander gives Goodman a large share of the credit for downing all three of the other MIG-21's. Goodman has made an exhaustive study of intelligence reports on the performance of all types of MIG's. Plotting graphs of speed against altitude, Goodman has worked out combinations in which MIG's have an edge over Phantoms, and other combinations in which the Phantoms have the advantage.

These combinations are obviously secret. But by flying the way Goodman tells them, the Phantom pilots are doing fine against one of the most feared airplanes in the world.

The MIG's themselves are bright silver, and are easy to spot, since all American planes are painted. (Air Force planes are camouflaged in a pattern of earth-brown, field green and a somewhat darker green, while Marine and Navy planes are light gray.) But pilots don't like to talk about the markings they see or don't see on the enemy planes, perhaps because there's a strong suspicion that at least some of the enemy planes are from the air force of Red China, not North Viet Nam.

Either way, it's a job, and the 480th pilots do it without worrying too much about international issues.

Lieutenant Rains, after dodging SAM's and especially accurate flak one afternoon, got back to base and promptly went to the movie, which was one of the juvenile beach epics popular in the States. In one scene, a bikini-clad girl zipped around a corner on a skateboard towed by a motorcycle. "Wow," Rains said seriously, "a person could get killed doing that!" —**Malcolm W. Browne**

WHEN T.R. DIDN'T SPEAK SOFTLY TO WINCHESTER

[*Continued from page* 41]

one with the sharp, narrow notch. It was entirely useless to send them out to me in such shape.

"Moreover, while the two .405's were sighted accurately, the .30 caliber shoots about 12 inches high and six inches to the left; and moreover, extraordinary to relate, its rear sight is actually different from the rear sight of the two .405's, and if possible, worse. I cannot see what excuse there was, when I had already sent you the rifles as models, for you to send me rear sights such as there are on the three guns you sent me. Please be sure to copy exactly the rear sight of the government weapon which I send you, and then have it sent on to Washington with your three rifles when they are ready.

"There are two other matters to which I desire to call attention in connection with these rifles. By comparing the stocks you will find that at present the stocks of the Winchesters are shorter than the stock of my government rifle. When you get the thick rubber pads put on, will this difference be equalized and will the stocks be of exactly the same length as my government rifle? This you must surely see to, as I want them exactly and precisely in every respect like the stock of the government rifle.

"Moreover, I find that the magazine mechanism is totally different in the two .405's from what it is in your .30 caliber. In the last, the .30 caliber, I can put all five cartridges into the magazine, and then by working the magazine the top one goes into the breech. But in the .405's I put only four cartridges in the magazine. If I try to put a fifth in it, it jams when I attempt to work the lever and get it into the breech. In other words, I can put four in the magazine and then one in the breech, whereas in the .30 caliber I put all five in the magazine and work the lever to get one of them into the breech. Now is this the proper and normal thing? I merely wish to be sure that everything is all right, as I

am naturally a little unsettled by the extraordinary failure in the matter of the rear sights."

I can understand how such hassles arose and sympathize with the Winchester officials who showed great restraint. Take the matter of those stocks. T.R. was too busy to follow the voluminous mail with care, even though he contributed to it substantially. Had he reviewed the correspondence, he would have realized that the stocks of which he was complaining so sharply were only *temporary*. All too often, technical points seemed not to have got through to the President and to have gone over the heads of his staff. Winchester must have felt that it was shouting down an empty well.

To this particular blast, Winchester apologized for one point on which it had been remiss—the sights of which T.R. complained were, like the stocks, only temporary, but Winchester had neglected to tell him this. However, the company then got in a solid dig of its own: "We are surprised at your report in regard to the sighting of the two .405's and the .30 caliber. These were shot by the same man and we got excellent results, using ammunition of the same lot which we sent you. We will go into this matter again and will target the guns carefully with the special sights which we are making for you."

As to the stocks, once the rifle had been furnished with special extra-thick recoil pads T.R. had requested, they would be the exact dimensions that he wished. Yet his letter posed a new difficulty. In July he had sent the company his Model 94 Winchester .30-30 which he designated as the model to copy for the sights and stocks of the .405's he had ordered. Now he says that he wants the stocks "exactly and precisely in every respect like the stock of the government [Springfield] rifle." Unfortunately there were substantial differences between the two. Winchester had the stocks practically completed according to the dimensions of the .30-30; if it had to start over again and copy the stock on the Springfield, this would mean additional delay, and T.R. was *already* complaining about delay.

T.R.'s difficulty on the capacity of the magazines in the .405 and the .30 caliber was simply explained: "The .30 caliber magazines are intended to take five cartridges but the .405 will only take four. This difference is due to the larger size of the .405 ammunition."

The correspondence had begun on June 16th with a letter from William Loeb, the President's secretary, informing Winchester in New Haven, Connecticut, that T.R. was planning to go to Africa with his son Kermit (my father, then a Harvard freshman) the following year. From the beginning there was discreet emphasis on the expectation that the eyes of the world would be on the rifles that T.R. would be using. By the end of June T.R. was suggesting that the rifles be brought to Oyster Bay on New York's Long Island for himself to have a chance to examine them "as I want to be sure there is no slipup." The Winchesters "will be shooting in competition [with a double-barreled .450 cordite English rifle], so I want to be sure they are good ones."

Shortly afterward he reported that he was considering taking his .45-70 Winchester, which he found so effective against moose and black bear, "altho I have been warned that the gun is not right for African game. I am rather inclined to doubt this. How will the penetration of the full metal-covered bullet for this .45-70 rifle compare with the penetration of the similar full-jacket bullet for the .405? Have you any data which would show how this .45-70 would do on African buffalo and rhino, for instance? I should use the soft-nosed bullet for lion, for I do not believe that a lion is a tougher animal than a moose or a bear."

Later, he decided not to take the .45-70 after all.

The President fretted about his ammunition. Suppose it was not in Africa upon his arrival? I can imagine his relief when he wrote to Winchester: "To my great pleasure I find that I shall be allowed to take cartridges with me on the steamer. Such being the case, I shall take 3,000 cartridges with me and have you ship 3,000 yourselves."

The .405's T.R. ordered were Model 1895 Winchester lever actions—two at first, with a third ordered later as a spare. The President was definite in his wants: oil-finished stocks with cheek pieces, matted barrels, flat-top sporting rear sights and Lyman gold-bead front sights, sling straps and swivels, and Silver's recoil pads 1½ inches thick which had to be ordered from abroad.

When the rifles were nearly ready he suddenly inquired: "Would it be possible to substitute for the metal bead you have on the three front sights a small light pink ivory bead, in each case the color of the lightest pink billiard ball—that is, ivory stained so as just to have a pink tinge over the whiteness and still leave it light? If so, I would like to have this done."

Winchester patiently replied: "We will also endeavor to get you ivory sights stained a light pink and if we are successful, will put these on the guns and will send along as extras the gold beads with which they are now equipped."

Letters flew back and forth on the subject of recoil pads—what would happen if the 1½-inch Silver's pads didn't arrive from London in time? Winchester assured T.R. that they wouldn't cut the buttstocks beforehand and if necessary would furnish them with ¾-inch pads and to the exact stock length specified by the President. Sigh.

Meanwhile, T.R. was doing some practice shooting—"Please send the President some targets with regular rings marked, and also some pasters to cover the shots on the targets."—and took a high-handed attitude about what to do with the dirty rifles afterward. "Gentlemen: I am returning to you herewith the two guns you sent out to me, together with a .30-30 Winchester rifle and my Springfield rifle. The latter (the Springfield) I merely desire that you have cleaned and returned to me."

Winchester clean a *Springfield!* It must have been a long hot summer.

Correspondence poured elsewhere, in tidal-wave proportions, to and from the White House. There were letters about

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duffel bags, cotton-soled shoes, dried eggs and jam, the merits of canned tomatoes, the weight that a single African porter could carry in the bush for it was to be a safari of many months. T.R. wrote to American ranchers, English sportsmen, famous African hunters like Frederick Selous and my father Kermit.

The replies brought new questions for Winchester: "Can you put your cartridges up in cases suitable for transportation on the backs of porters? I will give you in detail the number and kind of cartridges I wish."

Meanwhile, at the arms company plant, Winchester Bennett, second vice-president, was writing memos like this: "All the guns ordered, both fancy and regular, should be gone over with the same care by Jim Sterling and should be tested out so that there is no possibility of their being in any way defective."

The rifles were test-fired at Sagamore Hill, the Roosevelt estate at Oyster Bay, where there was a sloping pasture providing a downhill field of fire of about 100 yards which was often used for this purpose. (I can well remember as a boy—it was of course years after T.R.'s death—being tremendously excited as my father and uncle Ted prepared for a trip by shooting in their rifles on this range. We children were usually allowed to fire a few shots too, the size of the weapon varying according to the size and spirit of the child.)

The African Winchesters were also test-fired in a special range set up in the basement of the White House. By this time the atmosphere on the White House side at least had greatly improved. T.R. himself wrote: "The rifles have come. They are beautiful weapons and I am confident will do well." A few days later: "I cannot say how much I like those two .405 rifles you sent me. Now, my belief is that in Africa, those will be the two rifles my son and I will habitually carry in our own hands; the rifles upon which we will most depend. As this is so, I think I should like to have you make me a third rifle, a duplicate of these two."

Winchester's Mr. Albert Laudensack reported for duty at the White House at 9 a.m. on December 31, 1908. T.R. spent the morning with him—the .405's were shooting high, T.R. thought, but Laudensack replaced the rear sights and T.R. reported himself "extremely pleased with the results." Laudensack apparently enjoyed himself immensely, lunching with T.R. and family and exchanging with the President highly technical views on arms and ammunition.

Safely back in New Haven, Laudensack reported that the President's eyesight was so poor that it was a wonder he could hit anything.

From now on, despite small complications and last-minute changes, everything proceeded comparatively smoothly. True, the last made of the .405's suffered a mishap while being shipped back to New Haven from inspection at the White House. The cork of a bottle of Chrystal Cleaner came out, and the rifle required complete refinishing. The President was much annoyed.

Then, at the last minute, the makings of one more crisis developed. T.R. had agreed that there would be no objection to Winchester's stating, in response to *queries*, that the President was taking Winchesters on his trip. However, he "would not want the matter used in any way as an advertisement," and Winchester agreed to this condition. The advertising manager was instructed accordingly.

But the temptation was too great. Just as T.R. sailed for Africa a full-page advertisement appeared in magazines and newspapers, showing a map of lower Africa with a hand thrust through it from behind brandishing a Winchester rifle, the shadow of which fell directly upon central East Africa. A large caption read, "COMING EVENTS CAST THEIR SHADOWS." Although the name Roosevelt did not appear, this was clearly a violation of the spirit of the agreement. The president of Winchester wrote immediately to T.R. regretting and apologizing for the ad. He expected a vitriolic reply, but as a Winchester historian later observed, "The President did not seem to be a bit annoyed—in fact, loving publicity as he did, he seemed to be rather amused and rather tickled with the situation, and his letter to Mr. Bennett was in no way critical."

In the final event T.R. and my father took with them three model 1895 .405 Winchesters, another Model 1895 Winchester taking 1903 .30 caliber Springfield ammunition, a Springfield in .30 caliber, a double-barreled .450 Holland and Holland, a 9 mm. Mannlicher, and a little .25-36 caliber Marlin. Three thousand rounds of ammunition had preceded the party to Mombasa Kenya, and an additional 3,000 rounds accompanied them on the boat. "I think," T.R. wrote, "this will be double the amount of ammunition that we shall use; but I would a good deal rather have 3,000 cartridges more than I want than 100 cartridges less than I want."

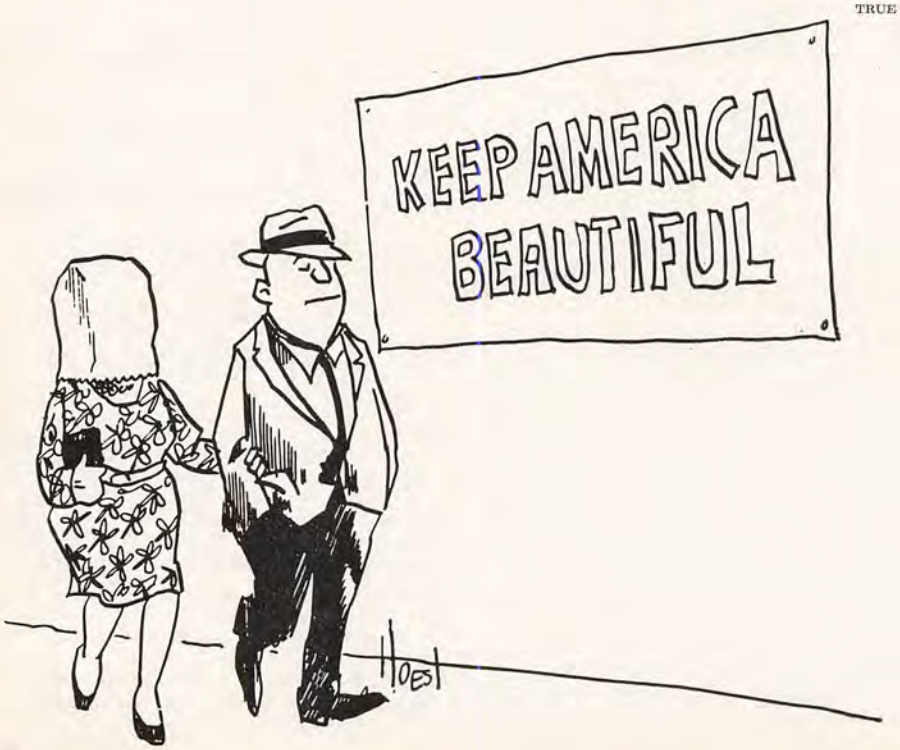
The rest of the story is all happy. T.R. left the train from Mombasa to Nairobi at Kapiti Plains Depot to begin his African safari, going after lions with the noted English hunter, Sir Alfred Pease, and a youngster named Philip Percival, later one of Ernest Hemingway's favorite companions in the bush. Their first afternoon produced four lions, and T.R. describes the hunt in loving detail: "Right in front of me, 30 yards off, there appeared from behind the bushes . . . the tawny galloping form of a big maneless lion. Crack! The Winchester spoke; and as the soft-nosed bullet plowed forward through his flank, the lion swerved so that I missed him with the second shot; but my third bullet went through the spine. . . . Down he came . . . hind quarters dragging, his head up, his ears back, his jaws open and his lips drawn up in a prodigious snarl. . . ."

He promptly christened the .405 his "medicine gun" for lions.

Later T.R. and his party were charged by a rhino while he was carrying his .405 loaded with full-jacketed bullets. His first shot had no effect except to hasten the animal's approach. His second went in between the neck and shoulder, stopping the rhinoceros. He fired into the shoulder again and turned the animal toward the bush; then he fired two more shots into its flank. He went into the thicket after it, very cautiously, with the .450 Holland double barrel, and when the rhino emerged from cover some 30 yards from him, he fired both barrels into and behind the shoulder. The rhino wheeled and struggled back into the thicket, where they heard it fall. With the greatest of care, they crept in and saw the beast lying with its head toward them. Taking no chances, T.R. fired again.

"The Winchester did admirably with lions, giraffes, elands and smaller game and with hippos. For heavy game like

TRUE



rhinoceros and buffaloes, I found that for me personally the heavy Holland was unquestionably the proper weapon. But in writing this, I wish most distinctly to assert my full knowledge of the fact that the choice of a rifle is almost as much a matter of personal idiosyncrasy as the choice of a friend," T.R. was to write.

I have been unable to find out how many of the 6,000 rounds of ammunition T.R. took to Africa were actually fired, but his *African Game Trails* does record the results of the 10-month hunt. Game shot with rifle totaled 512, including 17 lions, three leopards, 11 elephants, 20 rhinoceros, eight hippos, and 10 buffaloes. T.R.'s comment on this: "We were in hunting grounds practically as good as any that have ever existed; but we did not kill a tenth, nor a hundredth part of what we might have killed had we been willing. The mere size of the bag indicates little as to a man's prowess as a hunter, and almost nothing as to the interest or value of his achievement."

Fifty years after T.R.'s trip, my two oldest boys and I made a safari of our own covering many of the areas in which my grandfather had hunted. Some species are in danger of extinction, but it is yet possible to see something of what fascinated T.R. in Africa.

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of sex and sadism
that made a nation shudder

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NEXT MONTH IN TRUE

We went to the Kapiti Plains where, in what is still known as Roosevelt Donga, T.R. shot his first lion, and found Philip Percival (who, together with Sir Alfred Pease, had been with T.R. at the time) still living there. Percival had celebrated his 76th birthday, just a few weeks prior to our seeing him, by adding two more lions to his lifetime's total within several hundred yards of Roosevelt Donga.

But going back to 1909, Winchester must have been waiting anxiously while the President collected trophies in Africa. Finally, on May 12, 1909, T.R. wrote once more to New Haven, this time from Nairobi:

"Gentlemen: Please send to: Sir Alfred E. Pease, Pinchinthorpe, Gainsborough, Yorkshire, England, and charge to my account, one of your .22 automatic repeating rifles, 1,000 cartridges, fitted with a peep sight.

In Scribner's magazine you will see how well I have done with your .405, against lion, giraffe, and other game.

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Theodore Roosevelt"

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22

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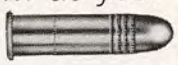

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MAN TO MAN
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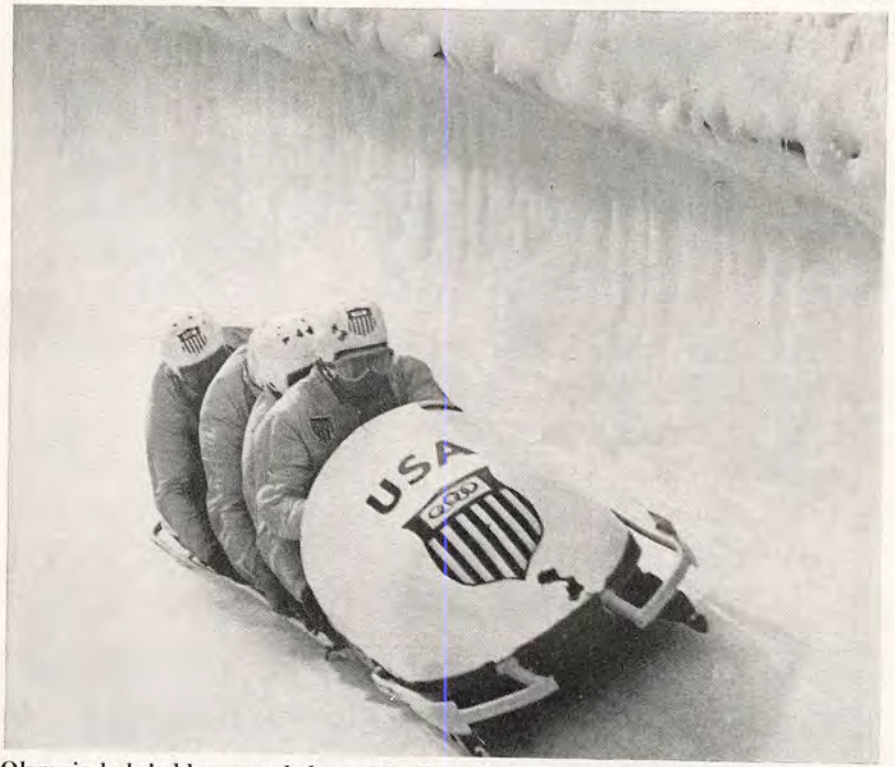

Olympic bobsledders speed down Mt. Van Hoevenberg run at Lake Placid, N.Y.

Bobsled enthusiast A. R. Furman of Los Angeles writes to settle an argument about that particular sport. He says there was no bobsledding at the 1960 Winter Olympics held at Squaw Valley because there is no bobsled run there. His friend disagrees, stating that the event is an official category of the Winter Olympics and therefore had to take place. Who is right?

There was no bobsled event at the 1960 Winter Olympics, nor is there a bobsled run at Squaw Valley. One would have been built if a sufficient number of bobsled teams had entered, but most competing countries felt their teams were too weak that year to participate and therefore the category was eliminated.

At present, there is only one bobsled run on the North American continent. It is located on Mount Van Hoevenberg at Lake Placid in the Adirondack Mountain area of upstate New York.

Built for the 1932 Winter Olympics, the treacherous ice-glazed one-and-a-half-mile course contains 26 sharply banked turns. It was designed and built by Stanislaus Zentztski, a German, at a cost of more than $200,000. Six and a half feet wide on the straightaways, the run has an average incline of 10 degrees and is considered one of the two fastest runs in the world. The other is the Cresta run on Mount St. Moritz in Switzerland.

Bobsledding is one of the fastest and most dangerous sports. Speeds up to 120 mph. are possible. Last February on the Lake Placid run, 34-year-old Sergio Zardini, one of the world's top drivers, was killed instantly when he ran into trouble at a crossover and was thrown into the lip of a turn.

The term bobsledding comes from a maneuver called bobbing which is done to increase speed on straightaways. At the brakeman's signal, he and everyone but the driver lean far back and, at a second signal, lurch forward causing the sled to actually jump ahead.

Q: How did the term "fifth column" originate and what does it mean exactly? *Joseph Diegan, El Cajon, Calif.*

A: General Emilio Mola, a general in Franco's rebel army during the Spanish Civil War, advanced on Madrid in 1936 with four columns of soldiers. In a radio broadcast to the city, Mola said that within the defense lines were Franco sympathizers engaged in espionage, sabotage and other subversive activities. These he designated as his fifth column. The expression rapidly became universal to describe an enemy concealed within one's own lines.

Q: I was in the army during the Korean War, until 1954. Was I covered by Social Security during this time? *Bill Braun, Reno, Nev.*

A: No. Deductions for Social Security were not taken from armed forces pay until 1957. However, if you apply for Social Security benefits and need more wage credits, you can be credited with up to $160 in earnings a month for the time you were on active duty between 1940 and 1956.

Q: Did the Eighteenth Amendment or the Volstead Act forbid the manufacture and sale of alcoholic beverages? *William E. Beers, Garden Grove, Calif.*

A: The Eighteenth (Prohibition) Amendment, ratified in January, 1919. The Volstead Act, initiated by Representative Andrew Volstead of Minnesota, was passed by Congress in October, 1919, to define the percentage of alcohol which made a beverage intoxicating. The Act designated any liquor intoxicating which contained more than one-half of one percent of alcohol. However, it was amended in 1933, just prior to the repeal of Prohibition, to permit the sale of 3.2 beer and wine.

Q: How much has the world's population increased since the time of Christ? *Frank Amberson, Omaha, Nebr.*

A: The earth's population during the time of Christ is estimated to have been one-quarter billion. By 1830, that figure quadrupled to one billion. By 1930 the two billion mark was reached and presently the world's population stands at about three billion. Incredibly, that figure may double by the year 2000.

Q: Just what is the government's campaign known as "Operation Golden Eagle" all about? *Eric Kegg, Omaha, Nebr.*

A: In order to raise money for the Land and Water Conservation Fund, the Department of Interior sells a wallet-sized "Golden Passport" which allows annual admission to all federal recreational parks and forests. The passport, priced at $7, permits entry of one vehicle and its occupants, but does not include fees for guides and camping facilities. Golden Passports can be purchased through the American Automobile Association or at any National Park Service office.

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Q: I read that Ulysses S. Grant's real name was Hiram Ulysses Grant. Why did he change it? ***Wally Bertram, Biloxi, Miss.***

A: He disliked the name Hiram so in his youth he transposed his name from Hiram Ulysses to Ulysses Hiram Grant. Later, a mistake on his application to West Point listed him as Ulysses Simpson (his mother's maiden name) Grant, and he liked that even better. It also made possible, years later when he dictated the terms of surrender of Fort Donelson during the Civil War, his famous nickname, "Unconditional Surrender" Grant.

Q: This summer I was caught in a thunderstorm while driving through the country. There was a great deal of lightning. What would have been the safest place for me to take refuge? ***Edward McDonald, Ann Arbor, Mich.***

A: Right where you were. Lighting seldom strikes a car, and if it does, it will disperse all over the metal, travel through the springs, axles and bearings to the wheels, then jump past the rubber tires to the ground. Only if you were in direct contact with the metal could you have been burned, and then only slightly.

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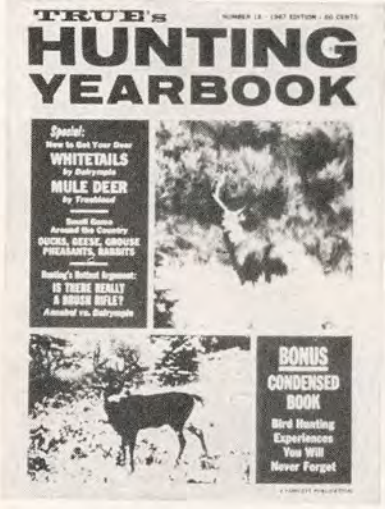

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Q: What is the name of the building in Spain where the Spanish royalty are buried? ***Charles Jackson, Orwell, Ohio***

A: The Royal Monastery. It is located in the town of San Lorenzo de El Escorial, about 30 miles from Madrid. Construction of the enormous building—church, palace, and royal mausoleum combined—began in 1557 by order of Philip II. Most of the Spanish monarchs, from Charles I on, are buried there.

Q: What is the official record distance for driving a golf ball in tournament play? ***Donald Morris, Flint, Mich.***

A: The record, made by Craig Wood in 1933 during the British Open playoff at St. Andrews, is 428 yards.

Q: What happened to the marble block Pope Pius IX sent to the United States to be used in the building of the Washington Monument? ***Randy Sanchez, San Leandro, Calif.***

A: Pope Pius IX had a great interest in the life of George Washington. In 1854, he sent a large and rare stone from the Temple of Concord in Rome to Washington to become part of the rising new monument. On the night of March 6, the stone vanished. Fragments were found on a Potomac River pier, where it was guessed that the culprits broke the marble up before tossing it into the river. This later proved to have been the work of the "Know Nothings," an anti-Catholic organization so named because of members' habit of repeating "I know nothing" when questioned by authorities about criminal acts.

Q: Where did the word "kook" come from? ***Steve Malcom, Shelby, N. C.***

A: It stems from the Hawaiian word "Kukai" which means excrement. Surfers picked up the term and applied it to troublemakers and hangers-on who never went near the water. Its popularity spread and it now denotes all offbeats and deadbeats.

Q: Is it true that the county of Winston in Alabama seceded from the Confederacy during the Civil War? ***Lee Poole, Lanham, Md.***

A: No. But it was highly pro-Union and many of its citizens enlisted in the Union army. Of course, many also fought for the South.

Q: Did the famous Mexican bandit, Joaquin Murieta, who terrorized California settlers in the 1850's actually exist? ***Frank Waddell, North Hollywood, Calif.***

A: There was really an outlaw actually named Joaquin Murieta but the old west "Robin Hood" who has been written into state histories, sensationalized in books, poems, and articles and made the subject of a Hollywood film, was a fictional composite of as many as five separate Mexican outlaw leaders called Joaquin who terrorized the California miners. The legend started with John Rollin Ridge who published *The Life and Adventures of Joaquin Murieta* in 1854.

Berni Schoenfield

Q: How many cans of tuna fish can be obtained from one tuna? ***John D. Matson, Royal City, Wash.***

A: Because a third of the fish is lost in gutting, cleaning and cooking, only one six- or seven-ounce can of tuna is obtained from each pound of fish caught. The size of tuna varies from skipjack tuna which average five to 12 pounds to bluefin tuna which weigh several hundred pounds. The bluefin is more a sport fish and is seldom used for canning, however, as its meat is quite dark and a little too strong of flavor to be popularly accepted.

Q: We always hear that safety belts in cars help save lives. How many U.S. cars actually contain safety belts? ***Victor Morrison, Pittsburgh, Pa.***

A: Of the approximately 75-million privately owned automobiles registered in the U.S., only 31 percent have safety belts.

Q: When was the first football game televised? ***Frank Darby, Tampa, Fla.***

A: New York City's Station W2XBS televised the first college football game on September 20, 1939. That was a game played on Randall's Island, New York City, between Fordham University and Waynesburg College, with Fordham winning 34-7. The same station televised the first professional football game on October 22, that same year. It was played at Ebbets Field, Brooklyn, between the Brooklyn Dodgers and the Philadelphia Eagles, with the Dodgers winning 34-14.

Q: I have heard the expression used that a plane can fly at "Mach 1." What does this mean? ***Howard Cohen, St. Petersburg, Fla.***

A: The term "Mach" is used to denote the speed of an object at a given altitude in relation to the speed of sound at the same altitude. The speed of sound varies

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Q: How long under normal storage conditions will canned goods remain in edible condition? ***Joseph S. Schick, Terre Haute, Ind.***

A: Indefinitely, or rather as long as the containers remain intact. Deterioration of cans is often hastened by rust or by storage next to furnaces or steam pipes. Another enemy of metal containers can be the food itself. Cans containing colored fruits, rhubarb, pickles and sauerkraut have a shorter expectancy, about two years, than say cans containing corn, lima beans or carrots, which may keep over three years.

Q: What is the origin of the Stanley Cup trophy? Which team has won it most often? ***Les Herbert, St. Louis, Mo.***

A: The Stanley Cup was donated by Lord Stanley of Preston in 1893 for presentation to the amateur hockey champions of Canada. It went professional, so to speak, in 1910 when it became the championship trophy of the National Hockey Association, now the National Hockey League. It is thus the oldest trophy competed for by professional athletes in North America. The Montreal Canadiens, who won it for the 14th time this year, hold the record number of wins. Next is a 10-time winner, the Toronto Maple Leafs.

Q: Who was the first man to clear 17 feet in the pole vault outdoors, and who was the first to do it indoors? ***Charles Grenelle, Burlington, Vt.***

A: Outdoors, John Pennel who jumped 17 feet, ¾ inch in August, 1963. Indoors, Bob Seagren who vaulted 17 feet, ¼ inch at the National Amateur Athletic Union Track and Field Championships last March. Seagren also set a new outdoor and world record when he cleared 17 feet, 5½ inches two months later.

Q: I have heard that a man who was hanged in Pennsylvania during the last century left a hand print on the wall of his cell that remains to this day. True? ***Victor Carroll, Houston, Tex.***

A: Yes, Thomas P. Fisher was hanged for the murder of Morgan Powell on March 28, 1878, in Mauch Chunk (since renamed Jim Thorpe), Pennsylvania. Fisher maintained his innocence all through his trial and up to the time of his execution. He was, however, a member of the Molly Maguires, a secret organization made up of Irish immigrants, who rebelled against oppressive working conditions in the coal mines, and feeling against the group was strong. Legend has it that Fisher, as he was being dragged to the place of hanging, placed his right hand on the wall of his cell and said: "My mark will stay here as long as this prison remains." There is a hand print on the wall of that cell in the Carbon County Jail which still remains, through repeated whitewashings and paintings.

Q: When were aircraft first required to carry flight recorders? ***Benjamin F. Hafer, Edmonton, Alberta, Canada.***

A: The installation of a device to record altitude and radio transmitter operation was required by the Civil Aeronautics Board as early as 1941. But this order was dropped because of wartime shortages of materials. A similar regulation was adopted in 1947, but this too was rescinded because no reliable instrument could be found. During the next nine years, companies such as Lockheed, Fairchild and Spec Tool worked with the C.A.B. in the development of reliable instruments. Finally, in July, 1958, regulations were put into effect that required flight recorders to be installed in all aircraft over 12,500 pounds operating in air carrier service above 25,000-foot altitudes, and the order still stands. Today flight recorders do much more than their early minimum requirements, including the recording of the crew's voices, pitch and roll rate of the plane, angle of bank, position of the control column and wheel, rudder pedals and horizontal stabilizer.

Q: When did the first in-flight refueling operation occur? ***I. F. Slocum, Natoma, Kans.***

A: In 1920. Bearing little resemblance to in-flight refueling as we know it today, Lt. Godfrey L. Cabot (USNR) flew over a raft in the Potomac River and from it picked up a five-gallon can of gasoline which he poured into his tank.

Q: What are the five most hazardous occupations listed by the major insurance companies? ***Cliff Kelmo, Butte, Mont.***

A: There is no set list. Jobs generally rated the most hazardous are airplane test piloting, automobile racing, crop control piloting, diving, steeplejack and flagpole working, underground mining, and high rigging in lumbering.

Q: If a fighter plane is going 750 miles per hour and fires a bullet that has a muzzle velocity of 2,182 miles per hour, will the bullet after leaving the barrel have the 750 miles per hour that the aircraft is going added to its velocity? ***Robert H. Eastwood, Redding, Calif.***

A: Yes, if fired in the same direction as the plane is going. If fired from the opposite direction, the bullet would travel 750 miles per hour slower. In the latter situation, if the bullet were fired at the same speed at which the plane is traveling the two forces would neutralize each other and the bullet would drop to the ground.

Q: Is it true that the eels found in the New England area migrate all the way to Bermuda to spawn? ***Dave Drounce, Chester, N.H.***

A: Yes. After spawning there, it is believed that the adult eel dies. The eggs float until hatched and then young transparent eels about three inches long emerge. They spend about a year in the Bermuda waters before returning to freshwater streams where they mature up to lengths of four feet.

Q: My son, stationed in Japan, has written that he is going to see the Kanto Festival. What is it? ***Sara Connolly, Los Angeles, Calif.***

A: The festival takes its name from the *kanto,* a long bamboo pole with several horizontal ribs from which many decorative lanterns are hung. During this festival, held annually each August in Akita, Japan, young men in costume demonstrate their skills at balancing the poles on their hands, foreheads, shoulders and hips. In order to invoke the help of the gods for a good harvest, the festival has been observed since the middle of the 17th century.

Q: What is the weight and value of a gold bar in the Fort Knox Depository? ***Harry Auslander, Bronx, N.Y.***

A: Standard gold bars, slightly smaller in measurement than a building brick, weigh 27½ pounds each and are worth $14,000. The bars are stored without wrapping in vaults and great care must be used in handling to avoid abrasion.

Q: What is the International Ice Patrol? ***William Stahl, Chattanooga, Tenn.***

A: Founded in 1914, two years after an iceberg sank the *Titanic,* it is an annual patrol made from the end of February to the end of June by the U.S. Coast Guard for the purpose of finding icebergs and charting their movement. The Patrol benefits the world's major maritime nations, all of which share the cost of its operation. Each year an average of 350 large icebergs drift into a position south of the 48th parallel, making them dangerous to shipping.

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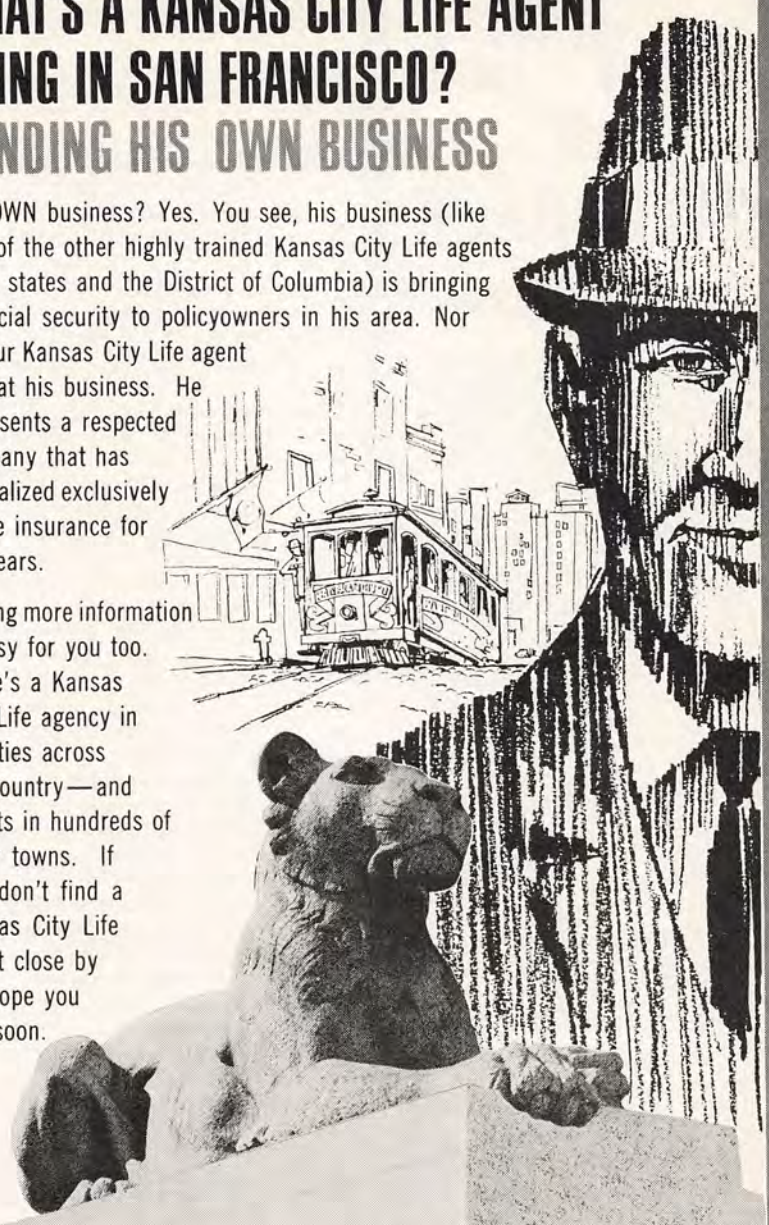

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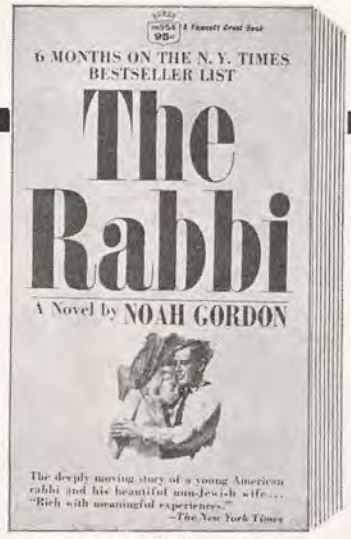
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GO BOOM—OR GO BUST—WITH A FRANCHISE

[*Continued from page* 45]

indeed seem to be making money in this kind of deal. Howard Johnson restaurants, Hertz Rent-All stores, Dunkin Donuts snack shops and other franchised enterprises seem to be popping up on every street corner. Yes, the franchise business sounds good.

Well, sometimes it is. And sometimes it isn't.

You can make money as a franchiseholder. You can get rich, if you're lucky. You can even hope to hit a superjackpot. A lot of men are glad they once answered a franchise ad—men who, but for that lucky circumstance, might still be trapped in obscure jobs with no hope of ever making a big buck.

Art de Felice, for one. Art, a resident of Brooklyn, New York, was 26 years old. He had a high-school diploma but, he felt, little else. After seven years of working for an insurance company, he went home each Friday night with $87 and a deadly sense of frustration. It was the feeling that comes to almost every man at least once in his lifetime: the feeling of being in a rut, traveling nowhere, missing everything. Art de Felice was ripe for the "be-your-own-boss" pitch; and when the bait was offered, he bit.

The bait was in the form of a newspaper ad that chanced to catch his eye one night in January, 1964. A company called Chicken Delight was looking for a franchisee to sell its chicken meals in Brooklyn. That night Art answered the ad. In October, 1964, a new franchised Chicken Delight shop was opened on Fourth Avenue in Brooklyn. Owner and manager: Art de Felice. During his first year of operation he grossed $90,000. His net profit, after meeting all expenses and making substantial repayments on big loans, was $15,000. This year his accountant expects him to net $20,000. By year's end his debts will be largely paid off and he could begin to head for real wealth.

Or take the story of Leo Bornstein, from Newton, Massachusetts. Leo was a fortyish taxi driver with little formal schooling, a low income and little apparent chance to get ahead. One day he learned that Dunkin Donuts, a chain of doughnut-and-coffee shops, was looking for a new franchisee in the Newton area. He and a friend looked into it, got excited and went into partnership to buy the franchise.

Leo went to his taxi fleet boss, Ben Geller, to tell him about the deal. "You're out of your mind," Ben said flatly. But today "crazy" Leo Bornstein lives in a $50,000 home and is worth a cool quarter-million—all on a $10,000 investment. When Ben Geller saw Leo hauling the swag home in Wells Fargo trucks, Ben sold his taxi fleet and bought a franchise himself.

Two other franchisees, Marvin Goodman and Max Milstone, hit a superjackpot in Toronto, Canada. In 1956 they got together and bought a Manpower, Inc., franchise for $8,000. Manpower provides temporary secretarial help to business firms. Today, with a work force of over 3,000 part-time girls, Goodman and Milstone gross more than $1,000,000 a year and net about $200,000.

It isn't hard to find success stories like these in the franchise business. Any franchising company will tell them to you by the hour. This isn't to say the stories are untrue or even exaggerated. They're true, all right. Trouble is, you can match every Big Jackpot yarn with a story of disappointment, failure or outright financial disaster. At its best, the franchise idea is a road to wealth and independence for the moderate-income guy who might have a tough time making it any other way. At its worst, the idea is just another scheme for making somebody else rich at your expense. It's definitely a risky business, and according to the *Wall Street Journal*, the number of unstable and downright fraudulent franchises for sale is on the increase. Anyone who takes a franchising company's claims at face value without bothering to check them out stands a good chance of losing his shirt.

To see the business at its best and worst, a TRUE investigator answered 40 franchising-company ads, posing as a man of modest means with a yen to go into business for himself. Some of the companies sent around representatives who seemed to be thorough experts in their fields of business and appeared genuinely concerned about the prospective franchisee-buyer's chances of making a go of it. They obviously intended to stand behind him and work with him as he got the business off the ground. Other companies sent around high-pressure salesmen who were obviously concerned only about their prospects of a commission.

One company, for instance, manufactured a coin-operated machine that attached to a bed and made it vibrate (10 minutes for 25 cents), thereby allegedly inducing sleep. The company wanted franchiseholders to get the machines installed in motels. "You go to a motel owner," the company salesman told TRUE's investigator, "and you tell him we want to put this in free to give him extra benefits over his competitor. You keep 80 percent of what the machine takes in, and you give him the other 20 percent. When he sees what comes from the machine, he'll want to buy it. It sells for $49.95. Your cost is $20, so you've got better than a 100 percent markup."

The salesman referred to the bed shaking as "a soothing cycloid action—what doctors call a passive massage." (The investigator noted the implied medical endorsement.) The salesman was very friendly. He called TRUE's man "the kind of high-type person we're reserving these franchises for." (Actually he knew nothing about the prospective franchise buyer. For all he knew, TRUE's man might have been a low-type person, totally unfit to enter any kind of business. The one piece of information the salesman had was that this prospective franchisee claimed to have the necessary $3,750 investment to buy his first machines and sales paraphernalia.)

The salesman frothed with optimism. Even if no motel owners bought any ma-

chines, he said, the franchisee would quickly get rich by raking in his 80 percent share of all those quarters. "In a motel with 30 machines installed on the beds," he said, "you figure to make $240 a month. Multiply that by 10 motels, which a man should certainly sell in a year, and you have better than two grand a month. Why, any man who can't make $25,000 a year in this business. . . ."

His optimism seemed somewhat exaggerated. Suppose a franchisee did manage to sell a motel owner on the idea and did get those 30 machines clamped on the motel beds. To collect the projected $240 a month from this operation, he'd need quite a lot of luck. On the average, every night of the month there would have to be a guest in each of the beds who would use his bed shaker once and a couple of guests who would put in two quarters.

Could there be that many insomniacs among motel guests? Or would the franchise buyer be the guy who tossed and turned at night, wondering whether he'd been given a fair shake?

There are doubtful franchise offerings everywhere. One operation which flourished recently in the Midwest preyed on low-income prospects, getting them to buy expensive floor-waxing equipment on the pledge they would be given established, exclusive waxing routes. The routes proved ephemeral, but payments on the equipment, marked up at 10 times its retail value, continued to fall due month after month.

In another kind of gyp, a California swimming-pool company charged franchiseholders $4,000 apiece for the privilege of sellings its product. The company promised to pay back $1,000 of the initial fee with each of the first four pools sold and delivered. Franchisees discovered too late that the company's interest lay only in collecting franchise fees; it had no intention of building any pools.

Another outfit, called National Power Cost Service, Inc., claimed to have a staff of accountants, legal analysts and engineers who could show businessmen how to cut their electric power bills. For $2,500 you could buy a franchise to sell this valuable service to plants and offices in your own "exclusive territory." You stood to make 50 grand a year in commissions, said the company's ad.

Well, the ad exaggerated a little. Businessmen who bought the service, paying for it in advance, often received no advice on how to cut their electric bills. Instead, the customer would get a polite letter saying that National Power Cost Service was sorry, but its analysts couldn't find any way to reduce his costs. Franchiseholders who had sold the service in good faith not only found angry customers knocking at their doors, but in many cases didn't even receive their promised commissions.

Postal inspectors eventually tracked down the franchising company's president. He was indicted by a grand jury, convicted and given a five-year suspended sentence.

But it isn't necessary to get gypped in order to lose your shirt in the franchise business. No matter how honest the franchising company, no matter how carefully your chances of success are checked out beforehand, no matter with what painful precision your venture is planned and launched, you can still go under. Take the case of Robert Gring, from Huntington, New York. Gring, a 40-year-old in-

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"Is L.B.J. still a Democrat?"

BULL SHOOTERS

New from Crosman. Fabulous MARK I and MARK II TARGET PISTOLS with "bull's eye" accuracy! Sleek and beautiful as their famous firearm counterpart, they feel, handle, look like—**ARE** fine match target pistols! Check the specs below, then get ready for amazing new accuracy in pellet and BB fun-gun shooting! See these at your Crosman dealer now. And insist on top quality Crosman ammo for peak performance . . . Crosman Super-Pells®, Super BB's® and CO_2 Powerlets®!

SPECS: MARK I—.22 cal. PELLET
Wt.: 43 oz. **Sights:** ultra fine target-type, adj. for windage, elevation. **Barrel:** 7¼" rifled. **Power:** adjustable power range, 300-400 ft. per sec. **Trigger:** new external trigger adjustment for conventional or fine precision shooting. **Action:** single shot. **Grips:** checkered, with thumb rest. Left hand grips available. **Shots:** approx. 55 (high power) to 120 (low) per CO_2 Powerlet®. **Safety:** positive lever.
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Crosman / Going Great Guns
Crosman Arms Co., Inc., Fairport, N. Y.
Crosman Arms (Canada) Ltd., Ontario

dustrial engineer, quit the staff of the American Management Association in 1961 to open a franchised Hertz Rent-All store, a new venture launched by the well-known and highly-successful auto renting company. Although Hertz recommended a $20,000 investment in inventory, Gring put in $50,000 and ran through another $39,900 in promotion, advertising and operating expenses. He also put in 80 to 100 hours of sweat per week. But none of this was enough. In 1962, Gring declared a personal tax loss of $38,000. May of 1965 was the first month in which he did enough business to meet even his operating expenses.

And even if your franchise venture is a financial success, it may still turn out to be less than the paradise of wealth and independence promised by the ads. One fellow who bought a gas-station franchise, made a go of it and then sold out—not an uncommon progression of events—summed up his thoughts for TRUE like this:

"My own boss? Hell, I never had so many bosses in my life. Every guy who drove in was my boss. Every customer had the right to tell me what to do. Talk about freedom—I worked 12 hours a day, seven days a week at being my own boss. If I'd worked that hard and long at my old job they'd have made me a supervisor. I finally realized that the only way I could really be my own boss was to work for someone else."

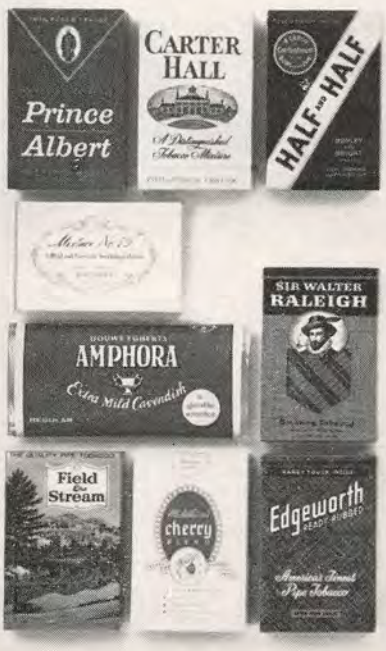
The fact is, even the best franchise venture is a deal in which you must make up in sweat what you lack in financial capital. Nothing is free, and franchise success is no exception to the rule. In a good franchise deal, you can get yourself set up in business for less money, less risk and less general headache than it would take to launch a venture all by yourself. Fine. But in return for giving you this help, the franchise company will take a cut of your profits. This is reasonable enough, but before plunging into a franchise setup, consider what it means to you. With that cut coming out of your earnings, you've got to work harder to take home a given amount of money than would be the case in your own nonfranchised business.

Many men have considered this an acceptable deal. Back in the 1940's, the only really big franchising operations were those run by automobile-makers, oil companies and soft-drink manufacturers. They'd set you up in business with an auto dealership, gas station or bottling plant. They're still among the biggest franchisers, but now they've been joined by thousands of others. At the end of World War II there were maybe 300 franchising companies in the United States. Today there are as many as 750 companies with some 400,000 franchiseholders—and this last figure is growing at a rate of about 40,000 a year.

Why the growth? Because more and more companies are deciding that the franchise method is the best way to expand. Their investment is far less than in a branch office, they figure. And a franchisee, because his money is at stake, is likely to be a harder worker and therefore more successful than a home office-appointed branch manager. This figuring has worked out quite well for many companies. The Electronic Computer Programming Institute, for example, ran a single school in New York City giving courses in the operation and programming of computers. In 1964 they decided to expand and called in some franchising experts to help them set up schools throughout the country. Their stock was then selling, over the counter, at about $4.25. Now over 70 schools are in successful operation; the franchisees are making good money, the company is getting its cut, and, allowing for splits, the equivalent value of the stock is currently around $110.

This kind of success has caused almost every kind of business you can think of to climb on the franchise bandwagon. At a 1966 "Start-Your-Own-Business" show in New York City's Coliseum, supported largely by companies trying to attract new franchisees, the rows of gaily-colored displays were a smorgasbord of odd and fascinating businesses. You could sign up to run a miniature slot-car raceway, a hotel, an encyclopedia business, a computerized legal reference service. So far has the franchising idea spread, in fact, that a man could go through life buying everything he needed from franchiseholders alone, starting with his diapers and ending with his tombstone.

Obviously, something about owning a

Special offer to pipe smokers who smoke these brands

First of all, congratulations on your good taste. They're fine tobaccos every one.

But I'll bet that, like most pipe smokers, every so often you get the urge to try something different.

And so Kentucky Club Mixture makes this offer. If you're in the mood to try a remarkably mild and aromatic mixture . . . one of the fastest growing brands in America . . . send us the empty pouch you've just finished and you'll receive a fresh pouch of Kentucky Club Mixture.* Free.

It's an offer you ought to consider if you're a serious pipe smoker, and here's why.

1. Kentucky Club Mixture is probably the mildest aromatic pipe tobacco around. Most smokers can enjoy pipeful after pipeful without "bite".
2. It's a clean, easy-to-light tobacco that's cut to stay lit right down to the bottom of the bowl.
3. The aroma is pleasing to 'most everyone. Especially women.
4. Most important, the flavor is smooth and rewarding. The result of the careful blending of 5 important tobaccos: White Burley, Virginia Brights, Weeds Cavendish, Turkish and Perique, plus a dash of Deer Tongue for flavor. (Deer Tongue, by the way, is a variety of wild vanilla. It's used as seasoning. The way you might add salt to stew.)

So that's it. Kentucky Club Mixture is a mild aromatic blend made by people who believe it's the best and are ready to prove it by sending you a supply.

For your free pouch mail your empty to: Kentucky Club Mixture, Box 142, Dept. T, Wheeling, West Va. And when you've smoked it, write and give us your opinion.

Kentucky Club Mixture

*Unfortunately we can't picture all tobaccos. But the offer's good on any brand (except Kentucky Club Mixture).

Offer good in U.S.A. only

franchise looks attractive to many men. Let's probe the idea a little more. Exactly what do you get, and exactly what do you have to give, when you go into a franchised venture?

In the first place, you put up cash. Here and there you'll find a franchising company that wants to be part owner of your business, in which case you'll put up less cash than otherwise. But most companies prefer to see the franchiseholder become sole owner of his venture. (He works harder that way.) Thus, in the typical deal, you're required to plunk down an initial cash payment for the exclusive rights to sell the product in a particular territory. Sometimes a store building and equipment are included in the price of the franchise, but usually the cost of setting up the new shop is separate from the franchise fee. You borrow money from the company or from your local bank, or both, to pay off the balance, on the franchise and necessary equipment, over the first few years of operation. You can get into a franchised business for an investment as low as $4.95 for a can of wax to start a car-polishing business or as high as several million for a Hilton Hotel franchise. In general, the very cheap deals are open to suspicion. In the majority of cases, your investment will total somewhere between $15,000 and $25,000—not including the interest on whatever you have to borrow.

All right, let's say you've got the needed cash and credit. The franchising company will now do a few things for you. Most of the bigger ones—auto-makers, oil companies, the larger food outfits—will start by helping you pick a good location. The company will send around experts to study such factors as traffic flow and the location of nearby competitors. The company will also give you at least some training and maybe a pretty complete business course, teaching you not only the specific skills needed to operate your particular franchised venture but also general business know-how: accounting, personnel handling and the like. All new franchiseholders of Dunkin Donuts, for instance, attend an intensive six-week course at "Dunkin Donuts University" in Massachusetts. After you finish your initial training, the company may also send a counselor around (usually a man who was once a franchisee himself) to work with you full-time in the first rough weeks of launching your enterprise. From then on, if the company is one of the good ones, it will continue to help you as your business gets established and expands—counseling you on problems that come up, analyzing your money flow to spot trouble in advance, maybe giving you refresher or retraining courses as business conditions change over the years.

But perhaps the most important thing the company gives you is its name, or the names of its products. To take an extreme example, suppose you went into the business of building and marketing automobiles. You'd have a hard time selling your Joe Doakesmobile, for people wouldn't know the name or trust it. By entering into a franchised dealership with General Motors or Ford or Chrysler, you'd solve at least that problem. The big company's name would be known to your customers. You'd get the benefit of the company's multimillion-dollar advertising campaigns in magazines, newspapers, TV—mass merchandising on a scale that you couldn't possibly pay for by yourself.

You don't get this or any other benefit free, of course. The franchising company is in business to make money, not to make you happy, and you are its pot of gold. The company may take a direct cut from your earnings. If you're running a Howard Johnson motel, for instance, you give the company five percent of the gross from your cash register each month. Other companies make their money in what they charge you for their products. Auto-makers, for example, sell cars to dealers, and the dealers are expected to chip out their profit by marking up the price to the customers. Still other companies get their green by selling you equipment with which to make a product, or materials with which to handle it. Chicken Delight, for instance, sells no chickens; it makes its money by selling its franchisees special ovens, cooking batter and paper plates and cups.

You pay in another way, too, a more subtle way but—depending on the kind of man you are—maybe equally important. As a franchiseholder you aren't really the "independent businessman" the ads talk about. You've got to obey whatever rules the franchising company lays down in its contract with you: make and sell what it tells you to make and sell, in a prescribed way, usually at a prescribed price. If you're seeking the kicks or the pride of independence, a franchised venture will give them to you only in a watered-down version.

"It really depends on the individual man," says Bob Rosenberg, bright young Harvard Business School graduate who is president of Dunkin Donuts. "Some men like the franchise setup and make out well. Others don't." Like most big franchising outfits, Rosenberg's company does its best to spot poor risks in advance, through psychological tests and interviews. "If a man comes around asking for a franchise and we don't think his chances of success look promising, we firmly discourage him, for his own good and ours."

Rosenberg wryly admits that he himself would probably be turned down if he applied to his own company for a franchise. A survey of Dunkin Donuts' franchiseholders turned up three distinct traits among the most successful. These

"There goes one of the great federal mediators of our time."

rich and happy franchisees were men who:

Had begun work at an early age, rather than going on through college. . . .

Had worked with their hands. . . .

Had dealt with people in their previous jobs, as salesmen, cab drivers, waiters, cops, etc.

A. L. Tunick, the big, jovial, hard-driving president of Chicken Delight, speaks of another trait that makes for success in his business. "We're looking for the hungry guy," says Tunick, "the guy who can find that 25th hour in the day." Tunick bluntly discourages any prospective franchisee who comes around with the "gentlemen farmer" approach to the business, the man who wants to buy a store and hire a manager to run it. "We want the guy himself to run it. We want the guy to be involved in it up to his elbows, not standing off at a distance waiting to collect the profits. There may not be any profits that way. The only man who will really run a store right is the man who has his savings in it. He's the one who's really going to work."

Recognizing that there are crooks and quacks in the franchising business as in any other, the Center for the Study of Franchise Distribution at Boston College this year set up an Action Committee whose main purpose will be to chase disreputable companies out of the business. "We will operate all over the country," says David Slater, codirector of the Center and president of Mister Donut, one of the bigger food franchisers. "When we get a report from anybody who says he's been cheated by a franchising outfit, we'll investigate and determine what needs to be done if the report turns out true." The Action Committee also plans to organize seminars at colleges throughout the country. Anybody who is thinking of getting into a franchised business will be welcome to attend. Big wheels from the franchising industry will discuss such topics as how to spot a dishonest franchiser in advance.

By selecting franchisees with care, and by giving them generous help in launching their ventures, the top companies in the franchising industry have written a remarkable record of business success. If you start your own independent small business the chances that you'll keep your head above water are no better than one in three. As a franchiseholder with a reputable company, your chances are better than nine in 10. United Rent-Alls, for instance, a company in the business of renting tools, equipment and household items, reports that only two percent of its franchised stores fail. The A. & W. Root Beer Corp., which has 2,600 franchised snack shops spotted all over the world (even as far as Guam and Malaysia), claims a failure rate of one half percent.

Yes, you can make a very good living, even get rich as a franchisee—if you pick the right company and if you're the right man.

Picking the right company is simply a matter of being careful. After you've tentatively decided on a company, do a little checking before you reach for your wallet. Make the company's representative give you a list of other franchiseholders near you, and go out and visit them. Find out whether the company actually does what its ad says it will do. Find whether these men are happy with the deal—and if not, why not.

Deciding whether you're the right man may be a little harder. "It takes a lot of self-appraisal," says Joe Goodman, a Chicken Delight franchiseholder who invested $20,000 seven years ago and just turned down an offer of $90,000 to buy him out. "You've got to figure out what you are, what you have and what you want."

If the answers are the right ones, you could make a fortune.—**Ralph Lee Smith**

TRACKDOWN OF AN ARTFUL THIEF

[*Continued from page* 49]

matched their selectivity. They had made their haul while the household slumbered. They had left neither footprints nor fingerprints. The only damage had been to the frame of a window. It had been pierced by a fine drill for the introduction of a wire to free the catch, after which the mansion was open to sacking.

As Commissaire Chevalier made his tour of the hall he showed little surprise—it was as though he had been through the whole matter before. He was a lean, austere-looking man, with a strong jaw and rugged features. After he left, he stopped at the village inn for a "policeman's breakfast," a cup of black coffee and a shot of Calvados, and drove back to his headquarters on the Faubourg Saint Honoré in Paris. He walked straight to the wall map of France in his office and stuck in a red flag to indicate the location of the theft. The map was dotted with enough red flags to resemble a May Day parade in Peking. The time, in fact, was the month of May, 1962. Chevalier had been on this one assignment for two years, during which he had watched helplessly as the value of stolen antiques and works of art reached the staggering total of $10 million.

He would not have been so helpless had he known that every time a new flag sprouted on his wall map, a truck or two drove up to the residence of a Dr. Xavier Richier in the village of Lievin in the Pas de Calais, north of Paris. The Pas de Calais is a far cry from the green France of the picture postcards. It is coal-mining country, landscaped by slag heaps, black-belching chimneys and pithead wheels. Doctor Richier, a quiet, bespectacled bachelor of 43, lived in a large white house on a comfortable salary of $10,000 earned as a mining company physician.

He was considered mildly eccentric, and there was some wonder locally why he was content to live in such unwholesome surroundings—a single man who evidently enjoyed an independent income as well as his salary, judging by the antiques so often seen being unloaded at his door. He never invited anyone to his house, but privacy is so jealously guarded a right of the French that his aloofness aroused no talk.

The doctor lived alone except for his gaunt Polish housekeeper, Solange Privateck, who spoke almost no French and regarded all callers with suspicion. Elsewhere such a forbidding figure might have seemed odd, but not here. Much of the mining in France is done by Polish immigrants, and Solange Privateck was, in a sense, at home.

The doctor's passion for works of art was such that when he was not collecting them, he was reading about them or photographing them. His library of art books was one of the finest in France, and he had catalogued more than 600 pictures of the interiors of the nation's castles, museums and private homes open to the public.

At the moment he was highly pleased with his latest acquisition, 25 matching antique chairs. He put in a telephone call to a friend at the Louvre in Paris, who would be most interested in hearing about them. . . .

The first Mobile Brigade of the French police was formed in 1960 as an elite group under the command of Commissaire Chevalier. It was patterned openly on the American FBI. The men selected for it were the best detectives in the country, and the French promptly dubbed them "les G-Men." They were trained to help local police forces quell crime waves too sophisticated for ordinary countermeasures.

The initial major task given Commissaire Chevalier was to solve the mystery of the art and antique thefts taking place all over France. Castles, cathedrals, museums, art galleries, Paris apartments were being plundered for their treasures, all with a judgment which proved beyond question that behind the raids was a mastermind of ultimate taste.

The precision of the robbers was as impressive as their style. They disliked mess and would go to great trouble to spring a lock rather than break a window. Once inside, they hunted for keys to fit the windows of display cases rather than pry them open. After they had taken what they wanted, they shut everything and locked up.

The personality of the mastermind was stamped not only on their exploits but on their behavior. "Monsieur X," as Chevalier called him, was a leader who combined rare artistic sensitivity and great force of command. The robbers never pocketed anything but what they were after, despite rich temptations. They went on a job rather like bandits breaking into a bank vault with orders to take only 10-franc notes.

Furthermore, their discipline was almost certainly imposed from a distance. Chevalier was convinced that Monsieur X was rarely present during a theft. If anything went wrong he would have his unbreakable alibi.

The other outstanding quality of Monsieur X was a nerve of steel. He would calmly order his men into a house full of sleeping people, confident that even in moving heavy furniture they would not make a sound. Chevalier decided that X's nerve and authority

did not have a military base. The Army was not a place for such refined tastes. He might be a lawyer, Chevalier thought, or more likely a doctor. The hand that wields the surgeon's knife is always precise, always steady.

Most of the thefts had taken place in northern France, and they suggested a cold northern mind. Chevalier found himself disliking Monsieur X with an intensity he had never felt against conventional crooks, and at first he could not put his finger on why. Then he realized that the answer was sexual. Crime and sex are generally interwined. The Corsican gang world of Paris and Marseilles has about it a raffish air of sensuality. One always knows what the gangsters are doing when they are not committing crime.

But the art treasure gang seemed almost ostentatiously ascetic. Chevalier was convinced that Monsieur X was incapable of loving woman or man. All his passion was concentrated on beautiful objects of art. For him they lived more vibrantly than any human being, and from this assumption Chevalier had a hunch that Monsieur X, despite his authority, might appear rather insignificant —a mild-looking, tough-minded, artistic, celibate doctor.

In the course of his investigation Chevalier had himself become an authority on art and antiques. Every night he took home books on the subject, and he subscribed to all the magazines in the field. His dislike for his adversary began to be balanced by an increasing enthusiasm for his subject. He became able to consult the nation's leading experts on art and antiques almost on their own level, although he was uneasily aware that one of them might well be the man he was looking for.

Even as he was writing his report on the 25 chairs stolen from the Château de la Bouleaunière, the telephone informed him of yet another robbery, this time at the Château de Boulayes in the Loire Valley, south of Paris. The thieves had made off with 20 gold watches, the work of Breuget, Louis XV's watchmaker. As in the other thefts, works of equal value were ignored, and the only damage to property was the telltale mark of the drill in the casing of the window.

After a two-year run of such looting, the list of plundered castles was starting to look like an itinerary for a royal tour of northern France. The churches suffered severely as well, and so did the museums. The college of Saint Pierre at Aire sur la Lys, the churches of Thiennes and Fauquereuil, the chapel of Bonseghem, the museum of Arras, all in the area of the battlefields of World War I, received visits from the marauders.

Months passed with only occasional crumbs of progress. An antique rug, one in the huge list of stolen items, was found in the compartment of a train running from Ventimiglia, on the Italian border, to Paris. Chevalier believed the thief missed his appointment with an Italian receiver and, bringing the rug back, was frightened into abandoning it. The discovery fitted into his theory that the bulk of the loot was headed for export. The question was how? Interpol, the international police agency, had been working on the case as long as Chevalier, with similar lack of progress. Spot checks on long-distance trucks had yielded nothing, as had sudden police swoops at the docks.

The emptiness of the small success with the rug depressed Chevalier to such extent that he talked about taking himself off the case and passing it on to a fresher brain. His men only looked at each other and smiled. They knew their chief was far too deeply absorbed. These precise criminals with their brilliant invisible leader made Chevalier feel crude, flat-footed, and this reaction goaded him on. Chevalier was not only a policeman but an intellectual. He recalled a quotation by Kafka that "the basis of insecurity is possession." The more treasure Monsieur X accumulated, the more insecure he became, and the more likely he was to make a mistake.

But not just yet. In the summer of 1963 he pulled off the first of two masterstrokes. He raided the Cathedral of Saint Julien in Le Mans and made off with part of the world-famous tapestries of Saint Gervais and Saint Protais. The entire work consists of five 60-foot strips of finely worked silk and wool, and it is known to scholars as one of the great medieval pieces of art. Monsieur X had helped himself to just one of the five. It was impossible to guess why he had stolen it. Like England's Magna Carta, it was quite unsaleable.

This assault was more than robbery.

CUTTY SARK

No. 1

Americans buy more Cutty Sark than any other Scotch whisky. The reason it's No. 1 is in the bottle. Try Cutty Sark...tonight!

Distilled and Bottled in Scotland • Blended 86 Proof • The Buckingham Corporation, Importers • New York, N.Y

It was the pillage of France's patrimony. Chevalier, hastening to Le Mans, could feel hot on his neck the rage not only of his police superiors, but of General de Gaulle himself.

At the cathedral a priest could tell him only that the previous evening an "art expert" had asked permission to see the great tapestries. The sexton admitted him and left him alone for 10 minutes—long enough for the stranger to tamper with the lock. Later, Chevalier surmised, the gang had entered with a stepladder, mounted it to unfasten the tapestry, rolled that up and carried it outside to a truck. The priest described the stranger as small, middle-aged, rather professorial. Seeing Chevalier's gloom at this vague description, the priest added helpfully, "He wore a hat." The commissaire looked at the cleric, opened his mouth to say something, then closed it out of respect for the holy calling.

Back in Paris again, Chevalier telephoned the Fine Arts Ministry and asked if it were possible to put a price on the tapestry. He was told, "If it were put up for sale in America, one could ask a million dollars. But who would buy?"

The next great theft of Monsieur X was committed in Paris at the Cathedral of Saint Denis, hallowed burial place of the Kings of France. One of the cathedral's glories was a silver bas-relief of the Nativity set around the high altar, its value beyond calculation. The silver alone would be worth a fortune. Chevalier gazed up at the naked stone from which the bas-relief had been pried. The job must have been a full night's work for a crew of masons. In a side window there was the usual small drill hole.

Three churches were burgled in the course of the following week, all in northern France. A priest in one was able to give Chevalier a description of the man he suspected was responsible, a smallish man, rather commonplace in appearance, in a dirty raincoat, driving an old brown Renault.

"Did he wear a hat?" Chevalier asked.

"Yes, why?"

The commissaire shook his head.

Monsieur X next took a fancy to Boulard chairs. Boulard had been furniture-maker to Louis XV, and a genuine chair, signed by Boulard, is worth nearly $2,000 today. Several hundred are in existence—a few in Russia, left behind by the czars, some in the United States, most in French private homes.

The first theft of Boulards set a pattern for the others. It was reported that the Château de Rabutin in Burgundy was missing three of a set of four matching chairs bearing Boulard's signature. Chevalier sent one of his men with the order: "Find out why they didn't take the fourth." He could guess the answer, but he wanted his suspicion confirmed. It was. The fourth was a brilliant fake which had fooled antique dealers but not the eyes of Monsieur X. The next theft of Boulards came in southern France, where four out of eight were stolen. Chevalier found the owner as much upset by the blow to his pride as by the loss of the chairs. "They took my real Boulards and left me the fakes," he said. "I needed daylight and a magnifying glass to tell them apart. These fellows did it with only a flashlight."

That week 12 Boulards were stolen from the Château de Menars—four from rooms occupied by sleeping guests. The following week 19 more were stolen. Chevalier stuck red flags in his map and admitted he was stumped.

But in January, 1964, after Chevalier had been on the case for four years, a cog slipped in Monsieur X's amazing machine. Near the city of Gambais, 50 miles north of Paris, a rural gendarme stopped his motorcycle at dawn to see why a truck was parked by the roadside. Two men were working on the taillight which, they explained, was broken. The gendarme asked for identification, and one produced his driver's license. He was a tall, cultivated young man with a sensitive manner, and he said he was an interior decorator. Everything seemed to be in order. The gendarme handed back the license and saluted. There was an awkward pause as though they were waiting for him to leave. He, on the other hand, waited politely in case they needed further assistance. Reluctantly they climbed aboard the truck and drove off.

The cold morning sun had been rising, and now the gendarme saw, half hidden in the nearby cornfield, two antique chairs. Puzzled, he cycled to the gendarmerie to report the discovery, and found there the owner of the nearby Château d'Autin-Neuville complaining of the theft of five rare chairs. The gendarme realized he had interrupted the men as they were loading the chairs—they had merely invented the story of the taillight. He could not remember the name of the driver, but he did recall the truck's plate number, and within half an hour the two men were behind bars.

The news was given to Chevalier later in the morning when he arrived at the

TRUE

"It's a combination of the two called the drinking Air Force man's diet."

office, and for the first time in the case he lost his temper. He blasted the gendarmerie for acting too hastily. "They should have been tailed without arousing their suspicions," he exploded. "Now Monsieur X is warned."

It was with the greatest care that he questioned the men later that morning. The first he dismissed as unimportant. The important one was the driver, Claude Mabilotte, interior decorator, 34, intelligent, confident. Both admitted the theft of the chairs and claimed they had yielded to artistic temptation. They insisted it was their first offense.

Chevalier was understanding, sympathetic, rather simple. After all, he was just a *flic* doing his job. He knew nothing about antiques. He asked nothing about gangs, nothing about other thefts. After the questioning he talked privately with the judge, explained the situation, and asked for sentences as light as the law allowed.

The two were given five months each, and released in 60 days. Because during that period no more art thefts were reported, Chevalier was convinced the men were part of Monsieur X's gang. Disregarding the companion, the commissaire was ready for Mabilotte with that invisible web which modern police can wrap around any suspect. When he left prison, his every move was followed, his telephone tapped, his mail checked, his neighbors subtly queried, even his garbage examined.

For a time Mabilotte remained at home. Then gradually he returned to circulation. He paid frequent visits to a shop on the rue Mazarine in Paris which belonged to another interior decorator, Jean Richier. That address, too, was put under observation.

Chevalier was certain he was getting warm at last. But Monsieur X rarely acted as he was expected to, and his next move was perhaps the most surprising in the whole case. Detectives followed Jean Richier's truck to the Gare du Nord and saw him load a large crate onto the baggage car of a train. The destination was the Cathedral of Saint Julien in Le Mans. The detectives telephoned the commissaire to ask whether the crate should be intercepted.

"No," said Chevalier. "Just keep your eye on it."

It was duly delivered, and the flabbergasted police chief in Le Mans reported it contained the missing tapestry in better condition than when it was stolen.

"Now," said Chevalier, "we act." He entered Richier's shop with a warrant, surprising Richier, Mabilotte and a decorator named Hure. Ignoring their indignation, he bundled them off to police headquarters, and with his men took the shop apart. Overturning a crate, they found burglar's tools and a supply of small drill bits. In a storeroom were pieces of antique tables, sideboards, chandeliers, all carefully numbered. Fine leatherwork had been removed from antique desks, and the upholstery from Boulard chairs. But this was not destruction. The dissection had been done with minute skill, the pieces would be exported as bric-a-brac. On arriving at their foreign destination they would be reassembled, regilded, so

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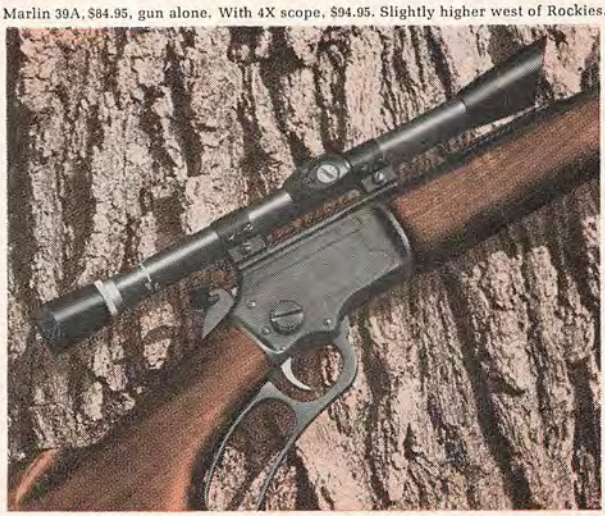

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that almost none of the value was lost.

Was Jean Richier the Monsieur X that Chevalier had sought so long? The commissaire pondered the question as he searched. Then documents in Richier's safe sent him at high speed north to the village of Lievin and Number 3 rue Thiers, home of Jean Richier's brother, Dr. Xavier Richier.

It was a large villa for a man who lived alone with only a housekeeper. Neatly whitewashed, it stood in sharp contrast to the sooty aspect of the town, and in front it had a carefully tended English lawn. The hostile Polish housekeeper presented a solid obstacle to the police. She managed to convey the fact that Doctor Richier was in Tunisia on vacation. Chevalier waved a warrant at her, pushed past . . . and stopped, overwhelmed. The place sparkled with art treasures. The living room was dominated by an outsize crystal chandelier of great age and purity. A tapestry missing from the Basilica of Laval hung on one wall. Paintings were everywhere, mostly of holy scenes. There were Boulard chairs, Louis XV tables in delicate marquetry, faïence, silk, leather —so much that the mind simply could not take it all in.

Surplus masterpieces crammed every room—even the garage. Here Chevalier discovered what was, for him, the most priceless find of all: an old brown Renault, with a dirty raincoat on the back seat. It was the ultimate testimony that this was the home of Monsieur X.

Doctor Richier, it was learned, also had an apartment in Paris which he rarely used. It was promptly raided and found to be glutted with similar treasure.

Two days later Doctor Richier arrived at Orly Airport, Paris, tanned from his holiday in Tunisia. Chevalier watched him present his passport with a smile to the immigration officer. This was the man who had defied France's top detectives for four years, this bespectacled, mild, unobtrusive little fellow. The doctor's disguise was perfect. The illusion of banality which he had cultivated for so long gave him insignificance, but his private treasure house held up his pride.

Chevalier, a good head taller than his adversary, confronted him. "Doctor Richier?"

The doctor eyed him without a flicker. The smile remained on his face until a detective snapped handcuffs on his wrists. Then Richier lifted his eyebrows in ironic surprise.

Interrogation went on for months in Chevalier's office. Richier admitted thefts only when the evidence against him was conclusive, denied everything else. Even so, his confession accounted for a good third of the estimated $10 million stolen.

The questioning finally forced the decorator Hure to crack. Chevalier's men then picked up the second mastermind, Marcel Bihn, 35-year-old auditor at the Louvre, who was described as Doctor Richier's "cultural adviser." Now all the principals were behind bars, and little by little the whole setup was pieced together.

The doctor had divided his art collection into two categories. There was his private collection, strictly for his own pleasure. What he described as his "commercial" collection was stored in Jean Richier's shop for processing and sale to buyers. A mystery of the thefts had been to figure out how treasures so well known to art experts were disposed of. The answer was apparent in what happened to one decorating client. Mme. Pierre Morlan, a lady of great wealth, had bought an apartment on the aristocratic Avenue Foch in Paris. In furnishing it she was advised by friends to consult a remarkable decorator named Jean Richier. "He seems to know just where to put his hands on the most marvelous antiques," she was told.

Madame Morlan visited the shop, after which she and Richier analyzed the needs of her apartment. Richier was full of ideas. "But, of course, madame," he said with caution, "some of the things I suggest would be expensive." He was reassured on that score, and showed her photographs of antique chairs, inlaid tables, magnificent chandeliers and tapesteries. A medieval scholar might recognize among them priceless works of art stolen from churches or museums. There was no reason Madame Morlan should.

But she was no fool. "They are beautiful," she said, "but I'm sure I did not see them in your shop."

Richier explained that they belonged to an old client who was eager to sell them privately to evade stiff governmental restrictions on the movement of antiques.

Afterwards Jean Richier telephoned his brother and Marcel Bihn. Like true art lovers, they discussed primarily the achievement of beauty. How they were to get what they needed for a perfect decorating job was secondary. Anyway, Xavier Richier always knew exactly where the precious pieces were located.

With the gang busted, the art thefts stopped. Chevalier had always thought they were the work of one group, and now he was proved right. Doctor Richier, in one of his confessions, gave his justification for his mass attack on France's masterpieces. "I was moved by my love of art. These lovely things lay under the dust of museums and in the homes of absentee owners who spent all their time away. I have given them back in better condition than they were. Thanks to me they have new life."

Between the arrests of Jean Richier in April and Marcel Bihn in October, 1965, huge quantities of stolen furniture, paintings, glass, china, jewelry and tapestry were recovered from the homes of the decorators' clients. In September, Richier's agent in Amsterdam was seized. Batches of loot were located in London, Brussels and even New York.

Despite the millions involved, Richier and his men maintained an unbreakable silence about the money they made and what they did with it. They were equally uncommunicative about other members of the gang, but as far as Chevalier was concerned, the rest were mere furniture movers.

—Geoffrey Bocca

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HOW TO SMELL GOOD AND INFLUENCE GIRLS

[*Continued from page 67*]

could. It employs old ladies, young mothers and clean-cut, sincere-looking men. Black schemes of erotica? No, no, the story could not have been true!

Yet the story circulated. In and around Chicago, teen-agers and college men told each other that English Leather had been, or was about to be, banned in Britain. In Gary, Indiana, a gang of teen-age toughs splashed themselves with the cologne, broke into a girls' pajama party and seemed, as a chaperoning father put it, "puzzled" when the girls yelled for help. Eventually, girls began to believe the story themselves. "What aphrodisiac base do you use?" a girl in Irvington-on-Hudson, New York, wrote to MEM. "The slightest sniff has a profound effect on me." A girl in York, Pennsylvania, reported similar problems: "Every time my boyfriend wears it, I practically attack him!" Letters by the dozens poured in from men and women—some disapproving, some delighted—all asking the same question: "Is it true what they say. . . ?"

MEM carefully replied to each letter, giving the company's word of honor that the story was not true. The company even went so far as to issue a press release denying the rumor. But the story died hard. By early summer, 1966, it was spreading to other men's colognes and shave lotions. In the high-priced suburb of New Canaan, Connecticut, a high-school girl even used the rumor to explain why she was pregnant. "It was his cologne!" she wailed to a doctor. "It had an aphrodisiac in it! He tricked me!"

All of which demonstrates one fact very clearly. Men and women alike have suddenly begun to pay attention to men's toiletries.

For a hundred years before this sudden upsurge of interest began, grooming products for the American male were designed not to be noticed. Shaving soaps and creams had a vague scent that disappeared within an hour. When the Mennen Company introduced men's talcum powder just before the World War I, a major selling point was that the powder had virtually no smell. Aftershave lotions, introduced in the 1930's, had a somewhat stronger scent, but it disappeared within an hour of being slapped on the face. Men's colognes, with a stronger scent that lasted all day, could be bought in fancy shops—but only fancy men bought them. The idea was to smell neutral, to look as though you had spent no more than a minute grooming yourself after your shave. A man who looked or smelled otherwise was suspected of having sexual problems.

But times change. The toiletries industry will mark the 1960's as the decade when men opted for odors other than those provided by their own body chemistry. Before the decade has run its startling course, it may even be marked as the decade when men in large numbers began to change the color of their hair, the texture of their skin, the shape of their eyebrows, the length of their eyelashes, the . . . .

But wait. Enough is enough. Men can adapt to changing social patterns, but to speculate about too much change too fast is to breed nightmares. For the moment, let's just say that the male toiletries industry (some have even begun to call it the male "cosmetics" industry) is making a lot of money and hoping to make a lot more. Back in 1960 the entire toiletries-and-cosmetics business in this country—covering everything from soap to lipstick—had sales estimated annually at roughly $2-billion. Of this total, somewhere between eight and 12 percent represented men's toiletries; the remainder, women's. This year, according to an official of the Manufacturing Chemists' Association, total sales are expected to hit $2.5-billion—and about 20 percent will represent sales to men. By 1970 the male share is confidently expected to reach at least one-third, and some highly respected seers in the industry gleefully predict half by 1975.

Even now, more men are using more colognes and lotions than at any other time in the past hundred years. Back in 1960, if a man wanted to smell like something other than skin, he had about 75 men's fragrances to choose from. In 1963 there were 150; now there are more than 300. According to *Drug & Cosmetic Industry* magazine, there were some 80 aftershave lotions and creams on the market in 1963. By the end of this year there were 166, in the same period available colognes went from 127 to 266.

A shave lotion is a utilitarian product. That is, a man can believe (though it may not always be true) that he uses it to heal skin damage caused by his blade or electric shaver. A cologne, by contrast, has no other purpose but to provide fragrance, and the American male's sudden new willingness to use it has been one of the industry's biggest surprises. Ten years ago, some 40 bottles of shave lotion were sold for every bottle of men's cologne. This year, according to the Mennen Company, the ratio is four of shave lotion to three of cologne. The Gillette Company has become so convinced of men's new wish for fragrance that it has just doubled the concentration of its aroma-producing essences in Sun Up shave lotion, bringing them up to nearly the same concentration as cologne.

The sweet smell of success permeates the business. The MEM Company, for instance, saw its sales leap from slightly over $1-million in 1961 to an expected $18-million this year. Estee Lauder, Inc., maker of high-priced women's cosmetics, introduced its Aramis brand of men's products in 1965 and now finds it accounting for 22 percent of its business.

This is the kind of gold-rush situation in which men can make fortunes overnight. Young Ellis Shamoon, for instance, one year out of college, was working for an ad agency in Dallas, Texas, in 1964 when a grand idea clobbered him. "I'd been reading market reports showing how the men's grooming business was growing," he recalls. "It seemed to me that this was a business you could get into without much capital, if you used your head. I figured you'd need mainly three things: a good male fragrance, a good-looking bottle and a good name."

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The name Shamoon came up with may have been a stroke of genius. It was Tiger Sweat. He got a New York perfume chemist to mix up a small sample of cologne, obtained a small square-shouldered bottle from a bottle manufacturer, filled the bottle with the cologne and got one of his apartment roommates to design a label and box. Bearing this single sample, he pounded pavements from Dallas to New Orleans, showing Tiger Sweat to high-priced department and men's stores. The store people, fascinated or simply amused by the name, gave him enough orders needed to float a bank loan and start production. That was in May, 1965. Since then, Shamoon has signed up some 450 stores across the country to sell the striped beast's perspiration for him. The fact that tigers don't actually sweat hasn't troubled anybody at all.

Other products appearing on the market have less startling names but more startling purposes. Clairol, for example, a maker of women's cosmetics, has introduced Great Day, a hair coloring product for men with gray hair. The Aramis list of products includes a "pick-up mask" that is supposed to smooth out fatigue lines and "give your face that firm, alert tone." Almost all major men's toiletry makers are on the point of introducing, or have already introduced, male hair sprays designed to glue the hair in place. Warner-Lambert, owner of West Indies Bay Company, producer of many men's bathroom products, has come out with a St. Johns Lime Moisture Lotion "to protect a man's skin from wind and weather."

Many other products not originally designed as such are now being pushed as male grooming aids. In a booklet of male grooming tips handed out with Top Brass and That Man toiletries, Revlon urges men to use some of its once-female products such as Cuticle Massage Cream. Chas. Pfizer & Co., maker of Barbasol shave products and Pacquin women's cosmetics, says it has "firm evidence" that men by the thousands use their wives' hand creams, and is wondering whether to put the creams up in masculine-looking bottles. A Pfizer executive also says that men use a lot of the company's eye drops "to get that alert, clear-eyed executive look." He explains that men can't use eye makeup to camouflage hangovers as women can. This statement may not be factual for long, however. At least one big toiletries company is secretly experimenting with a male eyebrow pencil and an eyelid-coloring material. And in Los Angeles, a company that makes women's false eyelashes is pushing "The Executive Eyelash" for men.

Just what the hell is going on? Why is the American male suddenly becoming so sweet-smelling, so executive-eyed, so shiny-haired, so alert-toned—so thoroughly processed with chemicals? Asked these questions, company spokesmen mumble about socioeconomic factors: more men have more money than ever before, more are in white-collar jobs requiring good grooming, and so forth. But these explanations don't really satisfy anybody. Other forces must be at work.

One often-voiced explanation is that American men are becoming more like women. The easy living conditions of our highly civilized nation are supposed to be making us soft and effeminate. This theory is most loudly propounded by crusty old gentlemen who smell of carbolic-acid soap and strong tobacco; old ladies who are mad because nobody pays attention to them any more; and Europeans, who tend to jeer at everything Americans do.

"But a man doesn't have to smell like a horse to prove his masculinity," says George Mennen, president and grandson of the founder of the Mennen Company. He points out that, over the past hundred years, the human male of the western hemisphere has been an exception to a fairly general pattern in nature. It is usually the male who sports the colors, the perfumes, the extra touches of decorations. The male peacock has a gorgeous tail with which to attract his dowdy little brown hen. The male lion has an impressive mane and great golden eyes. The male musk deer has a powerful scent which his female (though nobody else) finds irresistible.

Thus there seems to be nothing intrinsically unnatural about men smelling good. According to Sperry Rand's Remington Division, major electric-shaver-maker and fascinated student of men's grooming habits, it was only with the start of the Industrial Revolution a century ago that the plain, unadorned look and smell became a male style. Men of ancient Rome, who have been accused of many things but never of neglect to their appearance, used more cosmetics and perfumes than their women. Ancient Egyptian warriors used to put cones of perfumed fat on their heads; the fat would melt during the day and ooze over the man's face and down his neck. Greek athletes in the Olympic Games—men who are admired still today as the supreme example of virility—doused themselves from head to foot in perfumed oils. In Europe through most of the Middle Ages, hardly anybody had enough money to buy toiletries, but things got back to normal in the Renaissance. The typical Renaissance nobleman, says a Remington historian, "used face powder, beauty marks, perfumes, toilet water and perfumed gloves." Still later, according to the Fragrance Foundation, Napoleon, who almost conquered the world, used some 50 bottles of cologne a month.

Historians don't agree on why the idea of plainness became associated with masculinity in the late 19th century. The Industrial Revolution should logically have made men more interested in fragrance, not less. When a man sweats outdoors all day he gets a good, solid, musky odor but not a sour, unpleasant one. Indoors, with no sun or wind to deodorize him, his sweat stays on his clothes. But the Industrial Revolution, which brought workers indoors, didn't bring on a boom in the cologne business. That didn't come until the 1960's.

"Actually the change we're seeing now isn't as abrupt as it may seem," says George Mennen. "It's the speedup of a process that began slowly several decades ago. Men began to use aftershave lotions in the 1930's and deodorants in the late 1940's. Those might be thought of as early steps in the process."

They were difficult steps. The first men to use shave lotions had a lot of explaining to do. Mennen himself was one of them. He'd been working for his grandfather's company since he was six months old; his portrait was used to advertise Mennen baby-care products. When the company introduced Skin Bracer in the early 1930's, young Mennen was going through prep school and college. He got a free supply of Skin Bracer and used it.

Skin Bracer, like all other lotions on the market today, contained ingredients used in women's perfumes. It had a sweet smell. Luckily for George Mennen, he was a large and muscular young man. If anybody thought his use of the fragrance was odd, nobody said so, at least not without smiling. "After a while other guys began to try it," he recalls. "What finally clinched it was that their girls said they liked the smell on them. Once a guy found that out, he was sold."

In fact, this may help explain the current upsurge in men's toiletries. "All kinds of sociological factors are at work now," says Mitchell Schlossman, a toiletries research specialist at Pfizer. "Teenagers and college men may have started the trend. They're restless, ready to try anything new. At any rate, men now seem to have discovered that women are attracted to a good-smelling male."

Whether there is a real aphrodisiac effect in a man's cologne or shave lotion is an unsettled question. Most fragrances, men's and women's alike, contain what are called "animal notes." (In perfumers' lingo, a "note" is a fainly perceived component of a smell, like an overtone in music.) The most commonly used animal notes are castoreum, from glands in the Canadian beaver; civet, from the civet cat; musk, from the musk deer; and ambergris, from the whale. These are ferociously powerful smells. A bit of pure musk the size of a pinhead can make a large room uninhabitable for weeks. They are not pleasant smells by themselves, but when used in minute amounts with other perfume ingredients, they do various jobs such as sharpening and holding the final effect. There is also some scattered evidence that they have a direct sexual effect.

"We know this much," says Gillette's chief perfumer, Arthur Lorenson. "Women are attracted to some of the same fragrances on men as they like to smell on themselves. And when women are buying perfumes for themselves, they choose perfumes with animal notes. We aren't sure exactly why. It takes a very sensitive nose to tell that there is or isn't an animal note in a perfume. Most women probably don't know precisely why they choose one scent over another, but the fact seems to be that animal notes have an attraction for them. Tests have been made in stores: when the same perfume is offered to customers with and without an animal note, the one with always sells better."

Lorenson tells of other tests in which groups of women were asked if they could detect an extremely small concentration of musk in a liquid. It turns out that the average woman's ability to detect the smell varies in phase with her menstrual cycle. She catches the animal note more keenly during ovulation, the period when she can be made pregnant, than during the rest of the month.

None of this proves that your shave lotion is an aphrodisiac. What it does seem to show is that there is some kind of connection between certain kinds of smells and the human sex mechanism. It forms a basis for further research. "For the present," says Stephen Mayer, the tall, lean, Austrian-born president of MEM, "any company that tells you it has an airborne aphrodisiac to sell you is—well, exaggerating."

"But it depends what you mean by an aphrodisiac," says a psychologist who has worked on one of the more sexy toiletry ad campaigns. "Any smell can arouse you sexually if you've come to associate it with sex. Pick any smell, say burnt toast. If you've had intercourse with a girl who smelled like burnt toast, and if the experience was memorable, from then on the smell of burnt toast could arouse you." In the same way, he adds, your cologne can arouse her.

Toiletry companies have exploited these sexual implications with glee and gusto. In one series of TV commercials a man is shown shaving and a sexy blonde breathlessly invites him to "take it all off."

Another company offers men's toiletries for use "Before . . . During . . . and After. . . ." The makers of Aramis products explain that Aramis is the name of "an exotic root, originally used by the Turks as an aphrodisiac." Fabergé comes right out with it and bluntly names one of its men's toiletry lines Aphrodisia. Clairol, maker of men's hair-coloring chemicals, has applied for copyright on the double-barreled slogan, "Does he or doesn't he?" This is the male version of a slogan Clairol has used for years to sell its women's hair colors. The question asked by the slogan has always had an intriguing lack of specificity. Last month, an Atlanta-based firm, Hi Fashion, Inc., introduced an aftershave lotion simply called "Studd."

Other ads and promotional blurbs are less intriguing. The Manufacturing Chemists' Association estimates that 60 percent of men's toiletries now on the market are made by companies that formerly made women's cosmetics exclusively—and it shows. Promotional literature swarms with fluttery little words like "thrilling" and "wonderful." In many big stores you have to go to the women's cosmetics bar to grab a bottle of aftershave, and if you want advice on shaving or other problems you have to ask the cosmetics salesgirl, who, like as not, will reply by giggling. None of this is going to win over the man who thinks colognes and skin creams are effeminate. If they're sold this way, he's right.

"The business has grown too fast too suddenly," says George Mennen, whose company has been in it more than half a century. "Mistakes are being made. More than a hundred new fragrances for men have hit the market in the past year alone —but five years from now, half of them may not be around any more."

Packaging is a key factor in the survival

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"You get a new perspective, Fred. I don't give a good goddam if the stock exchange *does* move to Jersey City!"

or death of any men's toiletry item. Industry leaders have left few bottle caps unscrewed in seeking to give their products status, distinction and appeal—rosewood and cedar boxes, genuine leather cases, bronze and silver wrappings.

Donald Burr, fortyish-year-old executive vice-president of the 197-year-old cosmetic firm, Yardley of London, watched sales of that company's Black Label cologne leap 35 percent after the label was just slightly revised early this year to appeal to younger buyers. The company's "Y" logo was dropped to a subsidiary position, and Black Label was brought out in bold type. A black diamond shape took the place of the more placid rectangle, giving, Burr points out, the label more snap and appeal.

An ad campaign was then created to support the new image. It featured the backside view of a leather-jeaned young man with the bottle stuck jauntily out of his hip pocket. "Some guys have it, some guys never will," said the ads, which, by the way, also sold a surprisingly large number of black leather jeans.

Packaging can also be a sensitive area. *"CAUTION: This is not a beverage. Do not take internally,"* says the large label that appears on all bottles of Bathrub Gin cologne and aftershave lotion. Its manufacturer, Tom Fields, Ltd., put the stuff in such realistic-looking pint and half-pint gin bottles that the warning was devised for the company's own protection. Swank, makers of Jade East, one of the first companies to cash in big in the men's toiletries sweepstakes, recently packaged Jade East in small Buddha bottles which quickly prompted such scathing mail as, "Perhaps Swank considers its Jade East line worthy of Buddha packaging, but I'm sure the Buddhists don't. There is no excuse whatsoever for such sacrilegious usage of a religious symbol."

Meanwhile the search for new male fragrances goes on. Companies go to enormous lengths to develop smells that they think will attract men—and, slapped on men, women.

Colognes and shave lotions can contain from 10 to more than a hundred ingredients. The basic liquid medium is alcohol, but the fragrance and other working substances—2 percent to 3 percent of the volume in a cologne, 1 percent in a shave lotion, 0.3 percent in a spray deodorant—are more exotic. Gillette's Sun Up, for instance, contains such odd-sounding ingredients as styrax resin from Honduras, oak moss from Yugoslavia, ylang-ylang oil from the Philippines and opopanax gum from Arabia. Ingredients like these are often rare and costly. Musk costs some $125 an ounce. The cheapest animal substance, ambergris, fetches $10 an ounce. Bergamot oil, a bitter-orange note used in Sun Up, Skin Bracer and other men's toiletries, comes from an odoriferous fruit that grows only on some 50 acres in Italy and southern France. Several kinds of floral oils come from flowers so delicate that they must be harvested at dawn before the sun hits them.

The hunt for new fragrances like these takes professional sniffers all over the world. One company is looking for a combination that will make a man smell simply like "clean clothes dried outdoors in sun and wind." Another company is hunting a fragrance for heavy smokers, something that will change the indoor tobacco smell to an aroma of campfires and the great outdoors. Other hunters are on the track of a man's odor pill. Natural body odors stem from chemical goings-on within the body and depend partly on what a man eats and drinks. The dreamed-of odor pill would change your digestive chemistry so as to produce new odors or nullify unwanted ones such as that of alcohol in the bloodstream.

Still other seekers are looking for entirely new types of men's grooming aids. Probably the most stubborn hunt of all is the hunt for two elusive chemicals that will (1) make hair grow where it's wanted and (2) stop it from growing where it isn't wanted. For centuries, biological science has been baffled by the differences in male and female hair growth. Women grow little or no facial hair but have such strong growth on their heads that they rarely go bald. With men, it's the other way around. Nobody knows why, or how to change the setup. "The man who does find out how to change it," says Pfizer researcher Dr. James Jenkins, "will make several fortunes."

Depilatories, or hair-removing chemicals, are available for women to use on their legs, but only a wispy-bearded man can use such a chemical on his face. The stuff works by dissolving hair shafts slightly below the skin surface. (It doesn't kill the root; the hair keeps growing.) If this kind of depilatory were made powerful enough to do a good job of shaving the average man's stubble, it would dissolve a lot of his skin at the same time. No one has yet found a way around this problem. Similarly, though a lot of claims have been made, no one has yet found anything besides a wig or costly transplants that can restore hair to a man's balding scalp.

Ten years ago Gillette thought that it might have stumbled on the answers to both problems. The story, as recalled by Gillette executive Meyer Shnitzler, began when the company's researchers embarked on a "not very hopeful" study of hair folklore. "Like everybody else we'd been trying for years to find a men's hair-grower and hair-remover," says Shnitzler. "We'd keep hearing stories about how somebody's grandfather made his hair grow by soaking his head in sassafras tea—you know, things like that. Finally we decided to follow down some of these stories and see if there was anything to them."

The hunt took Gillette's men into dusty libraries, attics and archives. Among other things, they turned up a strangely fascinating report by a Russian doctor in an old medical journal. In a trip through the hot, reptile-infested rain forest in Colombia, the doctor had met a tribe of natives who admired hairiness as a mark of manhood. They particularly admired thick beards. According to the doctor, they stimulated hair growth by rubbing their chins with a juice made by boiling the bark of a certain tree found in the rain forest.

Gillette talked to a Harvard botanist about this. He said he'd heard such stories from what he considered reputable scientific sources, and though he couldn't confirm them, he wouldn't pooh-pooh them. Matter of fact, he said, one of his good friends was a Doctor Idrobo, curator of a botanical museum in Bogota, Colombia. Why didn't Gillette check with him?

A phone talk with Doctor Idrobo was enough to convince Gillette that the long-sought Grail might be at hand. Idrobo flew to Gillette's Boston headquarters at the company's expense. Yes, he said, he'd heard of the tree-bark treatment. He also knew of a treatment for doing just the opposite—removing hair permanently. There was another tribe of Colombian natives, he said, who admired high foreheads. The more forehead skin

a man had showing between his eyebrows and his hairline, the higher was his status. When a boy of this tribe was growing up, his mother would rub along his hairline the juice of a certain rare gourd, and in time the hair along that line would stop growing.

Doctor Idrobo was a responsible scientist, and he made it plain to Gillette that he had no scientific proof that these treatments really worked. But to Gillette, the possibilities seemed worth further probing. Imagine finding a Baldness Cure and a Permanent Shave—both at the same time!

The company chartered a plane. Bearing Doctor Idrobo and other scientists, it landed in a clearing in the rain forest. Natives guided the scientists to places where they could harvest the magic tree bark and gourd juice. Slapping off insects and kicking at things that crawled over their shoes, the scientists gathered several hundred pounds of bark and gourds, packed them in dry ice and flew back to civilization.

"I wish the story had a better ending," says Shnitzler with sad good humor. "We tried the stuff on animals first, to make sure it would have no harmful effects. Then we tried it on human volunteers. We put the bark juice on bald places and the gourd juice on hairy places, and we waited. And waited."

And are still waiting. To cure baldness, you still need a wig. To shave, you still need a cutting edge.

But the Great Rain Forest Quest illustrates something. It shows that toiletry companies will go to the ends of the earth, if necessary, to bring back something that will make you look good or smell good. If they find it, of course, they'll charge you for it. But they're ready to bet you'll pay.

So are many savvy companies outside the business. Woolworth's, for instance, one of the nation's four or five biggest toiletry sellers, doesn't care whether you enter its stores to buy toiletries, tools or T-shirts. But it expects to do some 40 percent more male toiletry business this Christmas season than last—and last Christmas it did 40 percent more than the year before. "What we're seeing," says one Woolworth's store manager, "may be the biggest change in men's fashions since knee breeches gave way to pants."

—Max Gunther

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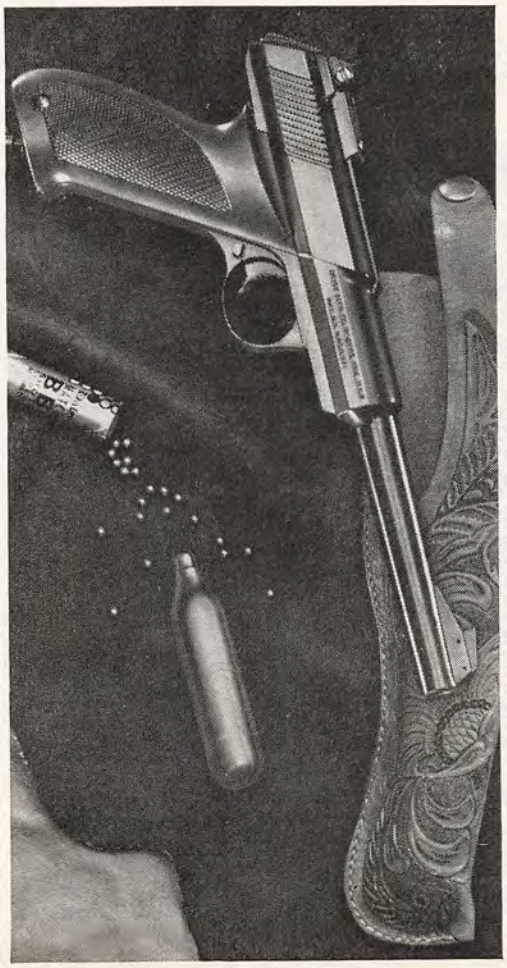

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RUGGED HUNTING IN THE LAND DOWN UNDER

[*Continued from page* 53]

in Washington would be perfect for the South Island in March and April. Fiordland in the South Island even has rain forests similar to those in Washington.

There is one more likeness between these two far-flung areas: both were settled about the same time. New Zealand is a *young* country. Not till the British signed a treaty in 1840 with the Maoris did it really begin to develop as a colony. Kiwis have the same love of traveling, the same pioneering spirit, as our westerners.

Big game began arriving in New Zealand in 1861. Fallow and red deer from England (the familiar stags of Scotland and Europe), chamois from Austria, Himalayan tahr, Japanese sika deer, Indian sambar deer, whitetail deer from America. Teddy Roosevelt sent 12 elk in 1907. They thrived. So did the domestic pigs and goats which went wild after Captain Cook liberated them in 1769, for until then the islands had no meat animals.

It is not hard to guess what happened. By 1928 the game populations had "exploded," as biologists say. Red deer became so thick that they denuded some areas, causing extensive erosion and some crop damage. The New Zealand government hired men, called cullers, to lower the deer herds with an unrelenting shooting campaign.

This was the beginning of a strange war of men against game animals that still persists today. Only now everyone is in the act—the cullers, professional meat hunters and weekend amateurs. But I am getting ahead of my story.

It was the original cullers who set the pattern for today's hunting. They lived rugged lives in tough country and the best of them ran up huge tallies of thousands of deer apiece. Such men became living legends, the Daniel Boones and Kit Carsons of New Zealand.

Three or four cullers from different areas would meet in a small-town pub and talk would fly—and spread—about the great shooting. "There were at least a hundred on the first flat. Man, we ran out of ammo!" "You know that second little valley above our camp? Found a couple of dozen in there one morning and cleaned out the lot."

It was the 1930's and these men were pioneers.

Always the talk was of *numbers* of deer —never size, sex or the quality of antlers. After all, they were hired exterminators.

But the civilian hunter who then had to get a permit for each animal he went after—perhaps two or three a season—began to yearn for more adventures with a rifle. A pattern of thinking was being set . . . *our game is endless.*

And after World War II this must have seemed truer than ever. The game, left undisturbed, was more plentiful than before. Culling resumed. Further, an insatiable market for skins had developed, so lucrative that any hunter tough enough to live in the bush could make a good living shooting for hides.

Yet the real war hadn't been declared. That happened in 1956 with the Noxious Animals Act. All game animals were classified as pests, to be destroyed by anyone at will, in any quantity and by any method.

Also, the management of big game passed from the Wildlife Branch of the Department of Internal Affairs to the Forest Service. In effect, New Zealand's big game has not had a government agency on its side for 11 years.

Something keeps happening to stimulate the war against the game. The market for hides eventually pinched out. Then about 1960 someone found that there was a good market overseas for venison and other game—a bloke could get $20 to $30 an animal—and the Chinese would pay $17 to $28 a pound for antlers in the velvet which would be ground up for use in aphrodisiacs.

Soon the top cullers quit to become professional meat hunters because there was much more money in this. Meat-processing plants, complete with refrigerator trucks to roam the back country and make pickups, became commonplace. Thus the ordinary hunter suddenly had a ready market for any game he shot.

This was the situation that greeted Ted and me early last March. We'd caught a plush Air New Zealand jet in Los Angeles at 9:30 in the morning, making airport stops at Hawaii and the Fiji Islands, and arriving at Auckland on the North Island in the evening.

From the very beginning, we met hunters. A taxi driver saw our rifles and remarked that he'd had a good hunt just a week ago. Guests in motels, spotting our gear, talked hunting. Someone in a bar, guessing I was an American by my clothes, asked if I'd come for the fishing and hunting and we gabbed for half an hour nonstop.

But the open sesame to the professional hunting world was Rex Forrester, who had left home in 1946 at 15 to make a small stake and become a hide hunter, then a government culler, a game ranger, and finally a big-game guide with his own outfit. Only a temporary illness had forced him to quit guiding and take up a less strenuous life. Rex had been everywhere, knew everyone, had shot some 10,000 animals while a culler, had spoken in parliament on deer—in short, he is one of the original Kiwi hunters. We were lucky he could take the time to expose us to the best fishing and hunting with local guides.

We came eventually to Arthur Urquhart's Erewhon Station on the South Island west of Mount Somers. It was here that we made the rugged tahr hunt. I mentioned that Arthur's operation is unique: it is the only place in New Zealand where you can pay to hunt in privacy. As a result, a big chunk of the Southern Alps—the domain of Arthur's 10,000 sheep and a fair population of red deer, chamois and tahr—remains as the land always was.

For $70 a week plus $4.30 a day per person for food and lodging, he will send you into the hills or you can hunt from the 100-year-old homestead with one of his herders. Arthur himself will take you for $140 a week plus $4.30 a day, and makes a special effort to get you top trophies. (Incidentally, such rates are below the usual prices for big-game hunts in much of our West with a guide.)

"How do you manage this?" I asked.

"I own the gateway land to these valleys," he explained. "No one may come in uninvited except government cullers."

"Cullers can come in *here*?"

"They would if I didn't show a satisfactory tally of game shot every year." Arthur permits a hunter one stag, two each of chamois and tahr, by the way.

TRUE

"Will you please stop referring to me as your 'present' wife?"

"I'll be damned. Then I did you a favor when I shot that cow tahr?"

Arthur grinned. He is of Scottish stock, tall and lean, a grandson of the pioneer who homesteaded this place. "It was one more on the tally."

He passed a bottle of old Scotch. We were relaxing in his parlor. Outside, looking past the flower garden, you could see the blue-white edge of a glacier perched on a mountain up the valley. It is that sort of a place.

Ted glanced at Rex. "The cullers can go anywhere then?"

"Anywhere. And in really bad terrain a pilot can dump carrots or apples poisoned with 1080. This has been very effective on tahr."

We went to bed on this somber thought.

Next morning we piled into Arthur's Land Rover and bounced up the rock-strewn river bed to hunt chamois. En route we kept stopping to glass the shady

HELP CHILDREN—
HELP CHILDREN

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side of the valley for stags, which Arthur began spotting only a couple of miles from the homestead. Hoping to find a "royal" stag—one with 12 antler points—we passed up some lesser animals, including one group of three stags with a 10-pointer, to our regret later.

By noon we'd stopped at the base of a mountain and prepared for lunch, a ritual which reminded me of a silly sentence I had put together of New Zealand slang words as a way of remembering them: The sheilah got the tucker from the crook cocky and boiled the billy for her cobbers. Translated into U.S. slang, this goes: The broad got the chow from the sick sodbuster and made tea for her buddies.

Anyhow, we boiled the billy and presently were zigzagging up the mountainside in our shirt-sleeves. Sure it was steep. But this country has some of the world's most beautiful mountain scenery and we were right in the middle of it. The climb was a pleasure.

In an hour we topped out on a grassy bench and found ourselves looking at a bunch of chamois across a canyon, from 300 to 500 yards away. I was instantly struck by the casual way a chamois would trot or walk across the sheerest rock face. There were about a dozen of these little goatlike mountain antelope feeding in the afternoon sun, their coats almost golden against the pale rocks and green tussock grass.

The thought crossed my mind: *Are these noxious animals?*

Presently Arthur sorted out the best male, pronounced it a good trophy and Ted touched off a .270 shot. This and the next shot were low; then Ted corrected for the range—farther than we had guessed and about 350 yards—and dropped the chamois.

Somebody yelled, "Damn good shot!" As we took off across the rocks for the trophy, the rest of the chamois fled. Soon we were looking at the recurved horns and all gabbing at once.

Our luck ran rich that afternoon. I busted a lone male when we were almost down to the river bottom. Both heads were better than the New Zealand average.

Now we've seen the toughest and the easiest of Erewhon hunting.

"Stags, look out!" said Trueblood at the car, tilting a bottle of Scotch. We made it back to the homestead easily by suppertime. . . .

"Who shot the greatest number of deer in a day?" I asked. We were hurtling through the South Island back country in a car with Rex at the wheel.

"Max Curtis shot 101, then ran out of ammo."

The answer came as fast and authoritatively as a baseball fan quoting a batting average.

"How about your best day as a culler, Rex?"

"Oh, only 57 before I ran out of bullets."

Kiwis always say "bullets" for cartridges," a British trait. We made a Le Mans turn on a hairpin bend and I found myself gazing down at a river 500 yards below. Our brief time at Erewhon had run out and we'd left without seeing a royal stag to shoot. If only we'd had a solid week of hunting—

Now we were going to improvise, for another guide who was to take us next suddenly went to the hospital and we were without a reservation anywhere.

"We'll hunt Kiwi style," Rex announced happily.

By this he meant flying, jet-boating or riding as far into the back country as possible, then camping. Many Kiwis simply hike in from the end of a road with everything they need on their backs. I noticed a gleam in Ted's eye, for we'd hunted on our own in the West without a guide a few times and it was always memorable.

New Zealand is not without big-game outfitters, incidentally. There are three on the North Island specializing in red, sambar and Japanese sika deer, also boars. There are some fallow deer on this island too. Seven operators in the South Island—including Arthur Urqu-

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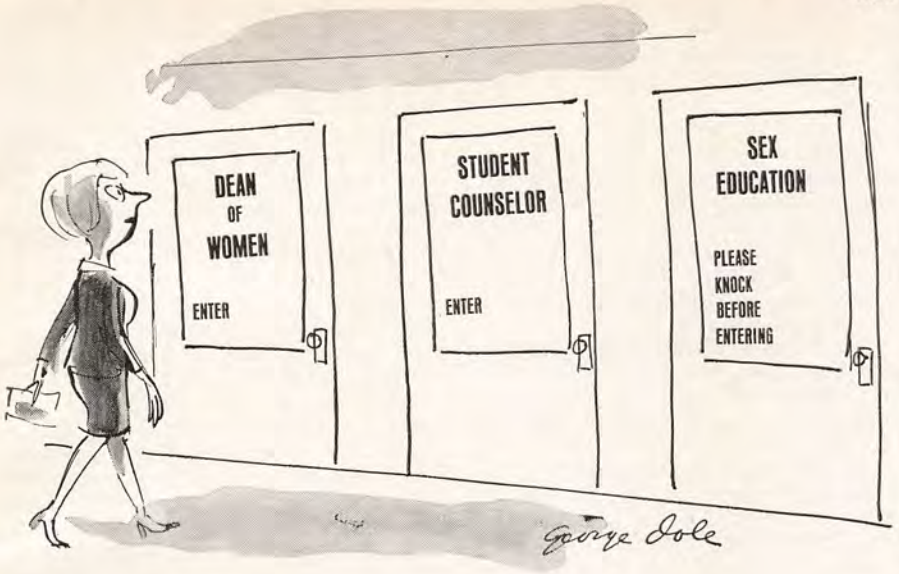

hart—offer red, fallow and whitetail deer, chamois and tahr, and boars. And I suppose arrangements could be made for an elk hunt, though their country is extremely tough. I saw a fabulous set of elk antlers from a bull shot recently by Bill Axbey, the Conservator of Wildlife at Queenstown.

Well, we barreled into this pretty little town where Rex called on a coterie of old hunting friends for information. The consensus was poor for a quickie hunt. Professional meat hunters with jet boats were operating on every large river; all the areas near the mountain fly-in strips were being pounded hard.

"I'll charter Tex Smith to fly us way in for an early look at the high slopes and valleys," Rex told us. "Tex flies meat out and knows where the action is."

Next morning we flew about 100 miles into the mountains and searched more country than we could have observed in two weeks afoot. But not a decent stag was seen. In fact, we saw little game. Then we landed on a grass strip on Forgotten River and met young John MacIntyre, meat hunter. He was not optimistic.

"Some amateurs came into this flat and shot 167 in four days," he told us. "But it's finished now. I've got a dozen carcasses in the meat safe for a week's work and I'll have to quit soon."

"Are there any up high?" Rex asked.

"Yes, a few. I have to carry the deer in on my back, you know, so can't go into the rough stuff near the tops."

This lad was all muscle. We decided to forget Forgotten River, searched some more high slopes without luck and returned to Queenstown.

"If only you'd be here a couple of weeks from now," Rex said at lunch. "The stags would be roaring then and it would be easy."

I knew something of this from a stag hunt I made in Yugoslavia in 1959. The red deer is related to our elk and during the rut the males of both species get combat minded as they have harems of females to defend against the lust of lesser males. So a big stag will "roar" a challenge (just as a bull elk "bugles") to other stags. Fights are frequent.

Well, the point is, *you* can roar and if there is a stag nearby, it'll roar a reply and come for you. Or you can locate a stag by its roaring and stalk it unerringly. You might even stalk two stags about to fight, or actually fighting, and kill 'em both.

In New Zealand, the stags start roaring near the middle of April and continue for about three weeks. This would be the ideal time to hunt them, with the mornings crisp and clear as our month of October.

By now our trip was drawing to a close. Before it was over we were to talk with several former cullers, members of the N.Z. Deerstalkers' Association, game rangers, sporting-goods salesmen, professional meat hunters, ranch owners and some weekend hunters.

All spoke of deer *only in numbers:* "We had a so-so weekend and only shot five." The younger generation of Kiwi hunters knows no other hunting background than numbers and apparently has not yet come to regard game animals as admirable in any way. One seldom hears an expression on the order of: "It was a lovely stag." Instead, it would be something like: "It was a fine *big* stag," meaning that it would bring more money than a small one.

I also noticed talk of the past as if it were still the present, again and again. "You ought to go to the big flat near such-and-such creek. We killed 18 there a couple of weeks ago. Man, the place is alive with deer!"

It *was* alive with deer.

But shot-at deer do breed well. That place may be alive with deer again. Some day. Maybe. . . .

I have been writing of New Zealand only from a hunter's viewpoint. It has much to offer a tourist, including an accessibility that many do not realize. New Zealand only *sounds* as if it were at the end of the earth. Actually, it is no farther from Los Angeles via Honolulu and Fiji than Nairobi is from New York via Rome and Athens. I mention Nairobi because

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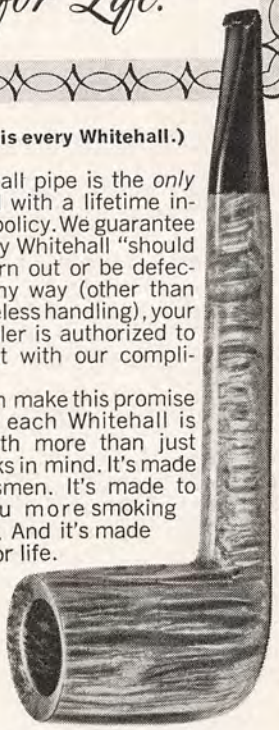

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it is always thronged with foreign tourists.

New Zealand *should* be, and my guess is that soon will be. One reason is the new international jet airport put into operation at Auckland on the North Island last November. Until then, you took a propjet at best. With the opening of this jet facility, Air New Zealand —formerly TEAL—extended its routes to Singapore, Hong Kong, Honolulu and Los Angeles, and jumped from a local South Pacific carrier to a modern one with a 34,600-mile network. Five other international airlines now fly jets into Auckland also.

The country stirs like a sleeping giant. It already is aglitter with new motels and good roads (though there are still some one-way bridges). Perhaps too long reliant on sheep (50 million) and dairy products (world's biggest exporter), the government is now trying to diversify its exports and find new markets for mutton.

Meanwhile, there is a labor shortage, for there are only 2.6 million Kiwis (imagine lower California to northern Washington with only 2.6 million people). Anyone of age can get a job. We noted that most waitresses were Australian girls, come to sight-see and work where *they* wanted.

New Zealand is a member of the Commonwealth of Nations . . . with a difference. Sure they drive on the left. Of course English is spoken everywhere. But you're in the South Pacific, man. This is Maori country too, and was for centuries before the white man came. Many of the streets and towns have Maori names similar to those in Hawaii, with its similar Polynesian background.

So the livin' is easy. The sights are many: geysers, hot springs, glaciers, volcanoes, a cave alight with glowworms, ferns that grow 50 feet tall, rocks that float, exotic rare birds like the flightless kiwi, Maori meeting houses—it's a long list. And everywhere, fantastic scenery with excellent trout fishing on both islands.

But best of all, the hospitality is great.

Consider the day we drove up to the gate of a sheep station to ask if we might hunt in the area. We were strangers, free-lancing. Along came Allan Bradley, the owner, and Herbie Taylor, a friend. They were in a Land Rover, headed for a bit of hunting themselves, and towed an open trailer for the meat.

Well, in two minutes Allan Bradley invited us along. It didn't matter that they might not have brought quite enough food. They opened the doors of the Land Rover and invited us in.

And that was not all. Learning that we'd been trying to find a couple of good stags, they offered us first shot at any seen. Further, they decided not to shoot until we'd had a crack at a stag or two. We were overwhelmed by such generosity.

On the 10-mile drive Allan pointed to many a flat and draw where he'd shot deer, and I noticed an edge of disappointment as we drew close to the hut that was our goal for the night, for we hadn't seen an animal.

"I let a meat hunter operate here till last month," he explained. "Otherwise they'd have sent cullers in. My man took out about $3,000 worth of deer, still I had hoped——"

That evening Herbie guided me, and Allan took Ted. I passed up a stag. But Ted saw a small one and killed it—in deference to our hosts, I believe.

We spent a wonderful two days here, though we never fired another shot. Allan and Herbie passed by a number of hinds so as not to spook any stags that might be ahead for us. Finally Allan permitted himself one hind which he shot up a side draw well away from us. It and Ted's little stag made the smallest bag they'd ever taken from this valley.

Well, you wonder, *is New Zealand's hunting finished?*

Not for Kiwis. Remember, it's their country and their business what they do with their game. They're protecting elk, and that is encouraging. They have a conservationist in their midst in Arthur Urquhart, and that too is encouraging.

Perhaps young hunters, thinking ahead to the days of their sons, will decide that maybe the game isn't noxious any more. The first tough step is for someone to speak up on the side of the game.

Well, you wonder, *should a tourist hunter go to New Zealand?*

Definitely—if you can give yourself as much time per species as you would for big game in North America, say a week per animal. And quite likely you could bag a really good chamois, tahr and red stag—or a stag and two other kinds of deer—in a couple of weeks.

And if you come toward the middle of April when the stags are roaring——Let me quote from a letter Rex Forrester wrote me on April 11 about a Saturday hunt he'd just made with his eldest son, Roger, who is 14:

"We climbed about 600 feet in heavy brush and stags were roaring everywhere. I called up one and shot him at 25 yards (long shot!), then loaded the rear half onto my back. We started down, only to hear another stag roaring below us.

"This was Roger's, so I gave him the rifle and roared. Boy, did he come arunning! The stag was about 10 yards away when I stopped it with another roar. Young Roger planted a good one in him. It was a seven-pointer and I never saw anyone prouder of his first stag."

—Peter Barrett

TRUE

"Then after a few more drinks, I jumped into this cab and said to the driver, 'Take me where the action is . . .'"

ATTENTION HUNTERS

Seasons are reversed; remember that June, July, August are winter in New Zealand, with snow on slopes.

Tahr and chamois, being horned animals, don't shed horns and can be hunted the year round.

Deer family animals are antlered, shed them in New Zealand near end of September, are in velvet through February, making March through mid-September best months. Stags "roar" and elk "bugle" beginning about mid-April.

Wallaby, gone-wild goats, pigs are open year-round.

Hunting license is not required, but police permit for your rifle costs $1.40, is quickly issued.

Make reservations as far in advance as possible with New Zealand Government Tourist Bureau, Box 527, Rotorua, New Zealand and tell what you want to hunt, how much time you have, what physical shape you're in. You'll probably get a reply from Rex Forrester, along with recommended guides, etc.

Air New Zealand flies from Los Angeles on Tuesday and Saturday mornings, lands you in Auckland that evening for $934 round-trip economy or $1,312 round-trip first class.

THE U-BOAT THAT GOOFED

[*Continued from page* 55]

for sinking 100,000 tons of enemy shipping. Possibly it was the captain's ambition for an Iron Cross that led to his decision. In any case, at one minute past 8 he shot a torpedo at the first tanker; two minutes later he launched another at the second tanker.

Both ships were burning furiously when the U-boat skipper eventually maneuvered into position to begin the bombardment of the refinery with his big 10.5-centimeter gun. But by then the target had disappeared behind a smoke screen of burning gasoline from the two tankers. Nevertheless, the captain barked, "Commence firing!" Then came an earsplitting roar and screams. Two men lay bleeding on the deck; the gun barrel had exploded. The captain quickly ordered the much smaller 37 millimeter gun into action. After 16 shots, he decided to cease firing. The small gun just wasn't effective without a target to aim at.

Why had the big gun exploded? And on the very first shot? The Germans made the same blunder any excited amateurs might make: they had forgotten to remove the muzzle plug before firing the gun. The shell, with an impact fuse, hit the plug and exploded in the barrel. If that muzzle plug had been removed, the chances are that the Lago refinery would have gone up in a couple of blinding flashes of high octane gas that night. A 10.5cm. projectile would have had many times the destructive effect of the 37mm. projectiles that the U-156 used after the big gun blew up. Even shooting through a smoke screen, the 10.5cm. gun should hit some vital target. But Hartenstein had made the mistake of going after the ships first and the resulting smoke screen rendered his smaller gun totally ineffective. Thus he snafued his chance to destroy one of the biggest refineries in the world. About 100 million tons of oil came out of that refinery from February 16, 1942, until the end of the war. This is roughly 10,000 tanker loads. Hartenstein put two small tanker loads on the bottom and got himself 5,800 tons closer to his Iron Cross. Had he destroyed the refinery, Hitler should have given him a basket full of Iron Crosses because the whole course of the war would have been changed.

—D. V. Gallery

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DIAMOND CASBAH

[*Continued from page 39*]

accompany a diamond salesman, a roadman, a wholesale hustler. An army of such men, 5,000 strong, links Diamond Street bottleneck with the jewel shops in Podunk, Peoria and Pasadena. These are the hard-sellers with connections in Bridesville. They are also the ones who are beaten and hijacked, the real risk takers.

Diamond crime begins on Diamond Street. One form begins with a small proportion of retailers who jazz up yellowing stones with blue mercury-vapor display lights, who tint-coat off-color diamonds, and who sell an occasional "piggyback" stone made by sandwiching thin, worthless gems into a monstrous composite rock. From the clip jewelers, who are found in every city, crime spirals into diamond heists at the $100,000 level and higher.

Wary of being marked for a robbery, diamond men are reluctant to talk with writers, but a promise not to use his real name persuaded one to share his inside view of the diamond world.

"Emil Fischer" is 42, plump, balding and quick-eyed. He lives in his own home in the Riverdale Section of the Bronx and rents an office on Diamond Street. He has a large, modern Mosler vault behind game-room paneling in the basement of his home. In it he keeps an accumulation of cut stones which he sells on commission and some very large cut stones of his own which he has had polished from rough diamonds bought on speculation. From time to time, he sells these stones to local men and their wives whom he meets socially. But each year he must make his "Christmas tour." Some time in August he loads everything he has to sell into his alarm-protected 1963 Buick sedan and heads out of New York on a four or five thousand-mile swing, hitting all his connections, from relatives to contacts he has known for years.

We pick Fischer up on the corner of Diamond Street and Sixth Avenue at 8:45 on a clear Tuesday morning in August. After a quick handshake, he moves eastward through the crowd walking gingerly because there are expert jostlers who can clip the brass chain which attaches his diamond wallet to his belt. Mark of a diamond dealer, the bulky black wallet holds paper folders of stones. Right now, Fischer has $45,000 on him in these "loose goods," plus $60,000 in mounted stones in an attaché case fastened to his body by a cable running up his sleeve and down to a wide body belt. He wears a pearl tiepin but no diamonds.

Fischer nods to uniformed police, mentions that "the one in the doorway" is a plainclothesman armed with an automatic pistol that handles a special 14-shot clip. "Here," says Fischer, "I feel secure; the street is my home. I'm getting my stuff together for the trip. Today and tomorrow I wind up my affairs, and tomorrow night or the morning after I go on the road where you really have to be careful. Last week I dropped in at Appleton & Cox, Inc. one of the largest diamond insurance underwriters, and had my policy jacked up. 'Emil,' says the man. 'Why do you poke around in that car? Why not fly? It is safer and less wearing.' I explained that on Harry Winston's or Lazare Kaplan's level yet I ain't. Their salesmen fly, maybe with one or two diamonds at times. I have the whole bargain basement, and besides, my people are in little jewelry stores between airports. With the alarm on my car, I drive door to door. The service of a milkman."

Fischer gestures at the rows of street-level shops. "This is the retail focus. Guys buy engagement rings here, traveling from four states. Toward Sixth Avenue you might get a bargain, in the honest places, which is most of them. Toward Fifth Avenue, the prices are a wee bit higher. But upstairs, it is mostly wholesale—a million on a single deal. The big action is in the Diamond Dealers Club; but first we'll drop this junk in my office."

Like many diamond men, Fischer sports a minuscule office in a ramshackle building, reducing rent and temptation to robbers. At his ring, a pretty face appears behind a peephole. "It's me," says Fischer. An electric lock buzzes open. Emil has been let in by a shapely brunette, Suzanne Stein, who is secretary, office manager and guardian of the vault—an ancient, gold-leaf safe almost as large as the room. Into its iron maw, Fischer tosses his loot with a sigh.

"Twice I have been robbed," he says. "Once when I was young, shilled by a woman, and once last year. Lightning should strike three times?" He tells his secretary he is going over to the Diamond Club and can be paged there.

Back in the teeming street, Emil Fischer heads for Number 30, the Diamond Club Building, a fortress of security. "I see you got a pretty camera," he says in the elevator. "You must check that. Hoods are casing all the time. How do you think I got hit? I vaguely recollect some tourist with a Polaroid, and boom, my picture is in some stickup man's pocket. Nine weeks later, I was slugged in my hotel in St. Louis. I told him, take the diamonds, take, who wants them? He beat me up anyhow. Maybe I should go in for something less amusing. I had a cousin, George Herman, gave his life for diamonds. Bad like that it shouldn't get, but if this boom keeps going, the robberies will never stop. If it came in style, the women would wear diamonds in their noses; they'd wear them between their toes. Men are not buying stones for themselves the way they did before the war, but I sell nice square-cut links or a solitaire ring to the Mafia type, and the big-business man likes a heavy stone for a ring occasionally."

The Diamond Club foyer is jammed with bearded and shaven dealers haggling or waiting to pass through inch-thick glass doors whose electrically controlled locks protect the inner sanctum sanctorum. Plainclothes detectives lounge in the lobby corners, and a sign proclaims: Members Only. "Hit the alarm," says Fischer, "and every door locks automatically. We have a direct line through the Holmes Detective alarm switchboard and over to the police."

The electric doors buzz like wasps as Fischer goes in. Soon he is sitting at one of several-dozen long tables in a great room that fills the whole floor. This place is to diamonds what the Stock Exchange is to securities.

Fischer meets a dignified gent in a large black beard.

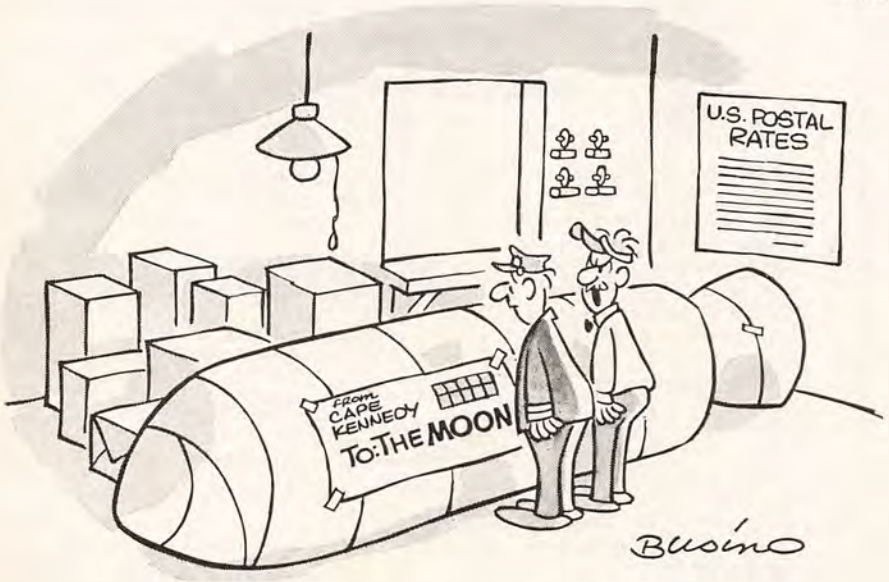
"You got the goods?" Fischer asks.

"What do I look, a dummy?" the bearded one replies.

Between them on a table in the north light of the high window the bearded individual slides a magnificent pear-shaped stone which glimmers blue-white with flecks of red and yellow. It's as wide as a thumbnail and worth $40,000. They dicker half an hour, jibing, laughing testily. At last it ends. *"Mazel und broche,"* croaks the bearded one. "Benediction and prayer," and a handshake: the traditional sealing of a diamond deal.

"Actually," explains Fischer, "that means, 'Now you're stuck with it.' That

TRUE



"That's passing the buck!"

was Morgenzahl. His whole family was killed by Nazis before his eyes. But he escaped, he came here, married, worked. I don't understand such men. He says what happened was the will of Jehovah. A million years of pressure and heat makes a diamond, and maybe you get a gem, maybe all bubbles and cracks."

Fischer slithers through the crowd meeting friends, catching news: who's got what, who was robbed, what smuggling was cracked, who was questioned by Interpol on the last trip to Antwerp? The club is a water hole for diamond men the world over: 1,500 members speaking 12 languages cemented by Yiddish. Such is the pace of the diamond rush that tomorrow many of the men will be in the diamond "bourses" of other cities.

Here in the club you meet Edward Friedman, chief buyer for Sears, Roebuck. He purchases 160,000 stones a year and could use 200,000. Tall, athletic, a storyteller, he relates the tale of his escape from a Rumanian concentration camp to Palestine, where he learned diamond cutting and worked his way up.

Here you meet Joe Baumgold, one of the top five cutters and dealers in the U.S.—who casually throws a $200,000 ink-blue diamond of 40 carats on the table, as if he were dropping a 25-cent piece.

Fischer gets back to business. Baumgold has arrived by appointment to supply 24 perfectly matched diamonds that Fischer will carry to an Illinois jeweler. These stones are taken by Fischer on memorandum, he explains, meaning that he works on commission, perhaps 40 percent in some cases, but the stones belong to Baumgold and are returnable to him before sale on demand.

"I get a very nice insurance policy," says Fischer, "and when I'm on the road with diamonds, the premium goes up. Because of the risk and because of my personal connections, I receive a nice commission. People like myself who know, who hustle, are moving the diamonds today, my friend. You get so busy, you never think you would get stuck up again, if you lived a thousand years. Yet the minute we leave this oasis, I could get cased for a job."

Now Fischer haggles with a wizened old diamond man, Jack Pincus, proud possessor of a gigantic, frosty, rough diamond the size of a slightly melted ice cube.

"Emil!" exclaims Pincus. "The cutter polished off a window in this stone, and I took a long look in, and what do you think I saw?"

"A carbon spot as black as your eyeball," says Fischer.

"Examine the goods, Emil," orders Pincus. "You'll see a little feather here, maybe a bubble over there, such is life. However, my friend, in between you've got diamond, pure as the breath of a baby. Since I didn't do no work on the stone, I could let you have it for maybe 10 percent on what it cost me, old time's sake."

Fischer spends an hour looking into the window of the big crystal. "A nice piece of rough," he grumbles, squinting into his loupe, a magnifying eyepiece jewelers carry. "Only a million problems. You shouldn't tempt me, Pincus." They

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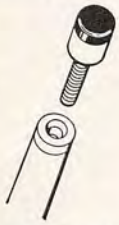

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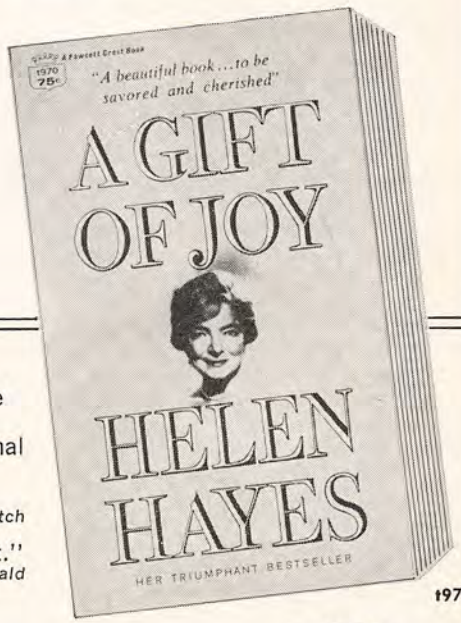

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"Still afraid to fly?"

lapse into heated Yiddish, and are still arguing when the other members leave to beat the commuter rush.

The next day is Fischer's last in town before he hits the road. At his office, he is as talkative as ever, but his voice is somewhat high, nervous.

"I don't like traveling," he admits. "Maybe this round, I get blasted. Hey, look, I got here the big piece of rough you saw yesterday. From this I can make a very nice stone, 20 carats. Did you know that a carat is an Indian word, from *carob*? The seeds of the carob tree were used as scale weights, and the first diamonds came from India. One hundred forty-two carats to an ounce; 100 points to a carat. Diamonds today don't come from India. Mainly Africa, but also from Arkansas, Russia, Venezuela, Brazil. An African cartel called De Beers Consolidated Mines controls 80 percent of all production."

Going down to the street, Fischer explains he is running his chunk of rough over to a big cutter, Mayer Popkin, who will fashion the best possible polished stone on commission. From Popkin he will buy more cut stones for his trip, and after that, he'll drop the $40,000 pear-shaped stone he bought the previous day at a laboratory for a routine check.

Because he's jittery today, Fischer stops at All American Investigation and Security Service Bureau down the street, and picks up John Mandel, a beefy private detective who is a retired police detective and spent 17 years prowling the 16th Precinct, which embraces Diamond Street. A former wrestler, Mandel managed the 1960 Olympic team to three gold medals. His partner is Rocco Scarfone, an older man who's also an ex-cop.

Now Mandel accompanies Fischer into the street bearing a new Motorola walkie-talkie. "Rocco, Rocco," he says into the instrument. "Mr. Fischer is hungry; we're going in Max's Restaurant, over."

"Right, John, keep in touch, over."

Fischer slumps into a chair in Max's, orders a plate of cold boiled carp; Mandel has coffee. The place is jammed with diamond men.

"We're going up to Popkin's," says Fischer. "A famous dealer and a gentleman. Did you know Mayer Popkin is a box man? That means he gets a box, a parcel of rough, right from De Beers. It is called a sight. You go to London, in a building near St. Paul's Cathedral. I went with Mayer myself once. It is all very polite. They give you a peek, and if you shouldn't want it, they could become offended. Very seldom is a box refused."

We cross the street to Popkin, bucking heavy crowds.

The conversion of raw crystal to polished gem can increase its value by as much as 200 times. Most small rough is cut in Antwerp or Tel Aviv and some in West Germany, according to Fischer, but the big rough is handled by the world's master cutters here in the Diamond Street area. Mayer Popkin is one of the best, and has been hit by holdup men for $200,000. As we go into the building, Mandel calls Scarfone on the walkie-talkie.

"Popkin's elevator, John, over."

"Going up, Rocco, all clear."

In the lobby on the ninth floor around a big wooden sign, "Mayer Popkin, Diamond Cutter and Dealer," are cabinets of huge glass "diamonds" in plated high-style settings. Everything is dusty and disordered, and some of the fake diamonds have fallen out of place. "The bigger they get," says Fischer, "the more bankrupt they have to look. You notice we are on television."

The lobby is being scanned by closed-circuit TV. Popkin spots Fischer and comes out, greeting him happily. He is a little man with glinty eyes and a large wart on the end of his nose. He wears no diamonds. To Mandel, he says, "How are you coming with Rubin?"

"I was at his home last night. He definitely has not misplaced the stones, and he won't come across. He's supposed to call me tonight, then I'll call you." Rubin is a salesman like Fischer; he has refused to return diamonds taken on commission.

"These boys," says Popkin, "they have the idea, to sell diamonds, you buy a big house, join the country club, make a big front. Emil, you wouldn't use such judgment! That's how to get in over your head, und *temptation!* That's Rubin."

Mandel leaves, and Fischer accompanies Popkin to the cutting shop. "This is some layout, huh?" rasps Popkin. "Fifty years in the business. I start in at 12 years old, in the other country. Didn't I spoil some diamonds? Worked 16 hours a day. Now I've got sons and grandsons in the business. For them seven hours is slavery. I still eat in the Automat—they go to supper clubs. The world changes. I've got my lungs full of diamond dust, you know that? The doctor tells me every time, Mayer, you're getting blacker in the lungs, but it won't hurt me. A little diamond dust is good for the system."

"Absolutely," says Fischer, smiling slightly.

One look at the long cutting hall with its roaring saws and wheels is enough to shatter all the myths about priestly diamond cutters. You expect an Albert Einstein type concentrating on a kingly tap that will make or ruin a monumental crystal. But these cutters are jabbering like monkeys, singing, yodeling. Five languages. Bedlam. The stones are held in iron grips (dops) against 16-inch cast-iron wheels (laps) charged with diamond dust. Like microscopic chisels, the dust attacks the grain of the crystal, which, like wood, has a hard and a soft direction. Enough chisels hit the hard way to wear off waste, imperfections, and to create the refractive facets. Lead weights are piled on the dop as the diamond bites in,

cutting itself with its own new dust. Lead bricks are piled on, and as the pressure mounts, ripping away the work of volcanic eons, the stone emits a weird soprano scream.

Fischer ducks into Popkin's office to talk business. Popkin agrees to handle Emil's new chunk of rough, which he appraises through his 10-power loupe. "A very nice thing, Emil," he admits. "We could squeeze out a lovely marquise."

After long analysis, Popkin agrees to cut on commission; if the cutting goes well, and they find a customer, a very high profit could be made. Popkin will mark the stone for cutting with India ink, but the analysis may require a month. The first major cut will take a week on the bronze wheel.

While they talk greenish images come and go on a TV console beside the desk. Suddenly Popkin jumps. "I have never seen him before, and he doesn't look so good."

Popkin pushes a button, and on the TV, you see a house detective approach the suspect in the lobby. He turns out to be somebody looking for a bargain.

"Don't believe it," laughs the cutter. "Casing, casing all the time. Didn't I get hit? How they lined me up! Terrific references, this gentleman wanted a lot of stones for this girl friend, a million dollars. While I was getting the stuff ready, he came back several times, even spent some money, but he was casing. The fifth time, they threw the guns on us. I have a Holmes alarm button, but they had located that. 'Reach for the button and you're a dead man,' the guy told me. He spoke very softly, for a hood, very softly. A pleasant looking fellow. You can never tell. That dame. She must have been as hard as nails, no nerves. She was right with him."

"I too have had trouble with women on the road," says Fischer with a sigh. "Thieves finger you here in the street somehow, and tail you on the road, and put the dame in front of you, like Mata Hari. You take her to your room, and the gunman slips in later. Of course, you should not have the goods in your room, but these motels today don't have vaults. They are trying to get rid of diamond men anyhow. Some places ask you, are you in diamonds, and you say yes, and they say they are filled up."

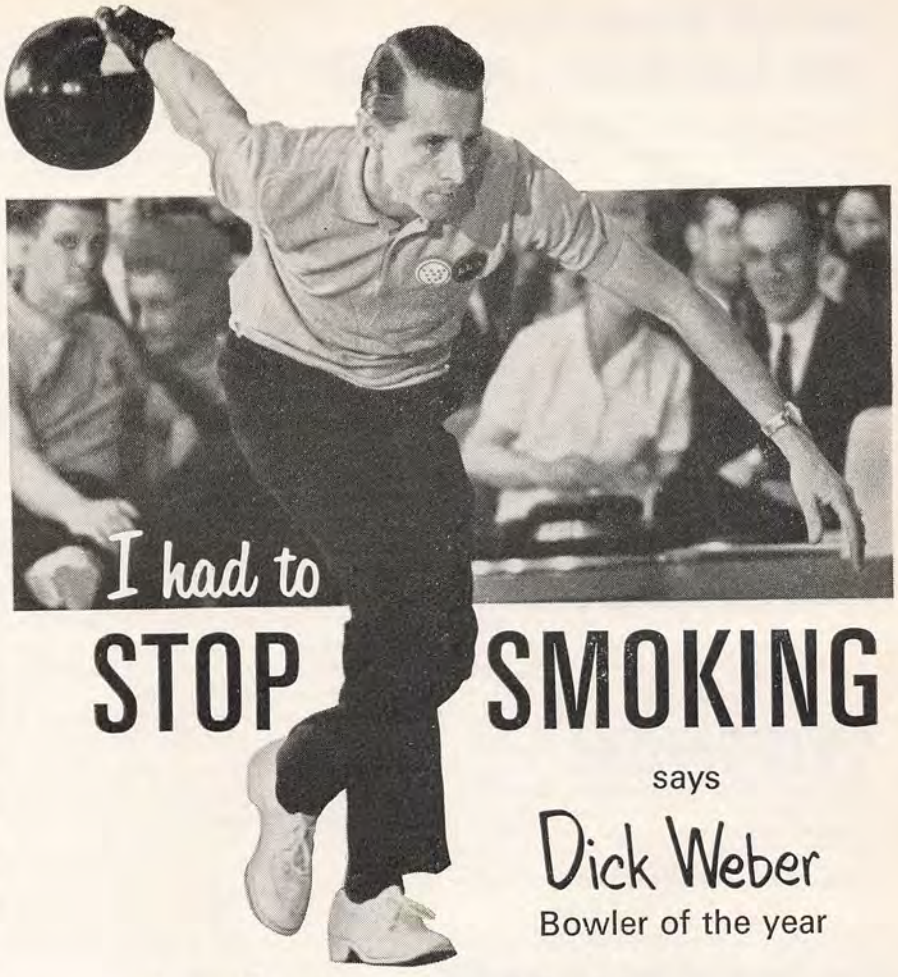
"Emil," says Popkin, "my regular roadmen have the cars wired up with the Babaco system, the same as semitrailer trucks and armored cars, but they've got outfits that can deactivate them, so you can't be too careful."

Fischer shrugs. "You have to carry your case from the car to the hotel or the motel. If you don't, they tow your car away. That has happened, only not to me. I like my case fastened to my body. Remember the cases with sirens, with tear gas, with gongs, with a tape recorder that yelled 'I'm being robbed' if you let go the grip? Junk. It was always going off in the customer's place. I tried some of those gimmicks, and I lost sales, big sales. They laughed at me."

"Remember Phil Schwartz?"

"Poor Phil."

"Right in the lobby of the hotel, downtown Detroit. Shot through the heart, for



I had to STOP SMOKING

says

Dick Weber

Bowler of the year

And I did.... with Bantron

I was a 3 to 4 pack-a-day smoker. I hadn't been feeling well and was advised by my doctor to give up my chain smoking habits. It got down to this—either give up cigarettes or give up tournament bowling. Since I was earning my living as a year 'round professional bowler, I decided to quit smoking, though I knew it wouldn't be easy.

I had read about Bantron many times, especially the testimonials from my friends in other professional sports. So I got some and with Bantron's help I stopped smoking completely in just a few days. I haven't smoked for over a year. It was easier than I expected and pleasant to take; it didn't affect my taste for food or anything else. In fact I found my strength coming back, I was able to concentrate on my game better and my cough disappeared.

Maybe you don't *have to* stop smoking, as I did. Or do you?

If you want to quit, take Bantron.

The Bantron formula was discovered by doctors in the research department of a great American university. So startling were the first results obtained with this little pill that further investigation was carried on. For months the research team carefully tested it on hundreds of people. The results showed that 83%—more than 4 out of 5 of all people who wanted to stop smoking . . . did so in five to seven days. Even those who didn't stop completely had drastically cut down.

Bantron simply acts as a substitute for the nicotine in your system and helps curb the desire for tobacco with a harmless, non-habit forming drug called lobeline. The result is that you feel no pangs of withdrawal and no desire to smoke.

My own experience with Bantron had an interesting aftermath: the first professional tournament in which I played after I stopped smoking was held in Houston. I felt so good, *I actually bowled three perfect (300) games and won the tournament.*

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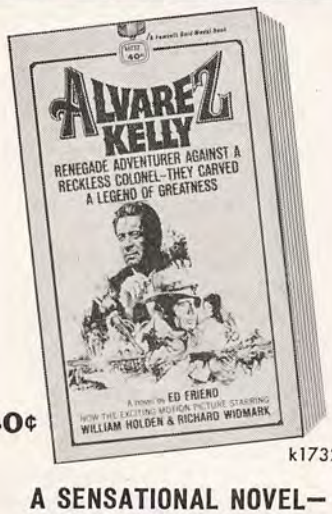
A BATTLE MADE THEM LEGEND!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a satchel of diamonds. These are serious days, my friend."

From Popkin, Fischer takes several papers of large stones on consignment, signing a form which states in legal terms that Fischer can sell for Popkin, but not for himself.

"Have a good trip, Emil," says Popkin. "My best to your wife and son; so he wants to be an engineer?"

"He does not admire diamonds, except from a distance."

"An intelligent fellow," says Popkin thoughtfully. "It is like living in another world. I would wish a boy out in the regular world, although my boys are in diamonds. Emil, a good trip you should have."

Fischer calls detective John Mandel, and they depart amid a crackle of walkie-talkie static, returning to Fischer's office where he places Popkin's diamonds and his recent purchases in the great iron safe. Now he retrieves the $40,000 pear-shaped stone he bought from Morgenzahl.

Fischer departs with his big rock and a few off-color, yellowish stones he wants to dump. As he walks, he opens his mail. "Isn't this timely," he chirps. "The new salesman's warning booklet from JSA. Wonderful tips. Don't sleep with diamonds under your pillow. Don't take rides with strangers. No, they have some good ideas. Thirty-eight percent of hits are being made while the salesman is at dinner. So take your case to dinner. Oh, I forgot to tell you, JSA is the Jewelers' Security Alliance, founded in 1883 to guard against safe crackers and stickup men, and after the war the emphasis swung over to protect men on the road like myself. There are 3,200 members, store owners, cutters and the like, and I come in as an agent of Popkin. I get all the literature, the bulletins. On the road, we are protected by the Pinkertons, but the times I was hit there certainly was no time to call anybody. Well, maybe we can drop in at the main office later and see what's new."

We are on our way to the gem laboratory where Emil will have a check-out run on his big pear-shaped stone, when Mandel spots a police detective he knows.

"Hey, Ace," Mandel calls, "what's up?"

"I'll make a meet with you later, at your office," the detective hisses out of the corner of his mouth. Mandel picks up the action immediately.

"They have a crack squad in this area," he explains, "concentrating mainly on the big jewelry stores—Winston, Cartier, Tiffany. They tail anybody that looks suspicious, goes in and out looking at gems but doesn't buy, just casing. Ace has been in plenty of shoot-outs, very cool. he killed several men."

We go into 580 Fifth Avenue, on the corner of Diamond Street. There are more diamond companies in this tower than anywhere else on the street, and in one suite of rooms are the laboratories of the Gemological Institute of America, headed by Bob Crowningshield, a tall, scientific-minded fellow with a good sense of humor. When he sees Fischer's big gem, he reacts like a sailor hitting New Orleans on leave. Soon he is lost in the binocular microscope and the minute universe of the blue-white pear-like diamond that will one day ride as a pendant in the cleavage of a wealthy woman.

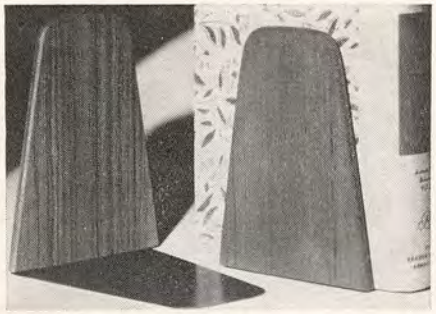
The gem men mutter and make voluminous notes: minor specks, called inclusions, are diagrammed. They are so small the value will not be diminished. Next the gem goes under ultraviolet

[*Continued on page* 128]

TRUE

"Someday, son, all this will be yours—but in the meantime get your feet to hell off my solid oak desk!"

TRUE goes shopping



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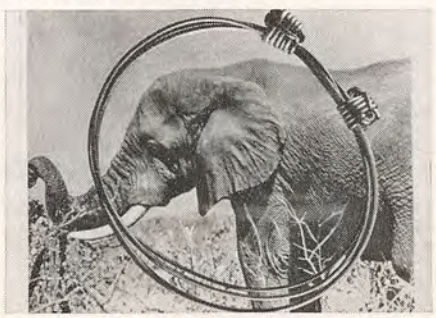

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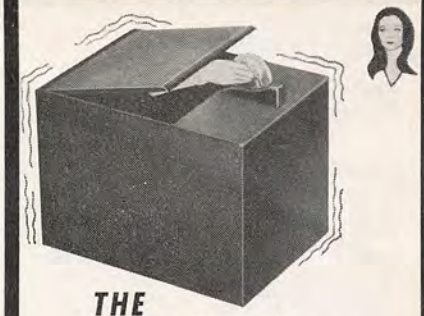

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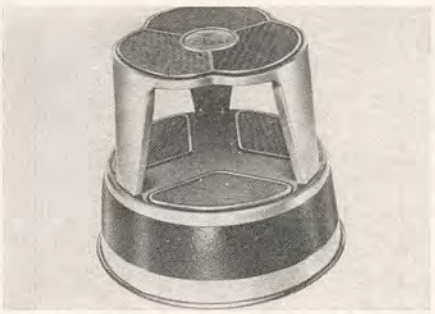

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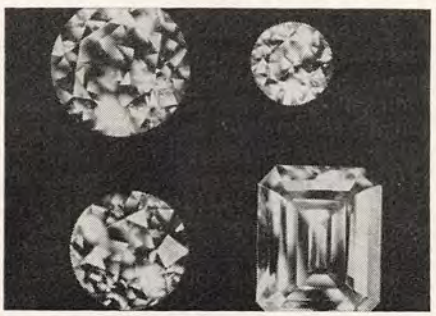

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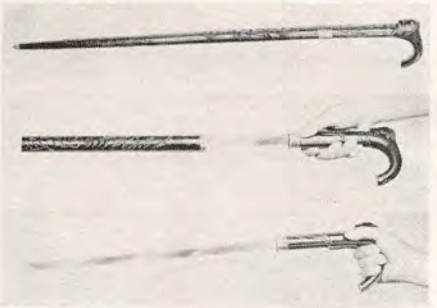

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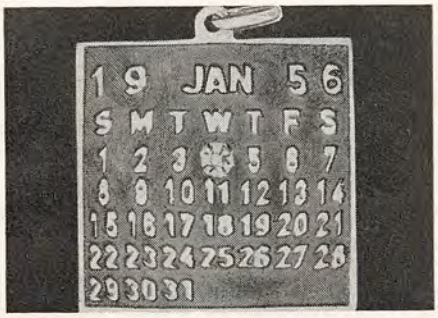

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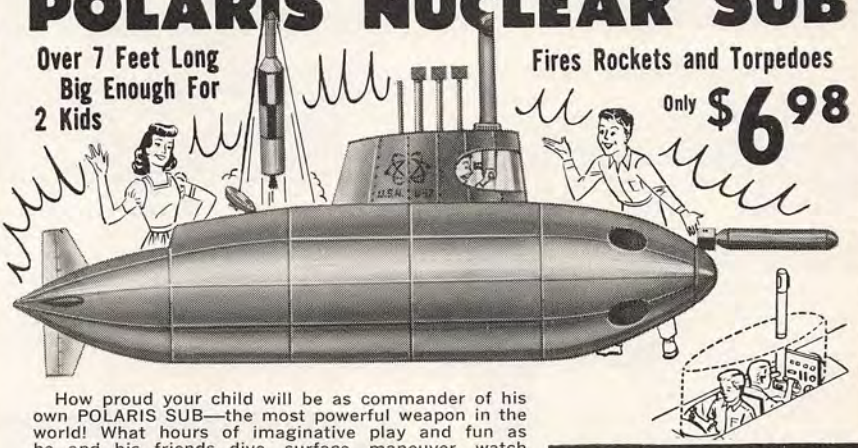

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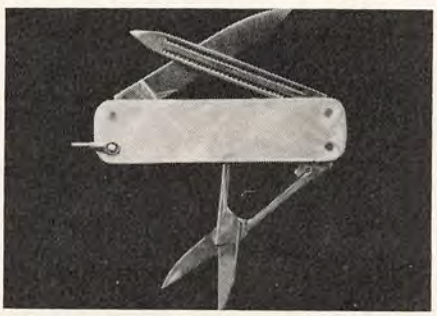

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goes shopping

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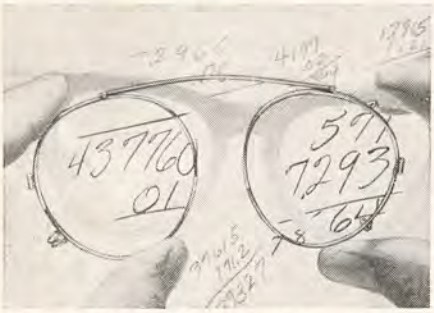

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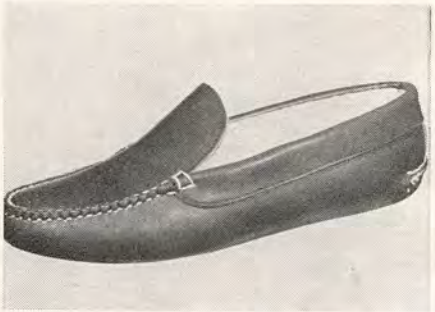

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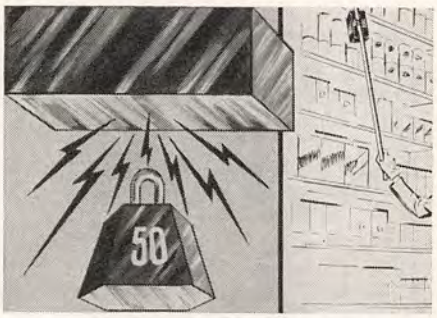

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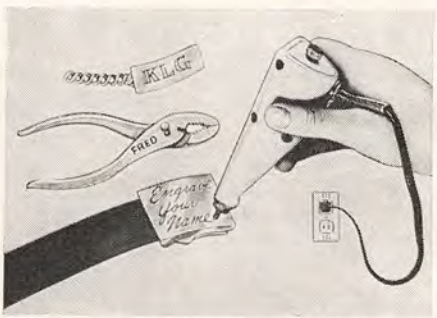

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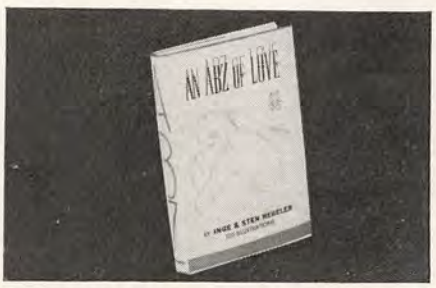

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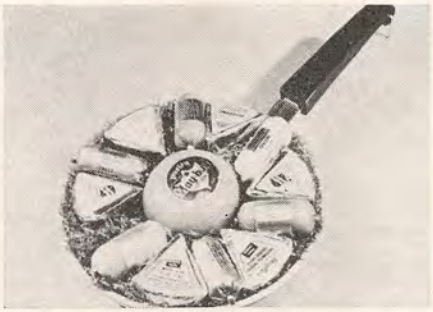

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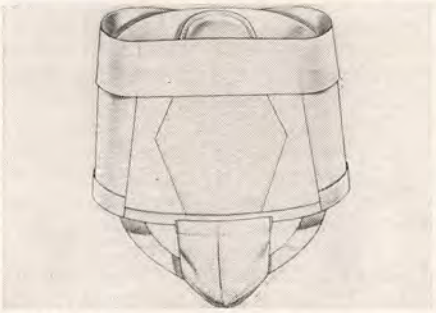

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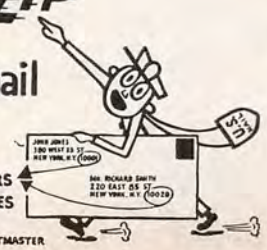

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POSTMASTER

[*Continued from page* 120]

light; if it is reactive, that will be a mark of identification. The stone lights up a bright blue; Crowningshield notes the color. Then come the weighing, diagramming the pattern of facets, general description and finally the spectrographic analysis.

"This I like," says Fischer. "Let me have a look, Doc."

The stone has been thrust under powerful light in a cabinet, and the light, refracted like a rainbow, is bounced into a viewer. Every species of mineral casts a rainbow of colors in different proportions. "Gorgeous!" crows Emil.

Fischer's stone gets a clean bill of health. "It's like a medical checkup, and I get just as nervous," he says. "Thanks for the rush job."

"On the road again?" asks Crowningshield.

"Wish I shouldn't get hijacked."

"So I wish," says Crowningshield.

Next stop is Gem Irradiation Laboratories, on another floor, where Fischer gives a parcel of yellowish diamonds to Leo Levko, a short, soft-spoken magician in the art of coloring diamonds legitimately. Levko examines the yellow tint of Fischer's goods nervously.

"Leo," says Fischer, "I think from this big fellow you could make a nice canary."

"You talk like it was making a pot of tea," Leo grumbles, squinting around his loupe. If he takes the stone, he will cook it in the cyclotron at Brookhaven National Laboratories on Long Island. This is a method Levko developed himself for increasing worthless light-yellow to a rich, exciting canary with high commercial value.

"All right, I got it," says Levko decisively. "My, you don't know the trouble. I spoiled plenty diamonds learning this business, and still nobody trusts me. You cook a diamond in the neutrons too long, it blows up, or you turn it brown."

Fischer leaves the alchemist to his complaints. On his way to the Jewelers' Security Alliance office, down Fifth from Diamond Street, Fischer explains that it is legitimate to irradiate a diamond or even to coat it, if you sell the stone with a tag explaining the fact.

The JSA fort is being held down by its chief counsel, Jim White, a former FBI agent. He is in touch with police and Pinkerton detectives all over the U.S. and Canada; the office is a 24-hour clearinghouse for direct-dial pleas for assistance by jewelers and salesmen in the field. Emil tells White where he will be and when, and White warns him that several men have been hit in that area and tells him what technique was used. Fischer thanks him, and is about to go when the telephone rings for White. The call is short.

"Emil," says White, "you know Izzy Bloom?"

"Bloom? Sure. He used to sell for Goldfarb, out of the street here. I know Izzy. We drank quite a few beers together."

"He was hit outside Wilmington, the body was just found."

Fischer goes into the hall, eyes down. In the street, he speaks rapidly. "I've got a big trip, gotta run. So long." Mandel goes with him, and will stay with him until he's packed and locked in his car. They disappear into the crowds of Diamond Street.

In rank weedy growth near a highway outside Wilmington, Delaware, some kids have discovered the body of a diamond man: Izzy Bloom, a skinny fellow, a hustler, "who had too much temper to take it sitting down," according to his friends in the Diamond Club.

The body comes back to Diamond Town. The service is given, the prayers float up. In the club, the routine collection is made and given to the widow. Then, one by one, the black ripples of fear subside, and within them the gray bubbles of fatalism rise to the surface and burst.

In time, winter comes to Diamond Street, and with winter, Emil Fischer returns, safe and sound, diamondless and weary.

Late one afternoon, in a storm that sets snowflakes in the beards of bustling Hasidics, he trudges down Diamond Street toward the Diamond Club, pushing past brides whose breath frosts the windows as they gape at huge rings: "Special: $1,999." "Diamond Cutter Must Raise Cash." "Fantastic Brilliancy." "Fiery."

High in the Diamond Club, his innards warmed by tea, Emil Fischer sits at a table with another man. Between them, glowing softly, lies a perfect marquise, a boat-shaped stone, cut for him by Popkin from the big piece of rough Fischer bought from Jack Pincus.

"I was thinking of poor dead Izzy Bloom," says Emil while his prospect meditates over the gem. "I was thinking, it could have been you, Max."

"I was thinking," says Max, "that it could have been you, Emil."

"It wasn't. You like the stone? A perfect, a perfect."

"A man could get killed."

"I tell my wife, 'If I didn't come home, remember, it was a living.' You want it, Max?"

"I'll take it, but I wouldn't give you so much."

"How much are you not giving me?"

"Twenty thousand."

"Twenty-five would be nicer."

"If I should find a customer first, all right."

"You got it sold already, don't kid me." They eye each other with mock distaste.

"Okay, twenty-four."

"Mazel und broche!"

It's a living. —Dale Shaw

COMING . . .

Millions of men spend
every spare moment
and $200 million a year
on a vvrrrooming hobby

THE BIG BOOM IN SLOT CARS

Take a fast spin on
great indoor tracks

NEXT MONTH IN TRUE

[*Continued from page* 37]
lawyers, "Truth is your only client." He instructed them to gather the facts without forming conclusions and not to accept the FBI Summary Report as final.

The staff was faced immediately with a serious problem stemming from the movie film of the assassination. This film was taken by Abraham Zapruder, an amateur photographer, and graphically shows virtually the entire assassination. In 10 seconds of color film, the President is shown waving and smiling, then suddenly reaching for his throat and slowly slumping over. About a second later, Governor Connally is apparently hit. About three seconds after that, the fatal shot visibly strikes the President's head.

It became apparent, from a frame-by-frame analysis of the film, that the shots were not evenly spaced in time. In fact, the first two shots seemed to hit Kennedy and Connally within a period of one and a half seconds. The proximity of these two shots raised doubts as to whether an assassin could possibly fire a bolt-action rifle two times in one and a half seconds.

The purpose of the Commission was never fully stated in its Report. The executive order which created the Commission listed the "purposes" as examining evidence, conducting further investigations, evaluating the facts and circumstances, and reporting the findings to the President. This order told what things the Commission was to do, but not *why*.

Chief Justice Warren gave only the formal purpose when he stated, "This Commission is, of course, eventually to make known to the President and to the American public everything that has transpired before this Commission."

But the circumstances surrounding the Chief Justice's appointment to the Commission suggest the underlying purpose. Anthony Lewis, then *The New York Times* Supreme Court correspondent, reported that when Warren was first asked to serve, "he flatly said no." President Johnson then called Warren to the White House and spoke to him "about patriotism, about the new President's urgent need to settle the assassination rumors, about the special trust people in foreign lands would have in an investigation over which he presided." Warren thereupon agreed to serve.

There was thus a dualism in purpose. If the explicit purpose of the Commission was to ascertain and expose the facts, the implicit purpose was to protect the national interest by dispelling rumors.

These two purposes were compatible so long as the damaging rumors were untrue. But what if a rumor damaging to the national interest proved to be true? The Commission's explicit purpose would dictate that the information be exposed regardless of the consequences, while the Commission's implicit purpose would dictate that the rumor be dispelled regardless of the fact that it was true. In a conflict of this sort, one of the Commission's purposes would emerge as dominant.

The Commission was, in fact, faced with just such a conflict at its meeting on January 27.

Three days earlier Chief Justice Warren and J. Lee Rankin had met secretly with Texas Attorney General Wagoner Carr and Dallas District Attorney Henry Wade. The Texas officials related a story alleging that Oswald had been working for the FBI as an informant since September, 1962; that Oswald was on the FBI payroll at $200 a month on the day he was arrested; and that Oswald had been assigned an informant number, 179. The source of the story seemed to be Alonzo Hudkins, a Houston newspaper reporter.

Neither Carr nor Wade knew whether the story had any basis in fact, but Wade, a former FBI agent, had some reason to believe that there might have been a connection between Oswald and the FBI. Wade had apparently heard that Oswald's address book contained the telephone number and license-plate number of Dallas FBI agent James Hosty. The Commission had received the list of names in Oswald's address book in a December 21, 1963, FBI report, but Agent Hosty's name had been omitted from that list by the FBI. Wade also had heard that a government voucher for $200 was found in Oswald's possession. In addition, a Western Union employee had claimed that Oswald was periodically telegraphed small sums of money. Also, Wade thought that Oswald's practice of setting up postal-box "covers" each time he moved—a practice Wade himself had used as an FBI agent—was an "ideal way" to handle undercover transactions.

The Commission heard the full allegation at its January 27 meeting. Commissioner Ford observed: "The Commission itself had not grounds at the moment for rejecting or accepting [the rumor]. Members simply knew that the whole business was a most delicate and sensitive matter involving the nation's faith in its own institutions and one of the most respected federal agencies."

J. Lee Rankin presented the problem to the Commission in no uncertain terms, stating: "We do have a dirty rumor that is very bad for the Commission, and it is very damaging to the agencies that are involved in it and it must be wiped out insofar as it is possible to do so by this Commission."

Clearly, the problem was the "dirty rumor." It was considered "dirty" not because it was known to be untrue but because it was known to be "damaging" to the government. The solution proposed was to "wipe out" the rumor. This would satisfy the implicit purpose of the Commission.

If the rumor was true, making the truth known might very well result in irreparable damage to the FBI and might heighten suspicions and speculations about the assassination itself. On

the other hand, dispelling the rumor, even if true, would protect the national interest. Ford stated aptly that "the dilemma of the Commission" was how to approach this problem.

Allen Dulles observed that the allegation was "a terribly hard thing to disprove," because written records were not always kept on undercover agents. "If this be true," Hale Boggs responded, "[it] make[s] our problem utterly impossible, because you say this rumor can't be dissipated under any circumstances." Again, the problem was seen as one of dispelling rumors.

The Commission's approach to the problem had to be consistent with the national interest. Ford wrote that the Commission "would not be justified in plunging into the matter in some irresponsible manner that might jeopardize the effectiveness of an important agency's future operations." This precept suggests a limiting case for the Commission's explicit purpose of making the truth known; would the Commission be justified in exposing information that would most certainly damage the future operations of an agency as important as the FBI?

J. Lee Rankin proposed that the Commission permit the FBI to investigate the matter and "clear its own skirts" *before* the Commission investigated it. He suggested that he personally should speak to J. Edgar Hoover and "tell him this problem and that he should have as much interest as the Commission in trying to put an end to any such speculations, not only by his statement . . . but also if it were possible to demonstrate by whatever records and materials they have that it just couldn't be true." Rankin said that he would also tell Hoover that the Commission would reserve the right to investigate the matter further "if it found it necessary, in order to satisfy the American people that this question of an undercover agent was out of the picture."

Although apparently there was considerable support for this course of action, two Commissioners were not entirely satisfied by it. Senator John Sherman Cooper suggested an alternate approach in which the Commission would apprise Hoover of the facts but at the same time pursue its own independent investigation into the rumor. Cooper said that the Commission was "under a duty to see what Hudkins says about it, where he got that information." Senator Richard Russell agreed, saying: "Of course, we can get an affidavit from Mr. Hoover and put it in this record and go on and act on that, but if we didn't go any further than that, and we don't pursue it down to Hudkins or whoever it is, there still would be thousands of doubting Thomases who would believe this man was an FBI agent."

Thus two approaches were proposed. Rankin had suggested that Hoover be given the opportunity to disprove the rumor *before* the Commission investigated it; Senators Cooper and Russell had suggested that the Commission fully investigate the rumor while informing Hoover of its course of action.

The Chief Justice then concluded: "We must go into this thing from both ends, from the end of the rumor-mongers and from the end of the FBI, and if we come into a *cul de sac*—well, there we are, but we can report on it."

Warren's concern for "security" was possibly reflected in a statement he made to newspaper reporters less than a week after the meeting. On February 4 a reporter asked him if the full report was to be made public; Warren replied: "Yes, there will come a time. But it might not be in your lifetime. I am not referring to anything especially but there may be some things that would involve security."

Although the Commissioners' discussion of this problem gives some insight into the Commission's dominant purpose, conclusions cannot be based on what are, in fact, selected and possibly out-of-context statements. Certainly the purpose of dispelling rumors was evident in the dialogue, but great concern was also shown by Senators Russell and Cooper for investigating the matter fully. The dominant purpose becomes clear not so much from the dialogue as from the Commission's subsequent course of action.

The day following the Commission meeting, Rankin discussed the allegation with J. Edgar Hoover. Hoover immediately assured Rankin that "Oswald had never been an informant of the FBI." On February 6 Hoover submitted an affidavit to the Commission, stating that a search of FBI records disclosed that Oswald "was never an informant of the FBI, was never assigned a symbol number in that capacity, and was never paid any amount of money in any regard." A week later Hoover sent the Commission the affidavits of 10 FBI agents who had had contact with the Oswald case; each denied that Oswald was ever developed or used as an informant. On February 27 Special Agent Robert Gemberling submitted an affidavit explaining why the FBI, in its December 23 report, had deleted the name of FBI agent James P. Hosty from the list of names in Oswald's address book. According to Hoover, this was done because "the circumstances under which Hosty's name, et cetera, appeared in Oswald's notebook were fully known to the FBI."

On May 6 Alan H. Belmont, assistant director of the FBI, appeared before the Commission and offered to leave Oswald's file with the Commission. Rankin advised the Commission to retain the file, although the staff would *not* be permitted to examine it. This was ordered so that "the Commission could say in its report, 'We have seen everything that they [the FBI] have.' " Warren, however, refused to accept the file, saying: "The same people who would demand that we see everything of this kind would also demand they be entitled to see it, and if it is a security matter we can't let them see it." The file was returned to the FBI, and, according to Samuel Stern, the lawyer in charge of the area, no independent check was ever made of it.

Finally, on May 14, J. Edgar Hoover testified before the Commission and again categorically stated that Oswald had no connection with the FBI.

Although this was an authoritative denial of the allegation, it amounted to no more than taking the FBI's word that Oswald did not work for them. Certainly, if the rumor was true, it was possible that the FBI would have admitted it. But, since such an admission might severely shake "the nation's faith in its own institutions" and jeopardize the future effectiveness of the FBI, it was in the national interest, as well as the FBI's interest, to deny this allegation.

Despite the fact that the Commission had agreed to hear Alonzo Hudkins, the source of the story, Hudkins was never called as a witness or questioned by the staff. Instead, Leon Jaworski, Special Counsel for the State of Texas, was asked to speak informally to Hudkins. According to Rankin, Jaworski reported back to the Commission that "there was absolutely nothing to the story" and that it was "sheer speculation based on nothing but Hudkins' imagination."

There was, however, other evidence that suggested that Hudkins *did* have an actual source for his information. On January 24, three days prior to the Commission meeting, the Secret Service submitted about 30 investigative reports to the Commission. One of these reports contained a Secret Service interview with Hudkins. Hudkins told the Secret Service agents that his information came from Allan Sweatt, chief of the criminal division of the Dallas sheriff's office. According to Hudkins, Sweatt stated: "Oswald was being paid $200 per month by the FBI in connection with their subversive investigation [and] Oswald had informant number S-172."

Allan Sweatt was never questioned by the Commission or its staff. The Commission apparently never attempted to ascertain Sweatt's source for the information or whether he had direct knowledge of the FBI's subversive investigation in Dallas. In addition, no effort was made to clarify the nature of the FBI's subversive investigation or to determine whether there was any relationship between the Cuban exile groups which Oswald had been trying to infiltrate and the similar groups which interested the FBI.

The Commission thus did exactly what it agreed *not* to do in its meeting; it relied entirely on the FBI to disprove the rumor. However, the important question is: How did the Commission choose to deal with a potentially damaging rumor?

Two courses of action were open to the Commission. It could have investigated the rumor itself and called as witnesses the persons known to be the immediate sources of the rumor. This approach quite probably would have exhausted the rumor, but it *might* have revealed information damaging to the national interest.

On the other hand, the Commission could have turned the whole matter over to the FBI.

This approach would not only have served to dispel the rumor, but would also have ensured that no damaging information would be revealed in the process unless the agency concerned itself chose to reveal it.

In the end, the Commission took the second approach. The entire matter was turned over to the FBI, to affirm or deny, and the Commission relied solely on the FBI's word in concluding that "there was absolutely no type of informant or undercover relationship" between Oswald and the FBI.

The way the Commission dealt with this problem cannot be explained simply in terms of its explicit purpose of making

known to the President and the American public everything that went on before it. Nowhere, not even in the "Speculations and Rumors" appendix, does the Report mention the allegation that had so preoccupied the Commission. Nor does the information Carr and Wade furnished on January 24 appear anywhere in the Commission proceedings. Furthermore, the Secret Service interview with Hudkins has been withheld even from the National Archives. And details of the problem were kept secret from the staff lawyers. Quite clearly, the Commission handled the problem in such a way that it would *not* be made known.

The Commission's treatment of this problem was, however, consistent with the purpose of dispelling damaging rumors. If the Commission had called Hudkins and Sweatt as witnesses and fully investigated the allegation, the result very well might have heightened doubts and suspicions. If the Commission had disclosed the information furnished by Wade, Carr, and the Secret Service reports, the disclosure most probably would have led to new rumors and speculations. The surest and safest way to dispel the rumor was *not* to investigate it, but to keep secret the allegations and publish only the affidavits of denial. The Commission's course of action in this case can thus be explained only in terms of the purpose of dispelling damaging rumors. The fact that the Commission chose this approach, despite its earlier rejection of it, indicates the pervasiveness of this purpose.

By early February, 1964, it became evident that it was possible for a lone gunman to have accomplished the assassination only if President Kennedy and Governor Connally were hit by the same bullet. "To say that they were hit by separate bullets," a Commission lawyer stated bluntly, "is synonymous with saying that there were two assassins." This conclusion stemmed from an analysis of the movie film of the assassination.

A frame-by-frame analysis of the Zapruder film shows three distinct moments of reaction: frame no. 225 (President Kennedy raises his hands to his throat); frame no. 235 (Governor Connally slumps forward); and frame no. 313 (bullet strikes the President's head). By this analysis, only 10 frames, or about one-half second, elapsed between the time both men were first apparently wounded.

It is possible that both men had delayed reactions to the shots, but even in this case the maximum time between the first two shots could still be fixed. Since an oak tree's foliage obstructed the line of fire between frames 166 and 207 and other evidence shows that the President could not have been shot before frame 166, the Commission concluded that the earliest point that the President could have been first hit was frame 207. Medical experts established with certainty that Connally was not in a position to be hit after film frame 240. Thus the maximum time that could have elapsed between the times both men were first shot was 33 film frames or about 1.8 seconds.

However, it was also established that the minimum time in which the assassination weapon could be fired twice was 2.3 seconds (or 42 film frames). This minimum figure was based on the length of time required to open and close the bolt of the rifle (and did not include the aiming time).

Thus, it was physically impossible for the assassination rifle to have been fired twice during the time period when the President and Governor Connally were first wounded. Either both men were hit by the same bullet, or there were two assassins.

The answer to the crucial question of whether it was *possible* for both men to have been hit by the same bullet depended on the findings of the autopsy, conducted on the night of the assassination at Bethesda Naval Hospital in Maryland. If the autopsy had found that the bullet which struck the President in the back had exited from the front of his body, then it was possible that the bullet continued on to hit Connally, who was seated in front of Kennedy.

Although "certain preliminary draft notes" relating to the autopsy were subsequently destroyed, the Commission published what purported to be the original "Autopsy Report" as an appendix to the Warren Report. This autopsy report says:

> The missile contused the strap muscle of the right side of the neck, damaged the trachea [windpipe] and made its exit through the anterior surface of the neck.

The Commission's autopsy report clearly states that the bullet exited from the front of the President's neck, and thus it was possible for the same bullet to have hit Governor Connally. (The Warren Report explained that a previous theory that the bullet lodged in the President's strap muscles and later fell out onto his stretcher was disproved and rejected "during the autopsy.")

The Commission's autopsy report, however, differs substantially from earlier reports. On December 18, 1963, more than three weeks after the autopsy, the *Washington Post* reported that the autopsy had found that the bullet did *not* exit from the President's neck, and that the throat wound was caused by a fragment from a third shot which had hit the President's head. Similar versions of the autopsy findings appeared in most of the major newspapers and medical journals. *The New York Times*, citing a source familiar with the autopsy report, stated:

> The first bullet made what was described as a small, neat wound in the back and penetrated two or three inches. . . . The pathologists at Bethesda, the source said, concluded that the throat wound was caused by the emergence of a metal fragment or piece of bone resulting from the fatal shot in the head.

If this version was in error, it was not immediately corrected. As late as January 26, 1964, *The New York Times* reported that investigators were satisfied that the first bullet hit the President in the back and that "that bullet lodged in his shoulder."

These newspaper accounts cannot be accepted as evidence, but they do raise a question as to whether the autopsy report published in the Warren Report was in fact the *original* one.

There is one document, however, which casts considerably more light on this question: the FBI Summary Report. Immediately after the assassination, President Johnson ordered the FBI to conduct a complete investigation and report its findings to him. In early December, J. Edgar Hoover submitted to President Johnson through the Attorney General a four-volume report summarizing the FBI's investigation. On December 9 these volumes were submitted to the Commission; a fifth volume, subtitled "Supplemental Report," was sent to the Commission on January 13, 1964. Considered "of principal importance" by the Commission, the FBI Summary Report (with the supplement) was an authoritative and official summary of the facts as of January 13, 1964, before the Commission began its work.

The Summary Report says unequivocally that the bullet in question had not exited from the front of the President's body; it implies that the bullet had fallen out onto the President's stretcher while he was in the hospital in Dallas.

The Warren Report thus directly contradicts the FBI Summary Report on the autopsy findings. The possibility of a clerical error or misinterpretation in the December 9 Summary Report is diminished by the FBI Supplemental Report, dated January 13, which states:

> Medical examination of the President's body had revealed that the bullet which entered his back had penetrated to a distance of less than a finger length.

"Medical examination of the President's body" can have referred only to the Bethesda autopsy of November 22; *before* the autopsy, the bullet hole was not discovered; and after the autopsy, there was no further medical examination. The FBI Summary Report and the Supplemental Report thus say, in short, that the autopsy revealed that the bullet did *not* exit from the President's neck, and that it penetrated the President's back to the depth of only a few inches. How can such a contradiction on such an essential point be explained?

There can be no doubt that the autopsy findings were known to the FBI when it prepared the Summary Report. Two FBI agents were present at the autopsy. The autopsy report was forwarded to the FBI. Moreover, at the time the autopsy was performed, the FBI was the only agency charged with ascertaining all the facts of the assassination.

Arlen Specter, the Commission staff lawyer who developed the autopsy evidence, explained that the doctors were unable at first to find the bullet's path through the President's body. At this point, he said, both FBI agents "rushed out of the room" and telephoned the result to their Maryland field office. Meanwhile, according to Specter, the doctors found the path, but by the time the agents submitted their reports the FBI Summary Report had "gone to press."

There are a number of problems inherent in this explanation.

First of all, there exists Secret Service testimony that one FBI agent remained in the room at all times. Second, two Secret Service agents, who were also in the room throughout the autopsy, indicated in their testimony that no path was found through the body. Third, the December 9 FBI Summary Report could not possibly have gone to press until at least 11 days after the autopsy of November 22.

Clearly the FBI Summary and Supplemental Reports and the Warren Report give diametrically opposed findings regarding the President's autopsy. This presents a dilemma. On one hand, if the FBI reports distorted such a basic fact of the assassination, doubt is cast on the accuracy of the FBI's *entire* investigation; indeed, the Commission's investigation and conclusions were, in the final analysis, predicated on the accuracy of the FBI reports.

The second horn of the dilemma is even more painful, for, if the FBI's statements on the autopsy are accurate, then the autopsy findings must have been changed after January 13. This would mean that the document in the Warren Report which purports to be the original autopsy report is not.

This dilemma cannot be resolved in terms of what one considers to be "inconceivable." To some it would be "inconceivable" that the FBI would make a repeated error of this magnitude and import in its final report to the President; to others it would be inconceivable that the Warren Commission would substantially alter the basic facts. The answer may, however, be found in the evidence surrounding the autopsy.

Consistency with the evidence does not necessarily prove validity, but inconsistency *does* prove invalidity. The FBI Summary and Supplemental Reports and the Warren Report give diametrically opposed versions of the autopsy; both versions can be measured against the evidence to determine which is invalid.

The FBI Summary and Supplemental Reports claim the autopsy revealed that: (1) the first bullet entered "just below [the President's] shoulder," (2) it penetrated "less than a finger length," and (3) "there was no point of exit." The Warren Report claims that the autopsy revealed that the first bullet: (1) entered the "rear of the neck," (2) passed completely through the neck, and (3) exited through the throat. Each of these three points can be tested against the evidence.

1. ENTRANCE. The decisive question here is: Was the entrance wound in the back above or below the "exit" wound in the throat? The Commission established that the bullet was traveling downward and was undeflected. The entrance wound therefore had to be *above* the exit wound, i.e., at or above "throat" level. But the FBI Summary Report states that the bullet entered "just below his shoulder . . . at an angle of 45 to 60° downward." If this were the case, this bullet could not have exited from the throat.

The Warren Report states that the bullet entered the "rear of the neck," a position which would permit the bullet to exit through the throat wound. Commander James J. Humes, the Navy pathologist who had conducted the autopsy and signed the Commission's autopsy report, testified that the conclusion that the bullet had exited was based mainly on the fact that "the wound in the anterior portion of the neck [was] physically lower than the point of entrance posteriorly." Humes supported his assertion with two schematic drawings of the President—profile and back—which show the purported point of entry in the back of the neck. These schematic drawings were offered as evidence in lieu of the photographs and x-rays of the autopsy, which were "unavailable."

Other evidence, however, indicated that the entrance wound was well below the point shown in the schematic drawings and, in fact, was *lower* than the throat wound. The face sheet of the autopsy report was prepared by Commander Humes during the autopsy. The face sheet shows front and back diagrams of the President's body. On the front diagram the throat wound is just below the collar line; on the back diagram the entrance wound is much farther below the collar line. Thus, although Commander Humes testified in March that the entrance wound was above the throat wound, during the autopsy he marked the entrance wound below the throat wound.

There is further evidence that the entrance wound was well below the collar line. Secret Service Agent Clinton Hill, who was called into the autopsy examination for the express purpose of observing the position of the wounds, testified that he "saw an opening in the back, about six inches below the neckline. . . ." Secret Service Agent Glen A. Bennett, who was in the car immediately behind the Presidential limousine, stated that he saw a "shot hit the President about four inches down from the right shoulder." Two other Secret Service agents who were present at the autopsy repeatedly described the wound as a "shoulder" wound.

The FBI Supplemental Report includes photographs of the President's jacket and shirt which graphically show the entrance holes. These photographs, which were omitted from the Warren Report and the 26 volumes of supporting evidence, show that the bullet hole in the jacket is 5⅜ inches below the collar and the bullet hole in the shirt is 5¾ inches below the collar. This position virtually coincides with the FBI's description of the wound. It is, however, obviously inconsistent with the position of the entrance wound described in the Commission's autopsy report.

It is possible that President Kennedy's jacket was in some manner raised more than six inches, so that the hole in it coincided with the purported entrance wound in the "back of the neck." (The Zapruder film, however, gives no indication of this.) It was, however, virtually impossible for the hole in the shirt to have coincided with an entrance wound in the "back of the neck." This could only have happened under either of the following two conditions: (1) the entire shirt, collar included, was raised six inches; or (2) a portion of the shirt was raised over the collar line (and thus doubled over). Obviously a *closed* shirt collar could not have been raised six inches on the neck, and therefore, for the shirt hole to have coincided with the purported entrance wound (which was above the collar line), the shirt would have to have been doubled-up over the collar. Since only one bullet hole was found in the back of the shirt, this could not have been the case. Thus, according to the FBI photograph of the President's shirt, the bullet entrance hole in the President's back was *lower* than the throat wound. This is clearly inconsistent with the statement in the Commission's autopsy report.

2. PATH. Did the bullet pass completely through the President's neck? The FBI Summary Report says the autopsy revealed that it did *not;* the Warren Report claimed the autopsy revealed that it did. It is a law of forensic pathology that if a bullet passes through a body it must leave a discernible path. Dr. Milton Helpern, Chief Medical Examiner of New York City and one of the foremost experts on forensic pathology, explained that "there is no such thing as a rifle bullet's passing through a neck without leaving a path." Dr. Helpern estimated that a 6.5mm. bullet passing through the President's neck would leave a track approximately ¼ inch in diameter. Evidence indicates that no such track was found.

Secret Service agent Roy Kellerman testified: "There were three gentlemen who performed this autopsy. A Colonel Finck—during the examination of the President, from the hole that was in his shoulder, and with a probe, and we were standing right alongside of him, he is probing inside the shoulder with his instrument and I said, 'Colonel, where did it go?' He said, 'There are no lanes for an outlet of this entry in this man's shoulder.' "

Lieutenant Colonel Pierre A. Finck is a nationally known expert on forensic pathology and wound ballistics. It is extremely unlikely that he would make such a definite statement if there could possibly have been a "lane for an outlet."

Agent William Greer also testified that the autopsy doctors could not find a path for the bullet. One doctor told Greer that the bullet could very well have fallen out through the entrance wound if heart massage had been applied by the Dallas doctors. When asked if "anything [was] said about any channel being present in the body for the bullet to have gone on through . . ." Greer replied: "No, sir; I hadn't heard anything like that, any trace of it going on through."

Commander Humes testified that the autopsy doctors were unable "to take probes and have them satisfactorily fall through any path at this point." Humes testified that he had not discerned a path for the bullet but had deduced its path from the entrance and the assumed exit wound, and from a slight bruise on the right lung. Thus the autopsy surgeons were unable to find a path for the bullet.

Although the failure to find a path is consistent with the FBI Supplemental Report's statement that the bullet "penetrated to a distance of less than a finger length," it is inconsistent with the Warren Report's statement that the bullet passed through the President's body.

3. EXIT WOUND. The FBI Supplemental Report states that the autopsy revealed that the bullet did not exit from the President's body; and it implies that the throat wound was caused by a "projectile" from a third bullet that had hit the President's head. The Warren Report states that the autopsy revealed that the bullet exited through the throat wound.

The throat wound was not seen by the autopsy surgeons because a tracheotomy operation, performed in Dallas immediately after the shooting, had obliterated the outlines of the wound. Only a few Dallas doctors actually observed the wound. Dr. Malcolm Perry, who performed the tracheotomy, described the wound as a small puncture wound approximately 5 millimeters in diameter. The bullet, however, was 6.55 millimeters in diameter, and the relatively small size of the wound suggested that it was caused by a fragment.

The Commission's version of the autopsy held that a *whole* bullet had exited from the throat. However, the doctors who actually observed the throat wound specified that a whole bullet could have exited through the throat wound only under certain conditions. Dr. Ronald Jones testified that he thought such a small throat wound could have been caused by a whole bullet only if it was traveling at an extremely low velocity, "to the point that you might think that this bullet barely made it through the soft tissues. . . ." This would present a problem: a nearly spent bullet most probably could not have continued on to cause all Governor Connally's three wounds, and therefore it could not have been found on Connally's stretcher. Nor, if the bullet exited from President Kennedy's throat, was it probable that it was found on his stretcher. Yet a nearly whole bullet was found on one of the two stretchers in the Dallas hospital. It is possible that the bullet found on the stretcher came from the second shot, but this would necessarily mean that, if the first bullet to strike the President exited from his throat, it escaped the limousine and was never found. Thus, although it is possible that the throat wound was an exit wound for a whole bullet, the probability of this is severely diminished by other circumstances.

Furthermore, the testimony of Secret Service Agent Roy Kellerman makes it extremely doubtful that the throat wound was caused by the first bullet to strike the President. Kellerman, who was in the front seat of the President's limousine, testified that he distinctly heard the President say, "My God, I am hit," *after* the first shot. Since the projectile that caused the throat wound also punctured the windpipe, it is medically highly improbable that the President could speak *after* he received the throat wound. This fact would be consistent with the FBI's version of the autopsy, which implies that the throat wound was caused by a fragment from a later bullet, but inconsistent with the Commission's version, which holds that the first bullet to hit the President exited from his throat.

CONCLUSION. The Warren Report and the FBI Summary and Supplemental Reports give diametrically opposed versions of the autopsy findings on the crucial question of whether or not the first bullet to hit the President exited from his throat. The Commission published an autopsy report that said it did; the FBI said that the autopsy revealed that the bullet "penetrated to a distance of less than a finger length" and did *not* exit from the front of the body. One of these documents changed a central fact of the assassination.

At the very least, the Commission failed to resolve an important contradiction. Although the Commission sent a questionnaire to the FBI which asked the FBI to explain other points in the FBI Summary and Supplemental Reports, no questions were asked about the FBI's version of the autopsy. If the FBI Summary and Supplemental Reports were inaccurate, it was incumbent upon the Commission to explain how an error of this magnitude could have occurred.

The evidence, however, indicates that the FBI reports are not erroneous. The photograph of the President's shirt is in itself cogent evidence that the bullet entered the President's body below the collar line, which is consistent with the FBI Summary Report's description of a wound "just below his shoulder." It is inconsistent, however, with the Commission's description of a wound in "the rear of the neck." If a bullet fired from above the President entered six inches *below* the collar line and was undeflected, it is inconceivable that it exited through the throat. The fact that the autopsy surgeons were not able to find a path for the bullet is further evidence that the bullet did not pass completely through the President's body. And the evidence surrounding the exit wound, although not conclusive, strongly indicates that it was caused by a fragment from a subsequent bullet. If the FBI reports are accurate, as all the evidence indicates they are, then a central aspect of the autopsy was changed more than two months after the autopsy examination, and the autopsy report published in the Warren Report is not the original one. If this is in fact the case, the significance of this alteration of facts goes far beyond merely indicating that it was not physically possible for a lone assassin to have accomplished the assassination. It indicates that the conclusions of the Warren Report must be viewed as expressions of political truth.

The critical problem in government investigations is inherent in the evaluation, not the accumulation, of data. The fact that the government can amass a virtually unlimited amount of information on any given subject only intensifies the problem. Each increment of data requires a proportionate increment of man-hours of reasoned judgment for evaluation. However, reasoned judgment is a limited commodity. This tends to be especially true in a government inquiry, because those men with sufficient authority to sit in judgment are almost invariably men occupied by other important responsibilities. The more important the inquiry, the more responsible the judges must be, and thus the more limited their available time. In a high-level inquiry the inevitable gap between the almost unlimited data and the extremely limited amount of evaluation time can be bridged only by a staff. The staff's function is to organize the data, sorting out the important from the unimportant facts, so that the data can be evaluated by the judges in the limited time available.

The Warren Commission probably represents an extreme example of this problem. The seven members of the Commission were all busy as well as eminent men whose time was severely limited by other pressing responsibilities. For example, Chief Justice Earl Warren had agreed to serve on the Commission only on the condition that it would not interfere with his work on the Court. And the Supreme Court is one of the most time-consuming jobs in government; every brief must be read by each justice, and none of this work can be delegated. Thus, Warren could devote only the time left after he had attended to his court duties. The other members, possibly to a lesser degree, had the same problem.

The amount of data the Commission received was prodigious; 28 government agencies furnished more than 300 cubic feet of paper. The FBI alone sent the Commission 25,000 reports. Obviously this mass of data had to be reduced to manageable proportions before the Commission could evaluate it.

The task of organizing the data was delegated to the legal staff. The lawyers took testimony from 418 witnesses, staged reconstructions, developed expert testimony, made inquiries to federal agencies about inconsistencies in their reports, and, in short, conducted the basic investigation and critical reassessment of the evidence for the Commission.

The threshold question for the Commission was: Was there more than one assassin? If Oswald acted alone, the investigation had no more to do than substantiate the case against him and explore his life history for possible motives. If, however, more than one person was involved in the assassination, the nature and scope of the investigation would be radically changed; new evidence and new hypotheses would have to be sought, new suspects found, new indictments rendered. Once across the threshold, the investigation would enter a new dimension of uncertainty; no one could know where it would lead, when it would end, or what would be its ramifications.

Was the investigation exhaustive not only in exploring Oswald's life history but also in searching for evidence of a second assassin? This question takes on crucial importance in light of the Zapruder film of the assassination and the FBI Summary and Supplemental Reports. It will be recalled that the film showed that President Kennedy and Governor Connally were hit almost simultaneously, and it was later established that

the murder weapon could not be fired twice within this time period. The FBI reports precluded the possibility that both men were hit by the same bullet. There was thus a *prima facie* case of two assassins.

If there had been other evidence that precluded the possibility of a second assassin—for example, if all the bullets had been ballistically matched to the murder weapon—the Commission could reasonably have assumed that somehow the analysis of the film was fallacious. However, although the evidence identified Oswald as one assassin, it did not rule out the possibility of a second assassin. One bullet, which possibly was the fatal bullet, was too fragmented to be matched to Oswald's rifle by means of ballistics. Thus the possibility of a second rifle existed. One identifiable but unidentified palm print was found on the "sniper's nest," and thus the possibility of an accomplice remained open. The fact that Oswald was able to escape from the murder scene suggested that a second assassin could also have escaped undetected.

The Commission reasoned that if a conspiracy had existed some evidence of it doubtless would have come to the attention of the federal investigative agencies. Since no such evidence had come to light, the Commission concluded "on the basis of evidence before the Commission" that "Oswald acted alone."

This argument is compelling only if all pertinent evidence found by the federal agencies was brought before the Commission. This was not the case. For example, there was eyewitness evidence of a possible second assassin—evidence that never reached the Commission, despite the fact that it was submitted by the FBI.

On December 4, 1963, less than two weeks after the assassination, two FBI agents interviewed Mrs. Eric Walther, an eyewitness. She told them that she was standing across the street from the Texas Book Depository immediately before the assassination and that she saw a man with a rifle in an upper-story window of the building. She stated: "In his hands, this man was holding a rifle with the barrel pointed downward, and the man was looking south on Houston Street. The man was wearing a white shirt and had blond or light hair."

The FBI report continued:

> The rifle had a short barrel and seemed large around the stock or end of the rifle. Her impression was that the gun was a machine gun. She noticed nothing like a telescopic sight on the rifle or a leather strap or a sling on the rifle. She said she knows nothing about rifles or guns of any type, but she thought the rifle was different from any she had ever seen. This man was standing in or about the middle of the window. In the same window, to the left of this man, she could see a portion of another man standing by the side of this man with a rifle. The other man was standing erect and his head was above the open portion of the window. As the window was very dirty, she could not see the head of the second man. She is positive that the window is not as high as the sixth floor. This second man was apparently wearing a brown suit coat, and the only thing she could see was the right side of the man, from about the waist to the shoulders. Almost immediately after noticing this man with the rifle and the other man standing beside him, someone in the crowd said, "Here they come. . . ."

Seconds later the Presidential motorcade passed Mrs. Walther, and she heard shots.

What happened to Mrs. Walther's account? On December 5 FBI Report DL 89-43, containing Mrs. Walther's statement, was filed in Dallas. It was submitted to the Commission on December 10 and became part of "Commission Document No. 7." It was, however, never brought to the attention of the Commission. Mrs. Walther was not called as a witness. She was never questioned by the staff lawyers, and no requests were made for further FBI investigation of her statement. In short, Mrs. Walther's account was never evaluated.

In view of the mass of investigative reports confronting the staff, it would be reasonable to expect that accounts containing major contradictions might be disregarded without further investigation. Mrs. Walther's account, however, contained no such contradictions. The fact that Mrs. Walther thought the rifleman was on the fifth rather than on the sixth floor was a common mistake among witnesses. The mistake stemmed from the fact that there were no windows on the ground floor of the book depository, and thus witnesses counting upward tended to mistake the sixth-floor window for the fifth-floor window. Mrs. Walther's description of other details, such as the window and the rifleman's clothes, hair and position, was consistent with the descriptions given by all other witnesses who saw a rifleman prior to the assassination.

There was another witness who partially corroborated Mrs. Walther's statement—Arnold Rowland. Rowland, the only witness to identify the rifle correctly (as a rifle equipped with a telescopic sight) before it was found, testified that he had seen a rifleman in a sixth-floor window and that he had also seen a second person on the same floor. The Commission rejected the latter part of Rowland's testimony partly because of "the lack of probative corroboration."

If the staff had questioned Mrs. Walther it might have found that her statement was inaccurately transcribed by the FBI agents, that her eyesight was poor, or that she had an overactive imagination. On the other hand, it might have found that she knew further details to corroborate her story. The point is that, without having questioned Mrs. Walther, the Commission had no basis whatsoever for evaluating her eyewitness statement that a second man was standing next to the assassin. Yet, since the Commission stated categorically that none of the witnesses "testified to seeing more than one person in the window," quite obviously it failed to take Mrs. Walther's statement into account. A key question to understanding the workings of the Commission is: Why?

Many critics of the Commission contend that the Commission controlled the investigation for its own purposes, that it carefully and purposefully selected witnesses who supported its preconceived findings and called no witnesses whose testimony might damage its case.

Such a view has the appeal of simplicity, but the working papers of the staff show that they were free to call any witnesses they chose. Of the more than 400 requests for witnesses whom the lawyers wished to interview, not one request was denied. Witnesses were selected from more than 30,000 separate investigative reports. Thus there is no basis in fact for a conspiracy theory as to why certain witnesses were called and others were not.

Mrs. Walther was not called, not because the Commission feared or suppressed her statement, but most probably because the staff overlooked it. If it is difficult to accept this explanation, that is only because of the common misconception that the Warren Commission's investigation was the most massive and thorough in history, and that no stone was left unturned in the quest for truth. This picture, painted so effusively by the mass media immediately following the release of the Warren Report, was based not on analysis of the investigation but on faith in the individual members of the Commission.

Rather than being "exhaustive," however, the Commission's investigation was actually an extremely superficial investigation limited in terms of both time and manpower, and consequently limited to the more prominent evidence.

It will be recalled that the legal staff was divided into six panels of lawyers; each panel consisted of a "senior" and "junior" lawyer; and each panel was assigned a specific area to investigate.

Only the first two panels, however, were directly concerned with the assassination itself. Panel I was assigned the task of establishing the basic facts of the assassination; its senior lawyer was Francis W. H. Adams, a former New York City police commissioner, and its junior lawyer was Arlen Specter, a young assistant district attorney from Philadelphia. Panel II was assigned the task of identifying the assassin; both its senior lawyer, Joseph Ball, and its junior lawyer, David Belin, had had extensive trial experience. The four other panels were concerned with peripheral areas.

The first limitation on the investigation was time. There was a June 1, 1964, deadline for the lawyers to make their investigation, interview witnesses, and submit their draft chapters. The start of the investigation, however, was delayed until March 14 by the Ruby trial. Thus only 10 weeks actually remained for the investigation to be held.

The second limitation was manpower. Francis Adams, the senior lawyer assigned the task of ascertaining the basic facts, came to Washington only "a few days" during the entire investigation. Adams said that although he had a different concept of the investigation—he thought the FBI Summary and Supplemental Reports should have been verified immediately—the reason he left was that his law firm needed his services.

Joseph Ball, the senior lawyer on Panel II, was also a senior partner in a large California law firm, and he found it necessary to "commute" back and forth from California almost weekly. Administrative assistant Howard Willens said, "The lawyers would fly back to Los Angeles or Des Moines between every assignment. That was no way to run an investigation. What we needed was 40 law drones, fresh out of law school, not a handful of high-priced consultants."

Instead of being handled by 40 full-time lawyers, the entire task of ascertaining the basic facts of the assassination fell upon one lawyer—Arlen Specter. Ascertaining facts is a time-consuming and arduous process. Specter had to be selective. He recognized this, commenting that he had to allocate most of his time to a limited number of major problems.

Whereas a positive premise can be proved by establishing only the major facts, a negative premise can be proved only by establishing *all* the relevant facts, even the insignificant ones, and testing all the possibilities. Specter was faced with such a negative premise: to prove Oswald had had no assistance.

Specter began his field investigation on March 16, 1964, with a specific assignment from the Chief Justice. Warren told Specter that it was of the utmost importance "to clear up the confusion" over Kennedy's throat wound. One troublesome rumor was that the doctors in Dallas had identified the throat wound as an *entry* wound, and this suggested that Kennedy had been shot from the front.

Specter departed for Dallas that evening, and during the next eight days he interviewed 28 doctors and other medical personnel at Parkland Hospital. With one minor exception, these interviews comprised Specter's entire field investigation of "the basic facts of the assassination."

Specter resolved the problem of the throat wound. All the doctors who saw the wound agreed that it could have been either an entry or an exit wound. Specter traced the rumor that it was an entrance wound to an answer Dr. Malcolm Perry had made to a hypothetical question. Doctor Perry admitted to Specter that he had no basis for telling whether it was an entrance or exit wound, and he testified that he had only said it *could* have been an entrance wound.

If a lawyer was required to spend about two-thirds of his entire field investigation on a single problem, as Specter had to do, other problems had to be investigated with less thoroughness. Specter apparently preferred to allocate his limited time to problems that could be resolved. This meant that a number of the more difficult problems were treated superficially. For example, the very important problem of where "bullet 399" was found was never resolved.

THE STRETCHER BULLET. Bullet 399 is a nearly intact bullet that ballistically was matched to the murder weapon. It was found on a stretcher at Parkland Hospital and turned over to the Secret Service. Although the question of whether it was found on President Kennedy's or Governor Connally's stretcher may have seemed insignificant at the time, it later assumed vital importance. If the bullet had come from Kennedy's stretcher it could not have passed through his body, and therefore Connally could only have been struck by a separate bullet; thus the inescapable possibility of a second assassin was raised. On the other hand, if the bullet had come from Connally's stretcher, it would be consistent with the theory that both men were hit by the same bullet.

The question of where bullet 399 was found first arose at the March 16 Commission hearing, while Specter was questioning Commander James Humes, the autopsy surgeon. Allen Dulles was apparently under the impression that the bullet had been found on Kennedy's stretcher—a reasonable assumption in the light of the FBI Summary Report and Secret Service testimony. Dulles asked if there had been further evidence on this question, and Specter replied: "There has been other evidence, Mr. Dulles. If I may say at this point, we shall produce later, subject to sequential proof, evidence that the stretcher on which the bullet was found was the stretcher of Governor Connally."

Specter, however, was being less than exact in his statement to Dulles. At this time Specter had not yet gone to Dallas, and all the FBI and Secret Service reports indicated that the bullet had *not* been found on Connally's stretcher. Specter's assertion was apparently based not on the evidence, but on his expectation of what the evidence would show. Dulles then asked what happened to the first bullet that had hit Kennedy, and Specter replied, "That is the subject of some theories I am about to get into."

Specter than developed the hypothesis that both men were wounded with the same bullet (bullet 399) and that therefore the bullet had been found on Connally's stretcher.

Four days *after* Specter told the Commission "the evidence will show that it was from Governor Connally's stretcher that the bullet was found," he went to Dallas and questioned the witness who had actually found the bullet, Darrell Tomlinson. Tomlinson, an engineer who was employed by the hospital, said that he thought that the bullet had *not* come from the stretcher identified as Connally's. Despite a number of confusing questions put to him by Specter, Tomlinson maintained that, although he was not "positively sure," he believed that the bullet had come from the stretcher parked in front of Connally's in the emergency room.

Specter said that he had "deductively proved" that the bullet had come from Connally's stretcher by precluding the possibility that the other stretcher was Kennedy's. Two reasons were given for eliminating Kennedy's stretcher as the source of the bullet. First, Kennedy's stretcher was wheeled into "trauma room number 2" immediately after the body was removed from it. Second, two nurses said that the sheets were removed from Kennedy's stretcher; whereas Tomlinson claimed that there was a sheet on the stretcher from which the bullet had fallen.

The fact that Kennedy's stretcher was moved into trauma room number 2, which connected with the corridor in which the bullet was found, in no way precluded the possibility that the stretcher was later wheeled into this corridor. Was Kennedy's stretcher returned before or after the bullet was found?

The fact that two nurses recollected, four months after the event, that all the sheets were removed from Kennedy's stretcher hardly eliminated the stretcher as the source of the bullet. Also, Tomlinson's memory of a sheet on the foot of the stretcher could be inaccurate, or it was possible that, since the stretcher was parked near the linen hamper, a sheet could have been subsequently dropped on the stretcher.

There was, however, definite evidence that precluded the possibility that bullet 399 had come from Connally's stretcher. Lt. Col. Pierre A. Finck, the expert on forensic medicine, was asked if bullet 399 could have caused Connally's wrist wound. He replied flatly, "No, for the reason that there are too many fragments described in the wrist." Since the Commission had established that all Connally's wrist and chest wounds had been caused by a single bullet, Colonel Finck's testimony excluded the possibility that bullet 399 had wounded Connally. Therefore bullet 399 could not have passed through Connally and been found on his stretcher.

Colonel Finck's testimony on this point, which was fully supported by the other doctors, cannot be dismissed merely because it collided with the hypothesis that bullet 399 was found on Connally's stretcher. Since Finck's categorical statement that this bullet could not have caused Connally's wrist wound was never challenged, disputed, or corrected, it can only be concluded from the evidence that bullet 399 did not come from Connally's stretcher.

The investigation of the stretcher bullet was by no means exhaustive. Two major witnesses were never questioned. After Tomlinson noticed the bullet, he called over the hospital's security director, O. P. Wright, who then picked up the bullet and turned it over to a Secret Service agent. Wright very well might have been able to corroborate Tomlinson's story or to identify the stretcher that the bullet had come from, but he was never asked. Another witness who was never questioned was David Sanders, the orderly who wheeled Kennedy's stretcher out of the trauma room.

An investigation in which expert testimony was ignored, two out of the three major witnesses were never questioned, and the working hypothesis was maintained despite the development of contradictory evidence can only be considered superficial. The case of the stretcher bullet illustrates the limits of the investigation; in 10 days, or even in 10 weeks, a single lawyer could not exhaust all the facts and possibilities in such a broad

area as the "basic facts of the assassination." Arlen Specter spent only about 10 days on his investigation in Dallas; obviously he had to concentrate on the major problems and neglect some of the minor ones.

THE FOURTH SHOT? At the time of the assassination a bystander, James Tague, was wounded by a minute fragment. Although it is possible that this fragment came from one of the three established shots, it is also possible, especially in view of the distance involved, that the fragment came from a fourth shot. A fourth shot would not in itself indicate that a second assassin was at work—Oswald had sufficient time to fire a fourth shot after the fatal one—but it would cast new light on such problems as Connally's wrist wound, the dent in the chrome of the Presidential car, and the sequence of events. It would also raise a question as to why only three cartridge cases were found in the Texas Book Depository.

Immediately after the assassination a number of witnesses reported that a bullet had struck the pavement and a bystander had been slightly wounded by the ricochet. In February Specter apparently asked the Secret Service field office in Dallas to investigate the matter. The special agent in charge, Forrest Sorrels, reported that no bullet mark could be found on the pavement, and he added, "I did not see how it could have been possible for any fragment of any of the three bullets that were fired to have hit this concrete slab." No further effort was made at the time to find the person who was hit by a fragment or to locate the bullet mark.

There was, however, a photograph of the bullet mark which failed to reach Specter's attention because of the "division of labor." Tom Dillard, a Dallas newspaper reporter, reported to the FBI that he had taken a photograph of the bullet mark. The FBI report of the Dillard interview was passed on to Ball's panel because it dealt primarily with the identification of the assassin. Although Ball questioned Dillard, he apparently didn't realize the relevance of the Dillard photograph.

In July the Dillard photograph finally was forwarded to the Commission. Rankin immediately requested the FBI to locate the bullet mark, and he sent Wesley Liebeler, the junior lawyer on Panel III, to Dallas to interview James Tague, the bystander. Tague told Liebeler that he had received a minor cut on his face after the second or third shot, and immediately afterward he and a deputy sheriff had located the bullet mark. Liebeler then interviewed the deputy sheriff, who corroborated Tague's account.

In August the FBI established through spectrographic analysis that a bullet fragment had definitely struck the curb about 260 feet from the President's car at the time of the third shot. Thus, while the final draft of the Report was being written, the FBI laboratory confirmed that the mark on the curb had been caused by a bullet fragment.

However, the chapter on the basic facts of the assassination had already been written, and at this late date there was apparently no interest in reopening the investigation. Instead, a paragraph was inserted in the report, stating:

> . . . the mark on the south curb of Main Street cannot be identified conclusively with any of the three shots fired. Under the circumstances it might have come from the bullet which hit the President's head, or it might have been the product of the fragmentation of the missed shot upon hitting some other object in the area.

The report failed to admit that the mark also might have come from a fourth shot.

An exhaustive investigation would have tested each of these three possibilities against the known facts. Was it ballistically possible for fragments from the head shot to travel 260 feet and strike the curb with sufficient kinetic energy then to strike Tague? Ballistics experts could have been called to testify on the probability of this happening. Did a shot, in fact, miss? If these two possibilities were precluded, then a fourth shot must have been fired.

The reason why the problem of the fourth hit was not dealt with by the investigation was, quite simply, that mention of this hit was lost in the shuffle of investigative reports, and it did not come to light until after Specter had completed his investigation. This occurrence suggests that possibly other facts came to light after the June 1 deadline or were "lost in the shuffle."

The investigation of Area I was, to some degree, supplemented by the investigation of Area II, "the identity of the assassin." There was, however, an important conceptual difference between the two investigations: whereas the first investigation was charged with ascertaining *all* the basic facts of the assassination and therefore had to be exhaustive in scope, the second investigation was charged with establishing a single positive fact, the identity of the assassin.

Joseph Ball, the most experienced trial lawyer on the staff, said that his investigation of Area II required basically the same process that a lawyer uses in "building a case;" a chain of evidence had to be forged which indisputably linked Oswald to the assassination and also showed that Oswald had the opportunity to commit the act.

First Ball and his junior lawyer, David Belin, reviewed the investigative reports and isolated the "chain of evidence." Most of the key witnesses were interviewed informally in Dallas, and on March 20 Ball held an "off-the-record" reconstruction of the assassin's movements. The purpose of this reconstruction was to prove that Oswald had had the opportunity to commit the assassination and then escape.

The first question dealt with was how Oswald had descended from the sixth to the second floor undetected. Three witnesses on the fifth floor had indicated to the FBI that they had had a view of the stairs after the assassination and that no one had gone down them. This at first led to the theory that Oswald had used the elevator, but this proved impossible because both elevators were found on the fifth floor with their doors open immediately after the assassination. In the reenactment Ball determined that the three witnesses, in fact, could not have seen the staircase at all times, and thus it was possible for Oswald to have descended the stairs undetected.

Since a policeman had encountered Oswald on the second floor shortly after the last shot was fired, there was also a question of time. Could Oswald have descended from the sixth to the second floor in the time it took the policeman to rush up to the second floor? In the reconstruction, Ball clocked both the assassin's and the policeman's movements with a stopwatch and thereby showed that it was possible for Oswald to have been the assassin.

To prove that Oswald was the assassin, Ball relied mainly on scientific evidence. This "hard" evidence was developed by Melvin Eisenberg before the Commission itself.

Bullet fragments found in the President's car were definitely matched by ballistics experts to the rifle found in the Texas Book Depository. The rifle was traced to Oswald, and handwriting experts helped confirm that Oswald had ordered and paid for the gun. In addition, fingerprint experts identified as Oswald's a palm print taken from the rifle, and thus it was established that Oswald had had possession of the rifle. In short, the chain of evidence indisputably showed that Oswald's rifle was used in the assassination.

The fact that Oswald had the opportunity to be the assassin and the fact that his rifle was used in the assassination in themselves made a *prima facie* case for Oswald's involvement.

Although the Area II investigation fulfilled, with reasonable thoroughness, its mission of identifying Oswald as the assassin, it tended to disregard possible evidence of accomplices. For example, Ball cited Oswald's palm prints on the book cartons used by the assassin as evidence that Oswald was at the scene of the assassination. However, other unidentified palm prints were found on these cartons, which could have indicated the presence of an accomplice. Ball and Belin did not try to have these prints identified, and it was only at the insistence of Wesley Liebeler, in August, that the FBI identified most, but not all, of the other prints.

There were also problems that fell between Area I and Area II, and were not dealt with by either investigation. A case in point is "the grassy knoll." In March, Ball was asked by Warren to clear up a rumor that the shots had come from the railroad bridge over the triple underpass the President's car was approaching. Ball, assisted by other lawyers, questioned witnesses who were standing on the railroad overpass at the time of the assassination, and the rumor proved baseless. However, six out of seven of these witnesses who gave an opinion as to the source of the shots indicated that the shots had come from a "grassy knoll" located between the overpass and the Texas Book Depository. One witness testified, "I definitely saw the puff of smoke and heard the report from under these trees [on the knoll]."

The grassy knoll, however, did not fall within the bounds of Area II, and Ball and Belin did not question the witnesses who were standing on the knoll. And Specter apparently did not

have time to attack this problem. Yet, according to the investigative reports, of the 10 witnesses who were standing between the knoll and the President's car, nine thought the shots had come from the knoll directly behind them. Only one of these witnesses, Abraham Zapruder, was questioned by the staff, and he was called to determine not the source of the shots, but the terms under which he had sold his film of the assassination to *Life* magazine. Eight witnesses were standing across the street from the knoll; all eight said they thought the shots had come from the knoll. Only three of these witnesses were questioned.

Despite the fact that almost all the witnesses on the knoll, or with a view of the knoll, who expressed an opinion as to the source of the shots said that the shots had come from the knoll, no thorough investigation was made of this area.

If there was no evidence of more than one assassin, there was also no evidence that precluded the possibility. The conclusion that "Oswald acted alone" was predicated on two assumptions: first, that all the pertinent evidence was brought *before* the Commission for its evaluation; and second, that the staff's investigation had tested all possibilities.

In fact, only the more prominent problems were investigated, and many of the crucial problems were left unresolved—as was the case with the stretcher bullet. And although the investigation clearly delineated the chain of evidence linking Oswald to the assassination, it disregarded possible evidence of an accomplice in its handling of testimony involving the grassy knoll.

The Commission conducted an independent investigation without independent investigators. Although the Commission relied mainly on the FBI, the investigation in theory was independent. J. Lee Rankin said, "Our lawyers were the only independent investigators that we needed."

The legal staff thus had a dual role; it was the Commission's "independent investigator" as well as its counsel. In its investigative role, the staff was expected to analyze all the FBI reports for inconsistencies and gaps, and then to investigate and resolve these problems. In its legal role, the staff was expected to develop testimony and to examine witnesses before the Commission. In performing this dual function, however, the "independent investigators" were confronted with three problems that tended to limit the effectiveness of their investigation: communications with the FBI, limitations on interrogation methods and time pressure.

Although the Commission borrowed lawyers from the Department of Justice, accountants from the Internal Revenue Service, and historians from the Department of Defense, it did not include FBI or other investigative agents on its staff. Instead of having direct access to the FBI agents, the lawyers had to make each separate request for information and assistance through "channels." For example, Joseph Ball said that on his first trip to Dallas he called the FBI field office for assistance in a problem. He was told that the request must come from FBI headquarters in Washington. Three days later Ball was notified by the Dallas field office that his request had been approved, but by this time Ball had resolved the problem and was ready to return to Washington.

Wesley Liebeler said that, although the FBI was extremely efficient in answering questions submitted in writing, the agents would not develop any information that was not specifically requested of them. The practice of adhering to specific questions is probably the only way for an organization which conducts hundreds of thousands of interviews a year to function efficiently, but in the case of the Commission this method also had the effect of restricting the investigation to the more protrusive facts. For example, one witness, Arnold L. Rowland, testified before the Commission that he had told the FBI agents who interviewed him of a second person on the same floor as the rifleman a few minutes prior to the assassination. Rowland indicated that the FBI agents lacked interest in this second person.

Because of the enormous quantity of FBI reports, the staff initially assumed that the FBI had carried out exhaustive research in the areas of its main investigation. Liebeler, however, later found that "the most disquieting thing about the FBI investigation was that it was less thorough than it appeared to be." For example, although Marina Oswald had been repeatedly questioned and continually investigated over a nine-month period by the FBI, Liebeler found in August that she still possessed evidence, which had an important bearing on Oswald's trip to Mexico, that had never been brought to the attention of the Commission.

Thus the quantity of the FBI's investigative material did not guarantee that all the important facts were reported. One staff lawyer estimated that 90 percent of the reports were not immediately relevant to the assassination. The high proportion of irrelevant papers was caused in part by the FBI's policy of submitting reports on all the crank letters and "weird allegations" received by FBI field offices. J. Edgar Hoover explained that, even when an allegation could not possibly have a basis in fact, a report on it was submitted to the Commission "for the record."

Furthermore, the FBI system of investigating all names mentioned produced thousands of pages on people who were only remotely connected with Oswald. The quantity of FBI reports thus may have had the unintended effect of obscuring relevant information.

The staff had only very limited assistance from the Central Intelligence Agency. Wesley Liebeler was one of the few staff lawyers who had direct contact with CIA agents; his experience illustrates the general problem "outsiders" (as the lawyers were considered to be) encountered in dealing with a highly secret intelligence organization. Liebeler, in attempting to identify a heavyset man in a CIA photograph, found that the photograph itself had a curious history. On November 18, 1963, the FBI received it, together with a report on Oswald's September 27, 1963, visit to the Cuban Embassy in Mexico City, and forwarded both to its Dallas field office. Coincidentally, the file arrived in Dallas on November 22, the day of the assassination.

Liebeler asked the FBI to identify the man. The FBI replied that it was a CIA photograph, taken outside the country, and that they had no further information about it. Liebeler next wrote to the CIA, asking who the person in the photograph was and why it was sent to the FBI less than a week before the assassination. Weeks later the CIA still had not replied, and Liebeler consulted the CIA liaison with the Commission, R. G. Rocca, who told him that the matter was still being investigated. Later a CIA agent called Liebeler and said that the CIA had thought at the time the photograph was sent to the FBI that the person in the photograph was Lee Harvey Oswald. When Liebeler pointed out that the person did not resemble Oswald at all, the CIA agent said that he would investigate further and call back. Despite persistent inquiries, Liebeler heard nothing more.

The CIA submitted only about 45 reports, mainly on investigations conducted abroad. The Secret Service provided agents for specific assignments, though it had neither the manpower nor the facilities to conduct a general investigation. The staff was thus mainly dependent on the FBI.

Although the FBI conducted a massive investigation into the assassination and into the backgrounds of the principal persons involved, the communications problem between the staff and the FBI, and the narrow criteria of the interviews, served to restrict the flow of information.

The Commission required that all its processes be consistent with the "high judicial standards of its members." This requirement led to the fair and judicial treatment of witnesses, but it also had the unintended effect of restricting the depth of the staff's investigation.

Forensic interrogation is the lawyer's only means of extracting concealed information from a witness; it includes such tactics as cross-examination, trap-questioning and badgering. The Commission felt that these tactics had no place in the proceedings. Since most of the witnesses appeared voluntarily and without counsel, the Commission believed that they should not be subject to rigorous cross-examination unless it was evident that they were concealing information. The conflict between the staff's interest in interrogating witnesses and the Commission's interest in assuring "judicial fairness" became evident after the first witness, Marina Oswald, testified.

Most of the lawyers were not satisfied with Mrs. Oswald's testimony. Liebeler said that it contained obvious contradictions and inconsistencies, and it seemed she might very well be "approximating the truth" in order to tell the Commission what she thought it wanted to hear. Joseph Ball said that Marina Oswald "left too many questions unanswered." William Cole-

man asked Rankin to permit Mrs. Oswald to undergo a more rigorous examination.

At the next staff meeting Rankin announced that the Commission had decided against further examination of Marina Oswald. The staff strongly protested this decision.

The Commission finally relented and allowed further examination. Marina Oswald was called as the final Commission witness in September, and she changed an important part of her testimony—Oswald's motive. Whereas in February Mrs. Oswald said she had thought that the motive was fame, she said in September that she had always believed that Oswald was aiming at Governor Connally and not at the President. The discrepancies in Mrs. Oswald's testimony were never satisfactorily resolved.

This case illustrates the difficulty the staff had in examining witnesses without being permitted to use the tools of forensic interrogation. Lawyers taking testimony in their field investigations also were restricted. Without the right to challenge witnesses with other evidence, some of the lawyers felt that "they were reduced to deposition-takers."

The Commission's policy also limited the use of such quasi-legal devices as polygraph tests. A polygraph is not, as it is sometimes called, a "lie detector." It only measures emotional stress in a witness that may indicate deception or that may indicate other emotions such as fear, anxiety, nervousness. The results of a polygraph test depend largely on the subjective interpretation of the witness' responses and are thus of dubious value in determining the truthfulness of a witness. Nevertheless, if a witness believes that the instrument is in fact a "lie detector," it may provide a strong psychological inducement for him to be truthful.

Although the staff fully realized the limits of the polygraph test, some of the lawyers felt it was the only way to resolve certain problems. For example, Liebeler was confronted with the testimony of a Dallas gunsmith, Dial D. Ryder, which, if, true, would indicate that an important part of Oswald's life was unknown to the Commission. Ryder claimed that the day after the assassination he had found a repair ticket for a rifle with the name "Oswald" on it. It was evident from the information on the repair ticket that this rifle could not have been the assassination weapon. Since the FBI was unable to locate any other "Oswald" in the area, and since Oswald lived in the same neighborhood as the gun-repair shop, it seemed possible that Oswald owned a second rifle.

Two other witnesses testified that Oswald had inquired in a furniture store about having his rifle repaired, then claimed that they had directed Oswald to Ryder's gun shop. When Liebeler confronted the witnesses with Marina Oswald, both positively identified her as the woman who had entered the furniture store with Oswald. There remained, however, the distinct possibility that the repair tag was spurious and that Ryder had invented the story.

In reply to Liebeler's request for an FBI polygraph test of Ryder, Willens wrote that "the FBI is extremely dubious of polygraphs" and that the Commission had therefore denied the request. The problem of Oswald's "second rifle" thus was never resolved.

The third major problem that limited the lawyers in their investigation was time pressure. The constant deadlines limited not only the quantity of the investigation but also its quality.

As the investigation progressed into June, and the Commission was forced to extend the deadline to July 1, the Commissioners became increasingly anxious to "get the Report out." John J. McCloy said that he was concerned with the "ugly rumors" that were circulating in Europe, and he feared that a delay in publishing the Report would "cause them to spread like wildfire." The Congressional members of the Commission wanted the Report released well before the election.

To "close down their investigations," lawyers, in some instances, were forced to leave important problems unresolved. For example, Burt Griffin had the problem of determining how Ruby gained entrance to the basement of the Dallas city jail a few minutes before he murdered Oswald. The task was complicated by the fact that there were over 100 witnesses in the basement at the time, and there were at least six different possible entranceways.

During his field investigation, Griffin found Ruby's story that he had entered by the Main Street ramp was contradicted by other evidence. The police officer guarding the ramp categorically denied Ruby could have entered by that ramp, and four police officers, who had driven up the ramp at virtually the only time Ruby could have descended, testified they did not see Ruby on the ramp. This contradiction raised questions both about Ruby's truthfulness and about the possibility that he had assistance in entering the basement.

In June the Commission reportedly felt that Griffin was spending too much time on this problem. Consequently, Griffin was ordered to proceed with other areas of his investigation, despite his protests that the question of Ruby's entrance was of prime importance.

Thus the question was left unanswered.

One witness, Sylvia Odio, gave testimony indicating that Oswald had visited her in the company of two "Cuban underground fighters" the day before he left on his trip to Mexico. If Mrs. Odio's testimony was accurate, it meant that Oswald had two associates, not known to the Commission who were involved in his trip to Mexico not long before the assassination.

By July the staff still had not questioned Sylvia Odio. Meanwhile, W. David Slawson, the lawyer assigned to the problem, tried to preclude the possibility of truth in Mrs. Odio's story by showing that it was not possible for Oswald to have been in Dallas at the time she claimed. Slawson's analysis was based on the fact that Oswald was in New Orleans at 8 a. m. on September 25 and on the bus bound from Houston to Mexico at 6 a.m. on September 26. Slawson assumed that Oswald had traveled from New Orleans to Houston on September 25 and then had caught the 2:35 a.m. bus to Mexico the next morning. This left only a few hours unaccounted for in Houston and "precluded" the possibility that Oswald had visited Mrs. Odio in Dallas on September 25.

The Commission decided, on the basis of this analysis, that Mrs. Odio's story was false. Liebeler gave the matter further attention. On investigating the bus schedules, he found that there was no reason to assume that Oswald had caught the bus at 2:35 a.m. in Houston. Actually, Oswald was not seen on that bus until 6 a.m. that day. Thus Liebeler found it possible for Oswald to have traveled from New Orleans to Dallas on September 25, visited Mrs. Odio, and then caught the Mexico bus. Mrs. Odio's story could not be ruled out. The issue was never resolved.

The "independent investigators" were thus constrained in their investigation by the communications problem with the FBI, the forensic problem caused by the Commission's judicial requisites, and the time-pressure problem. How decisive were these limitations?

Despite the restricted flow of information from the FBI, the staff had virtually all its questions answered by the FBI. Despite the judicial restraints, most of the witnesses testified freely and only a small number of questions were left unanswered. Despite the time pressure, most of the problems were resolved. The only type of information unlikely to emerge in such an investigation would be information that was deliberately concealed.

The staff investigation was supplemented to some degree by the Commission hearings. However, only 94 of the 552 witnesses testified at the Commission hearings (the other witnesses either were questioned by the staff lawyers in the course of their field investigations or submitted affidavits). In all, the Commission held 49 days of hearings, beginning on February 3, 1964, and ending on September 6, 1964—an average of about seven hearings per month.

Commission hearings were defined by the presence of "one or more members of the Commission." With one exception, the hearings were closed to the public. The witnesses had the right to be advised by counsel, but few availed themselves of this right. Although these hearings served to substantiate the findings of the investigation, they produced little, if any, new evidence. Possibly no new "truths" came to light because all the significant facts were already known. There were, however, other possible reasons.

First of all, only a minor portion of the hearings was devoted to testimony relating to the assassination itself. By far the greatest portion of the Commission's time was occupied with testimony concerning Lee Harvey Oswald's biography. The hearings

began and ended with the testimony of Marina Oswald, and it accounted for more than 12 percent of the total Commission hearings. She seemed to have no direct knowledge of the assassination itself.

The testimony of Oswald's mother and brother accounted for another 14 percent. In all, 43 percent of the Commission's time was spent hearing testimony concerning Oswald's life history—a fact which suggests that the main focus of the Commission hearings was Oswald, not the assassination itself.

The Commission also spent considerable time—about 12 percent of the hearings—on testimony dealing with such questions as: How was Oswald able to return to the United States after defecting to the Soviet Union? Why was Oswald not under closer FBI surveillance? Were the Secret Service's protective measures adequate? It went into such peripheral problems as the methods of the Dallas police, the activities of Jack Ruby, and anti-Kennedy advertisements.

Less than one-third of the Commission hearings—about 81 hours out of a total of 244—dealt with the pertinent facts of the assassination: the source of the shots, the identity of the assassin, and Oswald's movements on the day of the assassination. During these 81 hours, 51 witnesses testified. Most of the evidence was presented by expert witnesses, whose testimony concerned such complex subjects as forensic pathology, ballistics, fingerprints, hair and fiber analysis, etc. The Commission had neither the time nor technical knowledge to scrutinize the expert testimony.

One Commission lawyer, Melvin Eisenberg, did call "outside" expert witnesses to "verify" the government expert witnesses, but this was only done in the case of fingerprint and ballistic identification. In other areas, expert testimony received only cursory examination. For example, the autopsy surgeon indicated in his testimony that the first bullet that struck Kennedy passed through his body without leaving a discernible path. This testimony, however, contradicts a basic precept of forensic pathology: a rifle bullet traveling through the body will *always* leave a path. An outside expert witness might very well have clarified this apparent discrepancy.

A second possible reason why the hearings failed to uncover new information was that virtually all the witnesses had made statements to the federal investigators or to the staff lawyers *before* they testified at the Commission hearings; the only exceptions were the federal agents themselves and Mrs. John F. Kennedy.

When a witness did give new evidence in the Commission hearings, it became suspect *ipso facto,* because it was not included in a prior statement. For example, Arnold Rowland testified before the Commission that he had seen a second man on the same floor with the assassin. The Commission, however, rejected this portion of Rowland's testimony partly because of "Rowland's failure to report his story despite several interviews until his appearance before the Commission." Rowland insisted that he *did* mention this fact to FBI agents but that they were interested only in whether or not he could positively identify the assassin.

Some of the staff lawyers thought the Commission hearings were "a joke." Liebeler said that most of the Commissioners were absent most of the time, and that they would stop in "for a few minutes," ask a question "which blew the lawyer's entire line of questioning," and then "rushed out to make a quorum or something." Ball said that he spent considerable time "talking to an empty room."

Opinions differ as to what the Commission actually did. Joseph Ball commented that the Commission "had no idea of what was happening, we did all the investigating, lined up the witnesses, solved the problems and wrote the Report." Wesley Liebeler, when asked what the Commission did, replied, "In one word, 'Nothing.' " Melvin Eisenberg compared the Commission to a corporation's board of directors, with Rankin as president and the staff members as the officers.

Although the staff no doubt tended to exaggerate the Commissioners' absenteeism, the attendance records of the Commission show that most of the Commissioners were present for only a minor portion of the hearings. Only three Commissioners heard more than half the testimony, and the average Commissioner heard 45 percent.

Rankin, however, asserted that the Commission members were "extremely dedicated" and that they would attend whenever they could leave their other responsibilities. Rankin noted that even though Warren had to attend the Supreme Court every day it was in session, he arranged for Commission hearings to commence at 9 a.m. so that he could officially open them before he left for the Court at 10 a.m.

Rankin said that some of the younger lawyers simply didn't understand how a government investigation functions. He explained that it was important "for the sake of public, as well as historic, acceptance of the Report that the main evidence be brought directly before the Commission." The function of the Commission hearings, then, was to record, rather than to investigate, the evidence.

On December 9, 1963, shortly after the first Commission meeting, the FBI submitted the Summary Report of its investigation to the Commission. This report contained the seven major facts upon which the Commission, nine months later, predicated its main conclusion—that Oswald had assassinated President Kennedy. If all the major facts were already established, what were the contributions of the independent investigation?

Norman Redlich said that, although the FBI established the basic facts, the independent investigation determined the relationships between these facts. According to Redlich, the single most important contribution of the investigation was the theory that explained how one man, acting alone, committed the assassination. The way in which this theory developed reveals to some extent the basic orientation of the investigation.

The FBI Summary Report gives the following description of the assassination:

> As the motorcade was traveling through downtown Dallas on Elm Street about 50 yards west of the intersection with Houston Street . . . three shots rang out. Two bullets struck President Kennedy, and one wounded Governor Connally.

Although this account appeared to be basically accurate, the Commission's staff felt that for "the historical record" the sequence of events should be ascertained with greater precision.

On January 27, 1964, Norman Redlich, Melvin Eisenberg, and Arlen Specter of the Commission staff met with FBI photographic expert Lyndal Shaneyfelt, Secret Service Inspector Thomas Kelley and FBI visual-aids expert Leo Gauthier to conduct a frame-by-frame analysis of the Zapruder film. The first problem was determining the exact position of the Presidential limousine at the time of the first shot.

The latest point at which the President could have been first hit is film frame 225. On this frame it is evident that the President has been wounded. The earliest point at which the President could have been hit was fixed by an oak tree. The Secret Service reenactment of the assassination showed that the assassin's line of sight was blocked by the foliage of the large oak tree between frame 166 and frame 207. The film further shows that the President is smiling and waving on frame 207, and this makes it highly improbable that the President was shot before frame 166. Moreover, still photographs and virtually all the eyewitnesses place the car past the oak tree at the time of the first shot. It was thus concluded that the first shot could have been fired only after frame 207. The staff was able through this analysis to fix the position of the car, at the time of the first shot, within 18 frames (about 16 feet).

However, establishing the position of the car at the time of the first shot raised a more serious problem. The FBI had established that the murder weapon could not be fired twice in less than 2.3 seconds. This was the time it took to open and close the bolt of the rifle. In terms of the film, 2.3 seconds are equivalent to 42 frames. This meant that the shots had to be spaced at least 42 frames apart on the film to be consistent with the minimum firing time of the assassination weapon. Since the first shot could not have been fired before frame 207, a second shot from the same rifle could not have been fired before frame 249. Thus it was initially assumed that Connally was hit after frame 249, even though this was not apparent in the film.

On February 25, 1964, the Commission finally obtained the original copy of the Zapruder film from *Life* magazine. Up to this point the staff had been using a copy. The original film is considerably more detailed, and it shows that Governor Connally was hit well before frame 249. Subsequently Connally's

doctors testified that Connally was not in a position to have been hit after frame 240.

Thus there are only 33 frames on the film between the earliest time at which Kennedy could first have been shot and the latest time at which Connally could have been shot. Yet the murder weapon could not be fired twice within this time period. A new working hypothesis thus would have to be found to explain the assassination.

In early March, Arlen Specter discussed the time problem informally with Commanders James J. Humes and J. Thornton Boswell, the Navy doctors who had performed the autopsy. According to Specter, Commander Humes suggested that since both Kennedy and Connally apparently had been hit within a second of each other, it was medically possible that both men had been hit by the same bullet and that Connally had had a delayed reaction. This hypothesis raised another problem.

If both men were hit by the first bullet, obviously the first bullet must have exited from the front of the President's body. However, the FBI Summary Report states that the autopsy revealed the bullet in question did *not* exit from the front of the President's body.

On March 16, 1964, the Commission heard testimony concerning the autopsy. An undated autopsy report was introduced in evidence. Commander Humes testified that this report was prepared immediately after the autopsy and submitted to "higher authority" on November 24, 1963. He also stated that he "destroyed by burning certain preliminary notes relating to" the autopsy.

The autopsy report contains a conclusion that is diametrically opposed to the FBI's statement on the autopsy. The autopsy report states that the first bullet hit the President in the rear of the neck and exited from his throat, whereas the FBI Summary and Supplemental Reports stated that the autopsy found the bullet in question hit the President below the shoulder and "penetrated to a distance of less than a finger length."

Commander Humes testified that, although no bullet path was found through the President's body, it was deductively concluded that the bullet did indeed pass through the body and exit at the throat. The Commander was asked what had happened to the bullet that had exited from the President's throat. Humes explained: "I see that Governor Connally is sitting directly in front of the late President, and suggest the possibility that this missile, having traversed the low neck of the late President, in fact traversed the chest of Governor Connally."

The single-bullet hypothesis was thus advanced to the Commission. But although it solved the time problem, it raised new problems.

There was the problem of the nearly whole bullet (bullet 399) found on a stretcher in the Dallas hospital. It was "preliminarily" thought that this bullet had come from Kennedy's stretcher. However, if both men were both first hit by the same bullet, this nearly whole bullet could not have come from Kennedy's stretcher. According to the single-bullet hypothesis, the first bullet went through the President and Connally, the second bullet missed the car completely, and the third bullet hit the President's head and fragmented. Thus, the single-bullet hypothesis could be maintained only if the nearly whole bullet came from Connally's stretcher.

Subsequent evidence developed which all but precluded the possibility that the bullet had come from Connally's stretcher. Colonel Finck testified that the bullet found on the stretcher could not be the bullet that caused Connally's wrist wound, primarily because more fragments were found in the wrist than were missing from the bullet. Yet, since other expert testimony and evidence precluded the possibility that Connally's wrist wound was caused by a fragment from the third bullet, or by a direct hit from another bullet, the Commission concluded that all Connally's wounds were caused by a single bullet. The bullet found on the stretcher thus could not have been the bullet that caused all Connally's wounds.

A second problem involved the testimony of Governor Connally in April. Connally testified that it was inconceivable to him that he was hit by the first shot because he distinctly remembered hearing the first shot before he had felt the impact of the bullet striking. Since a bullet travels faster than the speed of sound, Connally reasoned that he could have been hit only by the second bullet. The evidence clearly indicated that Kennedy had been hit by the first bullet.

There was other evidence which corroborated Connally's account. Both of his doctors testified that Connally was hit *after* film frame 231. Yet the film showed that the President was definitely hit by frame 225. This leads one to the conclusion that the two men were hit by two bullets.

In order to maintain the single-bullet hypothesis it was necessary to assume that other evidence was erroneous. First, that the FBI Summary and Supplemental Reports' statements on the autopsy were inaccurate. Second, that expert testimony which precluded the possibility that the bullet found on the stretcher was the bullet that wounded Connally was incorrect. Third, that Connally was wrong in his impression that he was hit by a separate bullet. Finally, that Connally's doctors were mistaken in their conclusion that Connally was not in a position to be hit before film frame 231. The fact that this hypothesis was maintained indicates the investigation's commitment to an explanation based on a "lone assassin" premise.

On April 27, 1964, United States Army wound ballistics experts conducted further tests on the murder weapon. Arlen Specter, who supervised these tests, said their primary purpose was to determine specifically whether or not the bullets would penetrate a second object after exiting from the initial object.

Colonel Finck testified that properly to test the single-bullet hypothesis it would be necessary to pass a bullet through two human cadavers. However, Specter said that it was "too complicated" to fire a bullet through two objects at a time; thus, in the wound ballistics tests, bullets were not fired through more than one object at a time. Three series of tests were held. In the first series, bullets were fired from the murder weapon through an object (gelatin blocks) which simulated the President's neck. By measuring the average entrance and exit speed of the bullets, it was determined that the bullets lost about 82 feet per second from an original velocity of about 2,000 feet per second. In the second series of tests, bullets were fired from the murder weapon through an anesthetized goat, which simulated Governor Connally's chest. In the third series of tests, bullets were fired through the wrist of a cadaver, which simulated Connally's wrist.

Dr. Alfred Olivier, the veterinarian who conducted the wound ballistics tests, testified before the Commission in May on the results. When asked if the tests had indicated that Connally and Kennedy were hit by the same bullet, he replied: "My feeling is that it would be more probable that it (the bullet which struck the wrist) passed through the President first."

Doctor Olivier explained that this conclusion was based on the fact that a direct hit caused considerably more damage to the simulated wrist than Connally's wrist actually had suffered. Therefore it was deduced that the bullet which had hit Connally's wrist had passed through a prior object. In the tests, the bullet had lost 265 feet per second when it passed through the goat. Because Connally's chest is about half again as wide as the goat, it was assumed that the bullet would have lost 400 feet per second passing through Connally's chest. Doctor Olivier estimated that the bullet that struck the wrist had lost at least 480 feet per second, and therefore he concluded that the bullet must have passed through a third object—the President's neck.

This conclusion was based on the assumption that the conditions of the experiment closely simulated those of the assassination. This was not the case. Since the conclusion that Kennedy and Connally were hit by the same bullet is based on a difference of only about 80 feet per second in the bullet's velocity, the disparity between the width of Connally and the goat might be a significant one.

Further doubt was cast on the results by Dr. Frederick E. Light, the medical pathologist associated with the tests. Doctor Light was asked whether he agreed with Doctor Olivier's conclusion. He replied: "I am not quite as sure in my mind as I believe he [Olivier] is that the bullet that struck the Governor was almost certainly one which had hit something else first. I believe it could have produced that [wrist] wound even though it hadn't hit the President or any other person or object first."

In May, Specter proposed that the Commission conduct a reconstruction of the assassination based on the film in order to determine whether Connally and Kennedy were hit by the same bullet.

On May 23, 1964, Rankin, Redlich and Specter went to Dallas. The next morning the sequence of events of the assassination was meticulously reconstructed. An open limousine, with stand-ins for Kennedy and Connally, simulated the movements of the Presidential limousine. The limousine was slowly pushed until its position coincided exactly with the position shown in the film of the assassination; at each point a photograph was taken from the "sniper's nest" in the Texas Book Depository through

the telescopic sight of the murder rifle. In this manner, each film frame was correlated with the assassin's line of sight, and the trajectory was measured.

On June 4, 1964, the federal agents who participated testified before the Commission. FBI ballistics expert Robert Frazier, who had occupied the position of the assassin during the test, was asked if it was probable that the bullet "which passed through the neck of the President" hit Governor Connally. Frazier replied: "There are a lot of probables in that. First, we have to assume that there is absolutely no deflection in the bullet from the time it left the barrel until the time it exited from the Governor's body." Frazier said it was "entirely possible" that both men were hit by the same bullet, but he continued: "I myself don't have any technical evidence which would permit me to say one way or the other."

Like the wound ballistics tests, the reconstruction showed only that it was *possible* that both men were hit by a single bullet; it did not show that it was *probable*.

Specter, however, considered both tests to be "very important corroborative evidence" that both men were hit by the same bullet. By June 5 Specter had submitted his chapter on the basic facts of the assassination. The facts and premises set forth were selected so as to support the single-bullet hypothesis. Even after the chapter was toned down by the Commission, it asserted:

> Frazier testified that it (the bullet which first hit Kennedy) probably struck Governor Connally.

Frazier did *not* testify that the bullet that hit the President "probably struck Governor Connally."

Despite the fact that the staff felt this theory was the only reasonable way to explain the sequence of events in terms of a single assassin, and no alternate hypotheses were considered, in the final analysis the Commission as a whole—for reasons to be discussed later—refused to accept the single-bullet theory.

The Commisson had two distinct tasks: the investigation and the writing of the Report. The original plan was for each team of lawyers to write a chapter about its own investigative area and for all teams to submit their chapters to the Commission by June 1. Most of the lawyers had not even completed their field investigations by June.

In the writing of the Report the major problem was the selection of evidence. From the tens of thousands of pages of evidence, which facts were to be included, which excluded?

The writers obviously could not simply select the evidence that supported their case. Norman Redlich thought the problem could be solved by the "impartial selection of facts," but Liebeler skeptically told him, "I suggest, Norman, that you start to make an argument the minute you select a fact."

The difficulties encountered in attempting to select evidence impartially can best be seen in Chapter IV of the Commission's Report. Chapter IV was first written by Joseph Ball and David Belin, the lawyers who investigated the evidence in this area. When the Re-editing Committee found the chapter "totally inadequate," Norman Redlich undertook to rewrite it.

There were substantial differences between the two versions. For example, Ball had rejected as "utterly unreliable" the testimony of Helen Louise Markham, who was the only witness who claimed to have seen Oswald shoot Dallas Policeman J. D. Tippit. Ball found Mrs. Markham's testimony "full of mistakes." Ball characterized Mrs. Markham as an unconvincing witness, and he said that, in view of other available evidence, her testimony was not needed for the case against Oswald.

When the chapter was rewritten, Mrs. Markham's testimony was given considerable weight, and the description of Tippit's murder was based mainly on her account of the event. Wesley Liebeler, the lawyer who had examined Mrs. Markham, told Redlich that the woman's testimony was "contradictory" and "worthless." However, Redlich had replied, "The Commission wants to believe Mrs. Markham and that's all there is to it."

Ball was also extremely dubious of the testimony of Howard L. Brennan, the only eyewitness who claimed he could identify the assassin as Oswald. At the time of the assassination Brennan was across the street from the Texas Book Depository, about 120 feet from the sixth-floor window from which the shots came. Later that day Brennan said at a police lineup that he could not identify Oswald as the assassin. In January, when asked by the FBI, Brennan still insisted he could not identify Oswald as the assassin. However, when Brennan appeared before the Commission in March he said that he *could* identify the assassin as Oswald, and that he had lied at the police lineup to protect himself and his family.

In rewriting the chapter, Redlich gave a great deal more weight to Brennan's identification than did Ball. The section was subtitled "Eyewitness Identification of the Assassin," even though the Commission had never fully accepted Brennan's identification.

Although Ball found Marina Oswald to be "at best, an unreliable witness," Redlich based part of his version of the chapter on her testimony. Norman Redlich himself had asserted in February: ". . . Marina Oswald has lied to the Secret Service, the FBI, and this Commission on matters of vital concern. . . ." Yet in rewriting the chapter Redlich chose to rely on Marina Oswald's testimony.

It took nearly three months to rewrite Chapter IV. Finally it was sent to the printer.

Wesley Liebeler read the galley proofs, and was disconcerted by the quality of the writing. Over the weekend of September 5, 1964, he wrote a 26-page single-spaced memorandum which attacked the chapter point by point and warned:

> To put it bluntly, this sort of selection from the record could seriously affect the integrity and credibility of the entire Report.

The memorandum, by its detailed analysis of the way facts were selected, provides an insight into the writing of the Report.

First, there was the problem of gaps in the case against Oswald. How were these gaps filled? For example, to eliminate the possibility that Oswald's rifle was used by another person, the Report had to show that the rifle was in Oswald's possession on the day of the assassination. The chapter therefore asserted that "evidence showed" that the rifle was in the Paines' home (where Marina Oswald temporarily resided) on the eve of the assassination, that Oswald visited his wife at the Paines' home that evening, that he left on the morning of the assassination with a "long, bulky package," and that after the assassination the rifle was missing from the Paines' home. Yet there was no actual evidence that the rifle was in the Paines' home on the eve of the assassination.

Marina Oswald had testified that the rifle was transported from New Orleans to Dallas in a blanket and that the blanket was stored in the Paines' garage. In September, she said, she had looked inside the blanket and had seen part of a rifle, but in the seven weeks preceding the assassination she had not looked inside the blanket or handled it, and thus she had no way of knowing whether the blanket still contained the rifle. It was conceivable that the rifle was removed sometime during this seven-week period.

Second, there was the problem involving relevant evidence that was not cited. The chapter based its conclusion that Oswald carried the rifle in the "long, bulky package" mainly on the testimony of two witnesses, Linnie Mae Randle, Oswald's neighbor, and Buell Wesley Frazier, who drove Oswald to work on the morning of the assassination. Both witnesses believed that the bag was less than 28 inches long. However, the wooden stock of the rifle was 34.8 inches long. Mrs. Randle said that she had only a glimpse of the bag, and therefore no weight was given to her estimate of length. Frazier based his estimate of two feet "give and take a few inches" on the fact that Oswald held the package under his arm, cupping the bottom of it with his right hand. The chapter stated: "Frazier could easily have been mistaken when he stated that Oswald held the bottom of the bag cupped in his hand with the upper end tucked under his arm pit." There was, however, corroborative evidence for Frazier's description. Liebeler pointed out that the location of Oswald's right palm print on the bag—the heel and fingers were on the bottom of the bag exactly as if it had been "cupped"—indicated that Frazier's description *was* accurate.

Third, Liebeler noted a tendency to "stretch" inconclusive scientific evidence by selecting testimony out of context and making it appear conclusive. For example, the chapter stated that fibers found in the paper bag (found in the Depository)

matched fibers in the blanket in which it was *assumed* the rifle was stored; and that this fact further indicated the bag was used to carry the rifle into the Depository.

However, Paul Stombaugh, the FBI expert who examined the fiber evidence, had testified that since the two types of fibers found in the bag were common, and since the blanket contained 30 different types of fibers, of which only two matched the fibers found in the bag, there was insufficient evidence to judge whether or not it was probable that the fibers in the bag came from the blanket. Yet the chapter asserted that the fiber evidence indicated that the bag had once contained the rifle.

Another problem with the fiber evidence was omitted from the chapter: the fibers found on the rifle did not match either those in the bag or those in the blanket. If the rifle had been stored in the blanket, one would expect some blanket fibers to have been found on the rifle, but none were.

Liebeler also criticized the way in which the chapter interpreted the fingerprint evidence. In reaching the conclusion that Oswald was at the window when the shots were fired, the chapter attached "great weight" to the fact that Oswald's fingerprints and palm prints were on the cardboard cartons found near the window from which the shots came.

Liebeler pointed out that these were cartons that Oswald normally handled in his work, and that the fingerprints thus showed only that Oswald had handled the cartons and not that he was at the window at the time of the assassination.

The final part of the memorandum's analysis of the evidence dealt with Oswald's capabilities as a rifleman.

The first problem was to see whether Oswald could have fired three shots in 5.6 seconds. This time was determined from the film of the assassination.

The rifle tests held by the FBI and the Army were an important part of the evidence. The first tests with Oswald's rifle were conducted on November 27, 1963, by the FBI. Each of three rifle experts—Charles Killion, Cortlandt Cunningham and Robert Frazier—fired three shots at a target. All the shots were high and to the right of the aiming point: Killion's firing time was nine seconds; Cunningham's firing time was eight seconds; Frazier's firing time was six seconds. Their target was stationary and only 15 yards away; Oswald's target was moving and more than 60 yards away.

Later the same day Frazier fired two more series of shots "to determine how fast the weapon could be fired." The first series of three shots was fired in 4.8 seconds, and the second one was fired in 4.6 seconds.

The final FBI tests were held at Quantico, Virginia, on March 16, 1964. Frazier fired at a target a hundred yards away. His time for the first series of three shots was 5.9 seconds; for the second series, 6.2 seconds; and for the third series, 6.5 seconds. Not only did Frazier fail to equal Oswald's time of 5.6 seconds, but all hit shots were about five inches high and about five inches to the right of the aiming point. Frazier explained in his testimony that the inaccuracy was due to an uncorrectable mechanical deficiency in the telescopic sights.

The Commission evidently was not satisfied. It arranged for the United States Army Ballistic Research Laboratory to conduct further tests on March 27, 1964. Three rifle experts—Hendrix, Staley and Miller—fired at three silhouette targets located at distances matching the distances of the Presidential limousine from the source of the shots.

Hendrix fired his first series of three bullets in 8.25 seconds and missed the second target; he fired his second series in 7.0 seconds and missed the third target. Staley fired his first series in 6.75 seconds and his second series in 6.45 seconds; both times he missed the second target. Miller was the only expert to equal Oswald's time; he fired his first series in 4.6 seconds and his second series in 5.5 seconds, although he missed the second target both times. Miller later fired a third series, using standard sights instead of telescopic sights. In this series he fired three shots in 4.45 seconds, but the third shot went wild.

Although the Army tests demonstrated that it was possible to fire three shots in 5.6 seconds with the murder weapon, three factors must be taken into account.

First, the experts were timed only from the sound of the first shot to the sound of the last shot. This meant that they had *unlimited* time to aim at the first target and pull the trigger before they were timed. The assassin, however, had only 5.6 seconds for all three shots from the moment the car first became visible, thus his aiming time was included in the total time. This is a significant factor. If it is assumed it took the assassin one second to react, aim, and pull the trigger, then he had only 4.6 seconds (*not* 5.6 seconds) to fire. Thus, in order to make comparisons, this aiming factor must be added to the experts' time.

Second, the experts were firing at a stationary target, whereas the assassin was firing at a moving target.

Finally, when the Army experts found that the sight could not be accurately aimed at a target, they added three "shims" to correct the inaccuracy. Thus the Army experts fired with accurate sights, whereas, so far as is known, the assassin fired with inaccurate sights.

Despite the fact that only two of the six rifle experts were able to equal the assassin's time, the draft chapter characterized the shots as "easy shots." Statements were selected from four expert witnesses to support this characterization.

The manner in which this testimony was developed indicates that premeditation was involved in the selection process. The two witnesses who characterized the shots as "easy shots," Maj. Eugene Anderson and Sgt. James Zahm, were not called until July 24, 1964. Each was asked a hypothetical question in which the distance of the shot, the trajectory and even the street downgrade were given, but the time factor was conspicuously omitted. Therefore, in answering the question, neither witness had to take into account the problem of firing three shots in 5.6 seconds. Thus both witnesses characterized the shots as "not difficult" and "easy."

Liebeler found these assertions to be contrary to the evidence, which showed that the shot was extremely difficult. He stated that it was "simply dishonest" not to mention the problem with the defective telescopic sight. If the assassin had placed the cross hairs of the sight on the target, the bullet would have missed.

The chapter asserted that Oswald had sufficient proficiency with a rifle to have committed the assassination. This conclusion was based mainly on the rifle scores Oswald had achieved in the United States Marine Corps. Oswald had taken only two tests. In his first test he scored 212, which was considered by the Marine Corps a "fairly good shot;" in his second test, in 1959, he scored 191, which was considered a "rather poor shot." On the basis of these scores, Major Anderson and Sergeant Zahm testified that "Oswald was a good shot."

Liebeler, however, stated that "this was the worst kind of selection" because it omitted other witnesses who had had direct experience with Oswald's marksmanship. One such witness was Nelson Delgado, who had stood next to Oswald when he had fired a rifle in the Marine Corps on a number of occasions. Delgado testified that Oswald was a poor shot and often missed the target completely. Yet the chapter omitted Delgado's testimony.

Furthermore, the chapter implied that, while in the Soviet Union, Oswald had practiced his marksmanship by participating in hunts. In fact, there was information indicating that "Oswald was an *extremely poor* shot and it was necessary for persons who accompanied him on hunts to provide him with game." This information came from the Soviet KGB file on Oswald (furnished by Yuri I. Nossenko, a Soviet intelligence staff officer who defected in February, 1964).

After Oswald returned from the Soviet Union in 1962 there was no evidence that he ever fired a rifle again, except for one time when hunting with his brother. There is also the possibility that Oswald attempted to shoot General Walker. However, the sniper missed Walker, a stationary, well-lit target, at relatively close range.

Thus all evidence of Oswald's rifle proficiency indicates that he was a poor shot. Furthermore, the Commission found no evidence that Oswald had ever practiced firing the rifle.

On September 6, 1964, Liebeler submitted his 26-page memorandum to Rankin. Rankin refused to accept the memorandum, saying, "No more memorandums! The Report has to be published!" However, Liebeler was insistent, and finally Rankin read the memorandum and then immediately summoned Redlich to Washington.

Redlich heatedly objected to all Liebeler's criticisms. He explained that he had written the chapter exactly the way the Commission wanted it written. He said, "The Commission judged it an easy shot, and I work for the Commission."

Finally Rankin adjudicated the dispute. Most of Liebeler's criticisms were rejected, but some changes were made in the chapter. The problem with the sights was inserted, although it was also suggested that the defective sights were actually

an advantage for the sniper. The fiber evidence, which had been used to indicate that Oswald had brought the rifle into the Texas Book Depository, and the fingerprint evidence, which had been used to show Oswald's presence at the window, were both assigned only probative value. And the statement that the rifle was in the Paines' home the night before the assassination was made less definite, although the chapter still implied that this was a known fact.

In the final analysis, Redlich did "work for the Commission." In his role as editor, he had to select evidence that supported the Commission's judgments. As contradictory evidence and inconsistent details therefore tended to be omitted, the selection process tended to make the Commission's judgments self-reinforcing.

As Commissioner Ford put it, "Conclusions were the work of the Commission." The staff conducted the investigation and drafted the report, but in the final analysis the Commission had to reach the conclusions and take the responsibility for them. There were five main conclusions.

First, the Commission concluded that the shots came from the Texas School Book Depository. This conclusion was based on medical evidence which showed that at least two of the shots came from the general direction of the Depository; on the testimony of eyewitnesses who saw a rifle in the sixth-floor window of the Depository; and on the fact that the murder weapon and three cartridge cases were found on the sixth floor of the Depository. Although this evidence in itself did not exclude the possibility that other shots came from a different source, it constituted ample proof that shots had come from the Depository.

The second conclusion concerned the sequence of events and presented a difficult problem. The film of the assassination showed that the President and Governor Connally were hit less than two seconds apart, and that rifle tests showed it was physically impossible for the murder weapon to be accurately fired twice within this period of time. Thus, either both men were hit by the same bullet or there had to be two assassins.

The Commission was more or less evenly split on this question, with Ford, Dulles and McCloy tending toward the conclusion that both men were hit by the same bullet, and Russell, Cooper and Boggs tending toward the conclusion that both men were hit by separate bullets.

Ford wanted to state that there was "compelling" evidence that both men were hit by the same bullet, while Russell wanted to state merely that there was only "credible" evidence. McCloy finally suggested that the adjective "persuasive" be used, and this word was agreed upon. The Report states:

> There is very persuasive evidence from the experts to indicate that the same bullet which pierced the President's throat also caused Governor Connally's wounds. . . . There is no question in the mind of any member of the Commission that all the shots which caused the President's and Governor Connally's wounds were fired from the sixth floor window of the Texas School Book Depository.

The question was thus left open by the Commission.

Third, the Commission concluded that the assassin was Lee Harvey Oswald. This conclusion was based on seven subconclusions: (1) the murder weapon belonged to Oswald; (2) Oswald carried the weapon into the Depository; (3) at the time of the assassination Oswald was at the window from which the shots were fired; (4) the murder weapon was found in the Depository after the assassination; (5) Oswald possessed enough proficiency with a rifle to have committed the assassination; (6) Oswald lied to the police; and (7) Oswald had attempted to kill General Walker.

The most compelling of these subconclusions was that Oswald's rifle was used in the assassination. This fact, together with evidence that Oswald had had the opportunity to commit the assassination, made for a strong case against Oswald. The only other possibility is that another person used Oswald's rifle, but Oswald's subsequent actions—leaving the scene, shooting a policeman, and resisting arrest—certainly were not the actions of an innocent person.

The other subconclusions, however, were based on less substantial evidence. Subconclusion (2)—that Oswald carried the rifle into the Depository—was no more than a plausible assumption; (3)—Oswald's presence at the window—was supported only by "probative" evidence (e.g., Brennan's identification); (4)—the presence of the rifle in the building—merely reinforced (1); (5)—Oswald's rifle capabilities—was based on extremely dubious evidence; (6)—that Oswald lied to the police—had little value as evidence since, purportedly, no record of Oswald's interrogation statements was kept; and (7)—Oswald's attempt to kill Walker—was based mainly on the testimony of Marina Oswald.

The Commission's fourth conclusion concerned Oswald's motive. Although the Commission "could not make any definitive determination of Oswald's motives," it listed five factors "which might have influenced Oswald's decision to assassinate President Kennedy." These possible motives were: (1) Oswald's resentment of all authority; (2) his inability to enter into meaningful relationships with people; (3) his urge to find a place in history; (4) his capacity for violence; and (5) his commitment to Marxism and communism.

Wesley Leibeler, who originally wrote the chapter on Oswald's motivation, said that each Commissioner had his own "pet theory" to explain Oswald's actions. McCloy persistently suggested the "killer-instinct theory" to Leibeler, although support for this theory was not evident in Oswald's life history. Finally this theory was worked into the conclusions as factor (4). Ford insisted that Oswald's commitment to communism be listed as a factor (5), although it was not clear how this commitment had contributed to Oswald's decision. A number of Commissioners felt that Oswald was motivated by an "urge to find a place in history," but the only evidence for this theory was Marina Oswald's February testimony, and in September Mrs. Oswald refuted her own earlier testimony on this point. Nor were factors (1) and (2) based on objective evidence.

Joseph Ball commented that the Commission replaced Liebeler's informed and brilliant analysis of Oswald's personality with "clichés that belonged in a television script."

Finally there was the question of whether or not Oswald acted alone. Ford said that the draft of the Conclusion stated categorically that there was no conspiracy, but he had insisted that this wording be changed to read: "The Commission has found no evidence of a conspiracy." McCloy said that the Commission could render a conclusion only on the basis of the evidence brought before it, and thus the following qualification was added:

> Because of the difficulty of proving a negative to a certainty the possibility of others being involved with either Oswald or Ruby cannot be rejected categorically, but if there is any such evidence it has been beyond the reach of all investigative agencies and resources of the United States and has not come to the attention of this Commission.

It is true that the Commission found no evidence that others were involved with Oswald in the assassination, but the investigation was by no means thorough. The question remains: How far did the Commission go in approaching the question of a second assassin?

The Zapruder film shows that the assassination could have been committed by one man alone only under one condition: that Kennedy and Connally were hit by the same bullet. However, the FBI Summary and Supplemental Reports' statements on the autopsy, if accurate, preclude this condition. Furthermore, other evidence arose which showed that it was not possible that both men were hit by the same bullet. Unless the basic facts and assumption established by the Commission are incorrect, there is a strong case that Oswald could not have acted alone.

Why did the Commission fail to take cognizance in its conclusions of this evidence of a second assassin? Quite clearly, a serious discussion of this problem would in itself have undermined the dominant purpose of the Commission, namely, the settling of doubts and suspicions. Indeed, if the Commission had made it clear that very substantial evidence indicated the presence of a second assassin, it would have opened a Pandora's box of doubts and suspicions. In establishing its version of the truth, the Warren Commission acted to reassure the nation and protect the national interest. —Edward Jay Epstein

THIS FUNNY LIFE

A few years ago some fun-loving Japanese government officials were taken to task by the irate women of the country who had become bolder after winning equal rights with the men. The women accused the officials of mixing too much pleasure with business and demanded that they clamp down on extraneous expenses, get rid of their expensive Cadillacs and keep out of the *geisha* houses.

At a high-level meeting the officials succumbed to the pressure by deciding to stop importing Cadillacs.

Robert Kuhn
Snohomish, Wash.

The large government clerical operation where I was employed after World War II was housed in an abandoned ammunition factory. The ventilation was poor and during July and August when the St. Louis temperature and humidity were both pushing 100, the working situation became almost unbearable. It was a particular health hazard for the hundreds of girls operating the accounting machines or filing documents in the stifling air among the vast rows of filing cabinets.

Naturally the brains in the upper echelons sought to solve the problem by issuing a new directive for working procedures. The banner headline on the directive read: SUPERVISORS WILL EXERCISE CARE WHEN HANDLING WOMEN IN HEAT.

Name withheld at writer's request
Indianapolis, Ind.

On our trip back east, there was a sign on a small service station just beyond the Rockies that read: "Don't ask us for information. If we knew anything we wouldn't be here."

Neal Samson
Riverside, Calif.

During my neighbor's courtship, she lived in a home for girls run by Roman Catholic nuns. Mother Superior was rigidly strict and always kept a bright yellow porch light on when the girls came home from dates; if that didn't discourage the extra embrace, she'd stand in an upstairs window and loudly clap her hands to show her annoyance.

One beautiful summer night when it became especially hard for one young lady to say good night, Mother Superior began clapping furiously. Worried, the young woman said to her fiancé, "You've got to leave now! Just listen to her!"

Whereupon her fiancé answered blithely, "She's not angry, she's applauding: MORE! MORE!"

Name withheld at writer's request
Auburn, Mass.

The standard treatment for the common cold in the Army, as any ex-GI will testify, is "two APC's (Aspirin-Phenacetin-Caffeine) every four hours and return to duty."

A new Army bride, attempting to show her familiarity with the world of army abbreviations, gave this standard treatment a new twist when she told a friend, "The only thing I've found to help a cold is to take 2 Pfc's and go straight to bed."

Maj. James E. Drummond
San Francisco, Calif.

I was preparing to board a train at Birmingham, Alabama, when a man rushed up to the porter. "My wife is on that train. Will I have time to go in the car and tell her good-by?" he asked.

The porter pondered the question briefly. "That depends, sir," he finally answered. "Tell me—how long have you been married?"

Adrian Anderson
Birmingham, Ala.

"Come hell or high water," said a married man of my acquaintance, "the wife and I reserve two nights a week when we go out and enjoy ourselves to the hilt. Hers is Monday—mine is Friday."

T. Pettito
Saugus, Mass.

While on duty as a nurse in a maternity hospital for unwed mothers, the doctor asked me to sit with 16-year-old Millie who was expecting her baby in a few hours.

Trying to keep the girl's mind off her discomfort I asked her if she would like a cigarette. To my astonishment she replied, "Oh, no, thank you—my mother would kill me if I smoked!"

Beatrice Degnan
New York City, N.Y.

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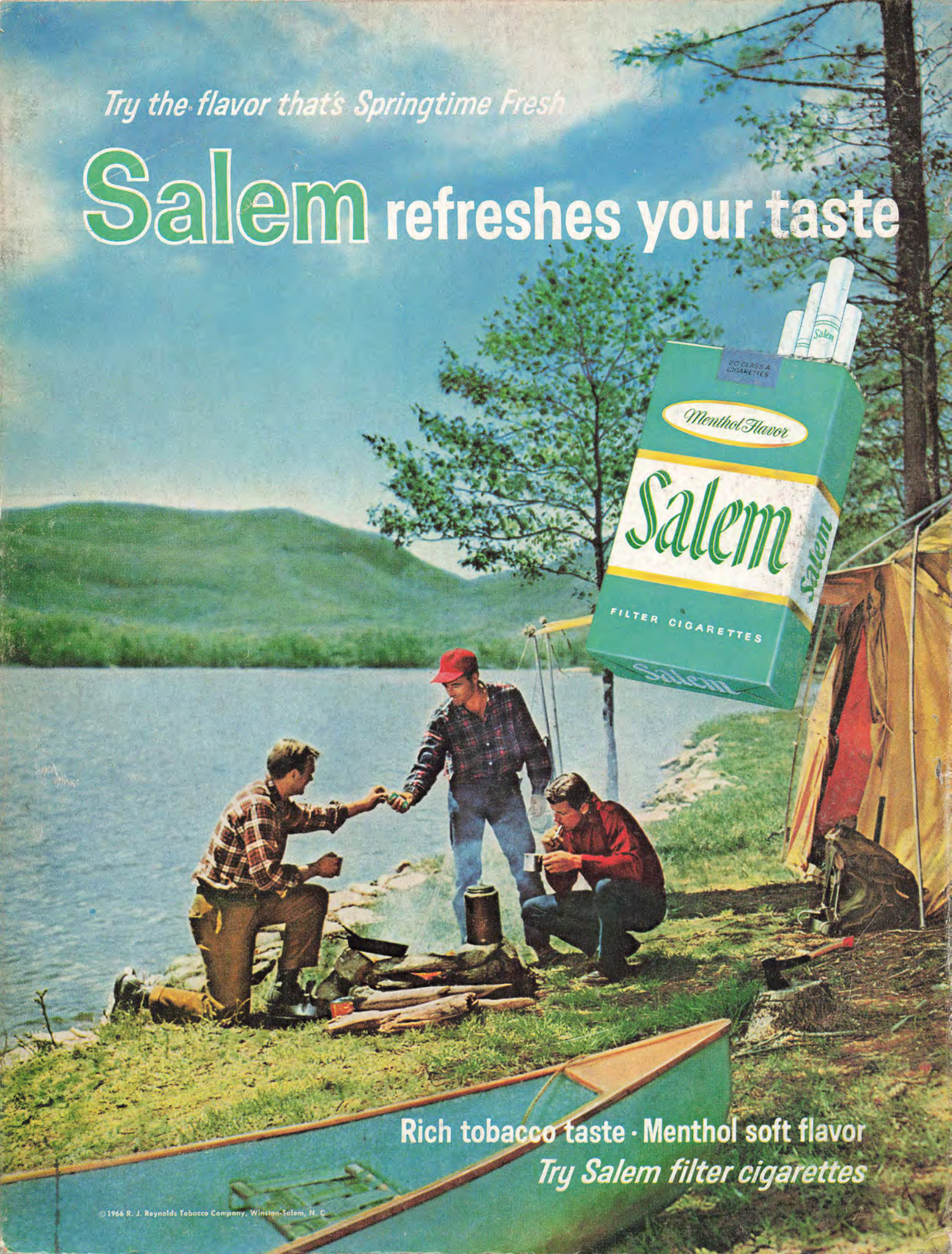
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